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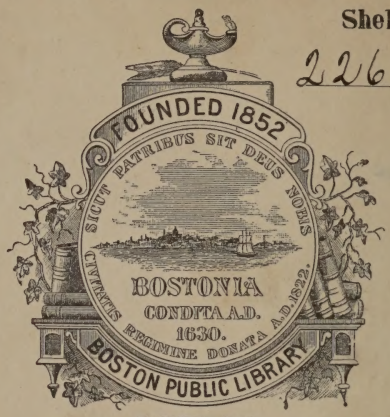

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THE ESCAPE,

OR

LOITERINGS AMID THE SCENES

OF

STORY AND SONG.

BY ANDREW McFARLAND, M. D.

Physician and Superintendent of the N. H. Asylum for the Insane.

"I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, 'Tis all barren;---and so it is; and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers." STERNE.

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The Hiland Lockwood Gift
Oct 18. 1896.

M'FARLAND & JENKS, PRINTERS.

PRINCETON
THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY

TO MY SISTER

SUSAN,

THIS VOLUME, (WOULD IT WERE WORTHIER!)

IS AFFECTIONATERY INSCRIBED.

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PREFACE.

It may appear presumption to add to the number of books of European travel which have within a few years issued from the American press, especially when those already published have been marked with such signal ability. Yet, as all literary experience proves that the merits of a book of this nature depend no less on the force with which, from circumstances generally accidental, impressions are made, than upon the learning, or even opportunities of the author, heed has more readily been given to the suggestions of those who have affected to think these letters worthy the press.

The *escape* from a kind of confinement especially depressing to the spirits, the invigorating influences of returning health, and, above all, a taste not altogether buried in the grave of too deep learning, strewed the scenes amid which the author wrote, with a *couleur du rose*, which, he is not without hope, may have suitably tinged the pages of his description, while it has not impaired their general accuracy.

These influences were only fully felt after crossing the Alps, and breathing the atmosphere of Italy. The most elastic delineation can only fitly describe a country illustrious in classic history, familiar to the scholar through the

works of poetic genius, precious to the world for its wealth of natural and artistic beauty, and interesting to humanity from its late ineffectual struggle for political emancipation. The chief source of regret in presenting these pages to the public, is, that the materials for a concluding chapter on the late political disturbances and the present political condition of that interesting country, must be withheld for want of sufficient time for their compilation.

Concord, N. H., June 1, 1851.

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INTRODUCTION.

"Lay aloft, my hearties! Cast off the yard-arm gaskets! Steady there, now! Haul home your tops'l sheet! Belay! Now loose your jib! All hands stand by and haul home the lee sheet! Now belay your weather one! Hold on to your weather brace!"—rung out the clear, trumpet voice of captain ———, as the ship ————, in obedience to these nautical edicts, threw her canvas to the breeze, and, like the swan who flutters her expanding wings in an ecstasy of delight when her snowy breast presses, after long absence, the loved element, she dipped her bows in the Atlantic, and was again upon her mission and her enjoyment.

The pilot had just gone over the ship's side, bearing as it were in his person the adieus of those who now committed themselves to the waste of waters. I stood leaning upon the railing, a silent witness of this change of nautical administration.

A voyage across the Atlantic is now a hackneyed thing,—exploration of the old world but a portion of the *curriculum* of modern education; yet few, "albeit unused to the melting mood," see their native land fade from view for the first time, without some emotion. It is the closure of a chapter of personal history, preparatory to the opening of one strange and new, and the book is not commonly shut without some review of its pages.

Some years of a life previously active, had been spent in that most exhausting of all employments, the charge of an Asylum for Lunatics. A crisis had arrived where a total resignation of such a trust was necessary, unless opportunity was had to replenish the overdrawn fountains of sympathy, and renew again the fine edge of feeling. He can poorly supply a boon to others who feels himself its want, and the jaundiced vision of ill health is an unhappy medium through which to survey the rugged field of duty. The needful consent to woo health back to its accustomed chambers, having been kindly granted, six months are surrendered to this combined pursuit of professional profit and pleasure.

To learn what provisions an old and advanced state of society have made in the supply of a social necessity; how jurisprudence has been shaped to establish the relation of the unfortunate with his fellow; to

observe with what manner of gaze the world abroad looks on him whom disease has disrobed of all save the form of humanity; and, in fine, to ascertain how he is shielded from the consequences of his own misfortune, and how society is protected from the effects of his waywardness, is no idle errand. It would be a childish vanity to relate how many introductions it gained among the philanthropic and honorable, and how many hours of pleasing intercourse it purchased among the genial.

The *fruits* of this going-forth must be laid at the feet of others,—the few *flowers* that a hasty wayfarer can pluck by the wayside, are here, indulgent reader, presented to you.

The purpose in view was achieved. These letters, some time suspended in doubt between the flames and the printer, pass from under my hand when the cheek has regained its wonted flush, when the limb has again become strong, when the ear is again faithful in catching the voice of suffering; when all the senses, feasted upon the beautiful in Art and the sublime in Nature, are ready once more to do their wonted duty in the dark field where duty lies.

* * * * * * * * * * *

(NOTE-BOOK EXTRACTS.).

"Hence, horrible shadow! detested phantom, avaunt! Thou that meeteth me here like a lion at the entrance of a desert—that glareth upon me with gladiatorial fierceness at the vestibule of that arena from which there is no by-passage of escape!

The horrors of SEA-SICKNESS, who can know them? Not the slight recognition which Neptune takes of you in a pleasure trip to Nahant, or in the rounding of Point Judith, but in that conflict where he looses upon you

> "all the elfin brood
> That parch the lip, distill the blood,
> And hags with visions of unrest,
> That gibber on the panting breast!"

Sea-sickness is a nosological nondescript—undescribed, indescribable. Hippocrates never knew of it, Galen never ventured to speak of it. It is at once a Fever and an Insanity. It seizes upon heart and brain; it wrests the senses from their allegiance, and converts them into new instruments of your torture!

The countenance which bends over you with inquiry and sympa-

thy, you behold with indifference—almost with loathing. The smell, which in health gratified the sense, is now inodorous or repulsive. The cup that for years has served as your breakfast beverage, and to which you were wedded in the strong bonds of habit, is poisoned in your sight, as if the witches of Macbeth had polluted it with their slabbest hell-broth, and so convulsively is it torn from your lips, that for months you detest it from its unfortunate appearance upon this stage of wretched associations. Every secretion is suspended, save that which fills your mouth with a diabolic mixture, or the sweat whose clamminess mats your hair, and whose acrimony blisters your forehead.

And then the moral feelings, which, you flattered yourself, retained something of their *pre-lapsian* rectitude, are now the embodiment of all selfishness and petulance. Your only study is to throw yourself into a position in which existence is endurable. To do this, you care not whom you incommode, so you bring your head and heels upon the same level. Your state-room berth is no refuge. You seem to yourself like that philosophical victim—a mouse in a corked bottle; and, if you catch a moment's sleep, it is only to dream of the black hole of Calcutta. You seize your pillow and rush upon deck, where, in total indifference to the safety of your broadcloths and doeskins, you throw yourself upon a plank, a coil of ropes, a pile of oars, no matter what, to free yourself from the demon which dogs your footsteps. Peradventure you may, in your desperation, have hit by accident on a resting-place that has some advantage over others. You hug the fruit of your fortune with the tenacity of a miser at his purse strings. All claims of age or sex to the place you occupy, and which, if *sane*, you would be scrupulous to the utmost to acknowledge, you disregard, *in toto*.

To the lady who is sighing for a like recumbency, and who approaches you most imploringly, you say mentally,—"Anything else, my dear madam,—take my hat, boots, purse, everything, but waive your most unquestionable title to this coil of ropes whose convolutions, '*novies interfusa*,' fit my back with a luxury never to be abandoned."

You languidly bend your vision over the taffrail. It is not to behold the sublimity of ocean, deep and enthusiastic as your admiration may have been, but to call up from the seething and boiling waters delicious visions of foaming soda water, gurgling from the depths of sea-green bottles.

But you are not alone in all this. You see on every hand faces from which all expression is bleached, save the deep lines of disgust, or the blank of utter sublunary indifference; eyes whose lack-lustre orbs remind you of the visuals of defunct codfish, and legs staggering towards some opening nook for comfortable prostration or convenient *emetication*.

Gray and spectacled Honorables, reverend Divines and learned Doctors are all sprawling in a fraternization more complete than the wildest visions of Proudhon or Louis Blanc ever conceived in the camera lucida of '48.

Day at last begins to dawn. Among the group whom common suffering has affiliated, intelligence is bruited about that Mr. M. had that morning actually taken a cup of soup! Some, who can only acknowledge great truths from their accordance with individual experience, shake the head of incredulity at an announcement so stamped with improbability, or view Mr. M. as a generous Curtius, who has self-sacrificingly thrown himself into the gulf. It is, however, a fact and no illusion. The step of Mr. M. was, like everything else which he does, premeditated, deliberate, and successful in issue. One after another joins the dinner table coterie, and the reverse of this picture is to be seen."

"CONVALESCENCE. We were in the Gulf Stream. The ship seemed like some fairy thing hung suspended between two ethereal-ized elements, so noiselessly it floated and so balmy and grateful was the atmosphere, warmed by the waters of the tropics. The solitary remaining invalid of the horde which a few days since lumbered up the decks, was comfortably pillowed in one of the quarter boats. All on board yielded themselves to the gaiety and *abandon* which fine weather always produces at sea.

I laid upon the spanker-boom, to catch every breath that played beneath the sail which flapped above me,—occasionally diverted from the pages of "In Memoriam," to scan the busy face of the black steward, and watch thereupon the gradual development of those lines, which, in that functionary, are prophetic of dinner. On the deck below me, shielded from the morning sun by an awning, most of the remaining passengers, either as players or spectators, were engaged at "*Shuffle Board*"—the gentlemen in blouses and smoking caps, and the ladies in shockingly slipshod *negligès* and "log-cabins."

A judge, a diplomatist, two clergymen, and a Missouri lead miner were pitted against the captain, a doctor of divinity, a surgeon, and two ladies,—the captain, according to his peculiar flourish, "always having the ladies on his side." As the players are hid below the awning, I judge of the progress of the game only by the plaudits of the conquerors and the squabbles of the contending parties.

——"Go it, there, Mrs. W.; pitch it right into 'em:——well done, you!——one, two, three, four——Good on y'er head! Notch us down four more, Drabs." [*Drabs, by the way, is the eloquent and justly celebrated Rev. Mr. ——, who, in drab roundabout and rusty tarpaulin, keeps "tally" of the game with knife and stick.*]

"Now come on, Judge,—don't hurt yourself, I beg of you.—— Bravo! bravo! You're the man for me;—tally one for Judge W." [*The Judge, exhausted by the effort, draws his pocket handkerchief and reposes on his laurels at the shady side of the water-butt, having added to the score—one.*]

"Hullo there, old feller! none o' y'er cheatin'; you're up to y'er old tricks, are ye?" [*This charge is made by —— ——, M. D., Surgeon in Her Britannic Majesty's Civil Service, against Hon. —— ——, Esq., Charge d'Affairs of the United States at the Court of ——. Mr. —— at first stoutly denies the "soft impeachment," but finally, with a logic highly worthy of his position, while acknowledging the facts proves himself "de jure," entirely guiltless.*]

Again a lucky throw by Mrs. F——. "Hurra! three to one on Mrs. F——, and no takers! It *does* take Mrs. F—— to do the clean thing. Now come on, Dr. B——, you was always the man who could "give 'em most particular Jesse." Stand aside, boys—give the Doctor room according to his strength. Don't injure y'er constitution, I beg of you.——Well done, Dr. B.——pretty good, for a Hoosier!" [*This last eulogium is pronounced upon Rev. Mr. —— B——, D. D., of ——.*]

The game now scores five to seven—the odds being in favor of the Captain.

"Now Judge, pick up that corporosity of your's, and give 'em fits." [*The Judge comes valiantly to the rescue, but breaks down at the end of the second throw, having scored one!*] "There, Judge, you 've spelt; you may be dismissed! Here, Steward! a glass of iced lemonade and a straw for Judge W."

"Now, Parson S——, take your turn. Score 'em right, Drabs!

no favors to the cloth, mind ye. Now S——, knock 'em into the middle of next week! Capital! capital! Eight—nine—ten—out! [*Enter Steward, with bell in hand, ding, ding, ding. Exeunt omnes, and the scene changes to the dinner table.*]"

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Table wit, if good, cannot be recorded; but at this late day how vivid the recollection of the *bon mots* of Rev. Mr. C——, who, if he was not already known as one of the most eloquent of American clergymen, would be, without dissent, one of the first of American punsters.

Those who think wine the necessary auxiliary of wit, labor under a sad mistake. The humor of Mr. C. required no other libation than water, and his "good things" flowed as spontaneously and freely as the crystal element itself. While it literally "kept the table on a roar," so chaste was it as never to soil the sacred vestment, and though often personal, it was so delicate as never to be other than pleasing. Few ever threw so keen a shaft, and none ever inflicted less wounds. Poor R——, whose seat was beside the mainmast, attempted thereupon a numerical record of Mr. C.'s witticisms. Vain attempt! He might as well have resolved to report the speeches of Sheridan. His fine pencillings were abandoned in despair, after a single circumscription of the mast. Yet never had timber before such a glittering wreath. It was a belt of wit—a zone of humor—a cinctus of puns!

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"Land, ho!"

THE ESCAPE.

LETTER No. 1.

ORREST HILL, WINDERMERE, AUG. 6, 1850.

TO DR. W. B. S——.

My last letter was addressed to Mrs. ——, from Lancaster, where I spent two days, for the purpose of inspecting the Lancashire Lunatic Asylum near that city. This is, perhaps, the best specimen of a County Asylum that I may see in England. It is the only receptacle for lunatics, supported by charity, in this populous county, which, besides the densely peopled rural districts, contains the large cities of Liverpool, Manchester, Preston, &c. &c. The number of patients is consequently large, numbering more than eight hundred. Although the inmates are paupers, in the strictest sense, yet the provision made for their support is extremely comfortable. In fact, the English lunatic of the lower classes is a happy man. His disease has snatched him from the iron and closer contracting grasp of poverty, ceaseless toil, and constantly dreaded starvation, and becomes his unquestioned passport to a life of quiet, abundance, and freedom from the treadmill destiny of his fellow sufferer, whose reason may have been spared. My letter of introduction proved to be addressed to the predecessor of the gentleman now in charge, who, however, immediately tendered me his time, services, and hospitality, leaving nothing undone, both in explaining the usages and peculiarities of his own Institution, and furnishing much information regarding the

manner in which the English statute laws define the relationship between the lunatic and the public; a subject which American custom and jurisprudence have left very loosely established.

The difference between an American and an English lunatic strikes you immediately on entering any gallery of one of their institutions. Instead of the uproarious demeanor and impertinent address of the former, the Englishman of the lower class, sane or insane, never loses sight of the distinctions that birth, fortune and office establish between man and man. He always remembers that he was born to serve and to obey, and he must be far demented to violate a principle so strongly inherent. The medical officers walk through the wards with their hats on; and when, in obedience to a custom which I always practised and inculcated, I was about to remove my own, I was politely checked, and informed that such was the usage in Asylums in England, save those peopled by the upper and middling classes. The English lunatic exhibits, by the roundness of his muscles and the fullness of his countenance, the bearing of a man who deems it no part of his calling to think, but to consume his proper quantity of ale and beef, if he can get it—and leave so laborious and unusual an operation to his superiors.

Hospitals and Asylums for the Insane, demanding and occupying so large a share of my attention, will, however, form but a small topic of discourse, comparatively, in my home letters. These must be composed of lighter material to be at all digestible by those who may read them with you. M——, and Y——, and W——, after being "bored" beyond endurance at what should go into a professional report, would exclaim with Æsop's frogs, "It's sport to you, but death to us."

I commence my letter in a place where I know that the pleasing associations, the "*genus loci*," of the spot, will be equally appreciated and enjoyed by you. It will give me double earnestness in writing, to know that your admiration of the beautiful in nature, the cultivated and exalted in fancy, and the great and good in humanity, has led you, as well as myself, to

turn to the Lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland, as the great centre of the beautiful in nature, the ornate in letters, and the memorable in worth.

Two days past have been rainy. England, you know, has a moist climate, and the traveller must often tarry when he would gladly go on. The rain, however, came very timely, for such weather has been no check upon the labors to which they have been allotted.

On reaching here last evening, the western sky was just beginning to show a faint glow through the mist, and this morning the sun is throwing the incense of his first rays upon these eternal altars of beauty and sublimity. My window looks directly upon Lake Windermere, which lies, as it were, at my feet. Immediately at my elbow is Elleray, the seat of Prof. Wilson, (Christopher North,) when he is not at Edinburgh, who has embalmed the spot in memory.

> "And sweet that dwelling rests upon the brow,
> Beneath its sycamore, of *Orrest Hill;*
> As if it smiled on Windermere below,
> Her green recesses and her islands still."

Below, the lake, half seen and half hid among its woody islands and indented shores, is visible for several miles. My window has a southwestern front, and I see the mountains, the wood and the water, with the morning sunlight so illuminating the picture, as to throw the shadows of the woodland across the calm face of the sleeping waters, and gladden the sloping hill sides with the rays that seem thrown upward by this lovely mirror of transcendent beauty. We have many prints of the prospect similarly seen, but their baldness feebly conveys an impression of the manner in which the Great Artist has laid it upon this eternal canvass.

The scenery, I would remark, of the Lake District, which embraces part of three counties, varies much in character. That of Windermere is merely that of beauty, for the mountains are not of altitude sufficient to give it the grandeur which

the upper lakes of Grasmere, Ulleswater and Derwentwater possess. Opposite my window, the lake may be nearly half a mile in width, and a densely wooded hill rises from the water. The opposite shore, indeed, so far down as the eye can reach, rises in various degrees of elevation; the woody shores and slopes often opening into lawns studded with dwellings, all denoting the presence of taste, and many of affluence. As the eye sweeps along in the distance, where a jutting cape hides the water from further view, and the vision draws homeward, the little town of Bowness shows its white dwellings and its church tower among the trees.

Eight o'clock, P. M.—I continue my letter, after a day spent in exploring this enchanting region.

From the village of Bowness, on the shore of the lake, a tiny steamer took us to the foot of Windermere, some ten miles distant. The day was exceedingly fine; such a sun, I imagine, rarely lighting up an English landscape. The humidity of the climate, although it may often hide the sun in clouds, yet it converts each tree into an impenetrable shield of umbrage, and gives the liveliest verdure to the grass; and the dense shades of the former, thrown on the velvety carpet of the latter, leave nothing for the eye to rest on save features of beauty. The lake gradually narrows toward the foot, and finds outlet in the clear stream of Leven Water, famous in song. Newby bridge, on this stream, the terminus of the steamer's passage, is a quiet village, distinguished by nothing save its fine old bridge, that flings its moss-covered arch across the stream. These lakes and their tributary streams being made up of the contributions of a myriad of rills from the mountain sides, are clear as crystal, and the trout, as he seeks the sheltering shadow of the bridge, shows his speckled sides far down in the depths below.

On the right, in returning, hidden in the descending view by the trees that embosom it on the north, is "*Storrs Hall*," the late residence of an affluent gentleman, who during his life de-

lighted in collecting within the influence of his generous hospitality the great of the land in genius and statesmanship. Here Mr. Canning delighted to retire from the toils of office, and, with Wilson, Scott, Wordsworth, and the whole *coterie* who made the lakes the theatre of their recreative pursuits, poured out the wealth of his fancy in story and song; and the whole party were wont, in the moonlight regatta, to make these woods and waters vocal with cheer, and halloo, and startling laughter. Alas! now all these voices, together with their host, are silent, save that of old Christopher, who is chained to his crutch, and held a close prisoner in his old age among his gouty flannels. "Elleray," his favorite summer residence, and where Major Hamilton wrote Cyril Thornton and some other works, has become the abode of another. I think, by the way, that Wilson must have written his article on "*Cottages*" from some other cottage experience than what he could have gained here, for Elleray is spacious and finely situated. (*Vide Wilson's Essays.*)

A mile farther on, nestling in a shady nook, is one of the several residences of the sometimes vagrant housekeeper, but always lovely poetess, Mrs. Hemans. The spot is not inaptly termed the "*Dove's Nest.*" This is not a place, however, in any manner especially identified with her poetical history. Pass as we may through this earthly pilgrimage of ours, there is always one spot upon which affection forever looks back, and from which hope, 'long, long ago,' looked forward with equal ardor. In youth, passing unthinkingly along, we gain the spot, and fancy unconsciously interweaves it into our being. We pass it—soon look back upon it, and the beacon that memory has thus erected grows more distinct as we recede, till we lose it in the grave. Such was Rhyllon, in Wales, to Mrs. Hemans. She left it, and her life was thenceforward shaded by a cloud that gave her always pensive verse a shade of deeper melancholy.

Ambleside, at the head of Lake Windermere, is one of the most fashionable places of resort in the district. The scenery

here becomes more grand, and mountains, that fully deserve the name, begin to encircle the slumbering lakes in their gigantic embrace. Langdale Pikes, Scaw Fell, Bow Fell, and many others, whose names no tourist can number, seem to rear a mighty barrier upon the north. At Ambleside is the residence of the world-famous Harriet Martineau. I saw a person in the garden of the house said to be her residence, whose appearance corresponded with descriptions given of that gifted but eccentric lady. It might have been her—it might have been her servant—it matters little which.

Rydal Water lies a few miles beyond. This lake is entirely upon the estate of Lady le Fleming, whose house, termed "Rydal Hall," is immediately at its lower extremity. A church, erected by her bounty, is also immediately in sight. "*Rydal Mount*," an unpretending mansion, looking out upon the scene, is side by side with Rydal Hall. Here passed away all that was earthly of that genius, whose wand, sweeping over the scene we are viewing, has made every mountain, lake and vale living things in the eye of fancy, and household words on the lips of the nations. If any man has ever "*given to airy nothings a local habitation and a name*," it is WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. Touched by his pen, the humblest objects have become the far-sought shrines for the clustering together of pilgrims. A humble waterfall, a rude cairn of stones on a mountain top, a rustic gateway between two enclosures, at the call of that voice have arisen, ennobled amongst earth's monuments. But a tired pen can do no justice to so vast a subject.

There is one other, however, who, from his undoubted but unpretending genius, his many virtues, and his recent and untimely death, demands especial notice. I mean the excellent Hartley Coleridge. His late residence, just by the roadside, looks out on Rydal Water, a scene which must have gladdened his heart and soothed his spirit. *Peace to his ashes.* In the same house formerly resided the painfully distinguished Thomas DeQuincey, the author of that wonderful autobiography of self-murdered genius, "*The Confessions of an Opium Eater.*"

Windermere, Rydal Water, and Grasmere, are the lakes which the tourist generally sees, leaving the multitude of others to the inspection of those whose leisure admits it. In truth, there is here so much that has given character to English scenery, and a train of happy accidents has made it the residence, occasional at least, of so many who in their day have left their impress upon English literature,—or, to speak more properly, were in themselves its expression,—that the mind of the tourist among its monuments is surcharged by the crowd of thick coming associations.

The most beautiful and sublime of all the views I had leisure to enjoy was the incomparably lovely vale and lake of Grasmere. It is very difficult, in surveying this landscape, to avoid the use of those highly wrought terms of expression, whose too frequent use ultimately destroys the force of narrative. I contemplated this spot both by the rising and the setting sun, and from many different points of view.

The lake itself, of no great size, is entirely surrounded by mountains of great elevation, some of them broken into precipices, and made up, after a certain height, of bald rock; and others, green, although broken, to their summits are the pasturing ground of innumerable sheep, who fade away into minute white specks in the height which they attain. To the north, this mountain barrier affords an elevated passage, over which the road to Keswick climbs. I would gladly have gone to a spot celebrated as Mr. Southey's late residence and his burial place, and also to have clambered Skiddaw, which overlooks it and the lake of Derwentwater; but I cannot tarry for the one, nor use up my strength for the other.

I cannot, however, dwell longer on this spot, or the themes that so rapidly crowd themselves into thought, without appearing, to those far removed from the influences of the place, unnecessarily turgid; and discourse, too, may fail where admiration suffers no diminution.

If man was not created for the performance of high and

stern duties, and sent into the highway of life to confront and grapple with fortune, and, as it were, like young Harry Hotspur, "plunge into the bottom of the deep, and drag up drowned honor by the locks," he might here retire, and attempering his soul by the calm teachings of Nature, gain a certain happiness, even if his philosophy were of a questionable nature.

In entering the lake district, it was my purpose to have emerged from it by Keswick and Penrith, but a few hours of delay even, are to be avoided, and I must choose the more expeditious method; retrace my steps to Kendal, and proceed north by rail to Scotland. We are peculiarly fortunate in several things. The weather has been very propitious, and accident brings us to this resort of fashion a few days before the full tide of travel begins to throng in. I hasten on to Glasgow, tarrying by the way at Dumfries, to visit its Lunatic Asylum; and at Ayr, to tread the region made interesting by the genius of Burns. At Glasgow I shall get letters from home, and God grant they may contain welcome news.

Excuse the haste of my letters. They are penned by feeble lamp light, by the wayside, in the odds and ends of time gained at railway stations, &c. &c.

LETTER No. 2.

GRASMERE, AUG. 8, 1850.

TO REV. D. L. F———.

I know of no one to whom I can more properly impart a measure of the deep and lasting impressions which this day has produced upon my mind, than yourself. I think that no English scholar lives, whose feelings are attempered by a strong yearning towards the good and the beautiful,

either in nature or in man, and whose heart yearns for the good of humanity under all its shades, fortunes and conditions, who does not admire the genius and revere the memory of *William Wordsworth;* and it is a painful thought that we cannot, by the most devout pilgrimages to his dust, imbibe more of the spirit which enabled him to show to the world that all around us are scattered the seeds of goodness, and that the life of the good man is but another chapter of true poetry, although the record thereof may be unwritten.

He is of dulness insurmountable, who does not rise from the perusal of his works a wiser man, and far gone in principle if not made thereby a better one.

There is, in the history of many of the British poets, an apparent incongruity between the place of their birth, education and residence, and the productions of their muse. Burns, reared amid the adverse influences of a sterile and uninteresting country, gave evidences of a warmth of fancy and a nobleness of aim, not to be looked for in a man, all the influences of whose birth and education would be supposed hostile to the possession or acquisition of any such traits. Montgomery and Elliott could write well amidst the smoke and furnaces of Sheffield, at which place, I believe, they both now live at an advanced age, and Thomas Moore made the pages of Lalla Rookh glow "amidst the snows of two or three Derbyshire winters," as he has himself expressed it.

If the thought would not be deemed sacrilegious, it would seem supposable that the Almighty threw together the lovely scenery of this region as a theatre where so pure a spirit as that of Wordsworth might utter its teachings. Within a few miles of this spot he had his birth and education, and beneath the eaves of yonder little church, just across the field from where I write, his remains are resting. For eighty years his eyes rested upon this prospect; and if the soul of man ever borrows a tinge from the great mirror of Nature, where God allows himself dimly to be seen, Wordsworth drank at a pure foun-

tain. Such a man as him of whom I write can hardly be said to die. The event of death is an unimportant part of their history. It is lost among the other events which, equally before and after they cease to exist, are, with the world, matters of record. Have you never, in looking at a sheet of water when perfectly calm, seen a tree, left in the overflow of the flood, standing amid the waters, and observed that there seemed to be two trees, the one shooting up towards the heavens, and the other inverted in the depths below; and yet, so placid was the glass from which it seemed to spring, and so clear was the imaginary tree pictured, that the eye could not easily distinguish where they blended together. So in the life of a man whose influence, although it may be mighty and lasting, has been peacefully exerted, it is difficult to decide what is life tangible and existent, and what is merely *memory;* the point of death, like the junction of the real tree and the tree of shadows, being so unimportant.

For nearly forty years, I think, Wordsworth resided at Rydal Mount, which is a few miles below here. His house, embowered in trees, looked out on this delightful scenery, and rising immediately behind it is one of the very high and broken crags of this vicinity, appropriately named "Knob Scarr," a thousand feet in elevation.

The place and manner of his burial are, however, more impressive than anything else connected with the man. From the spot at which I pen this letter, a footpath extends through a field to the brook which runs immediately by the side of the church. You cross an old bridge, mossy and venerable with age, to the churchyard, and, entering the enclosure by a wicket, you follow the first footpath that presents itself, and it leads among stones of the plainest description possible, and the plainest of all has engraved on it the simple name, *William Wordsworth.* The time of my visit was particularly fortunate. The day was remarkably serene, and the setting sun was throwing its last rays upon the old rustic church.

I sat down beside the still fresh turf, and plucked from the grass some blades of clover, satisfied to have something that grew over the hand that wrote the "Excursion." The evening was still, save only the sounds which nature always sends up at that season, and I could not help tarrying on a spot so sacred, till the sun was long sunk behind the mountains. I was fortunate in being a pilgrim at the shrine of such a genius, before pride and ostentation commenced their display, and was spared the pain of seeing a parade of monument and statue with which the memory of such men is sometimes outraged. Indeed, I think the name of such a man would gain no additional lustre amid the crowds at Westminster Abbey. These beautiful lakes, sitting like jewels in a circlet of magnificent mountains, all of which, touched by his pen, as with the spear of Ithuriel, have sprung into classic importance, are the most fit mausoleum to mark the chosen resting place of his dust.

It was my intention to have visited, in continuation, the place of dwelling and interment of Mr. Southey, at Keswick, six miles from here, but the time necessary to devote to the purpose cannot be spared. Forty years since, the "Lakes" (as they now are designated, with no prefix,) were unimportant places in the estimation of the tourist. They became by accident the residence of Wordsworth and Southey, and occasonally of Coleridge, who were distinguished, by their place of abode, as the "Lake Poets," and the nature of their writings was of a kind so peculiar as to obtain the name of the "Lake School." Now the nature of Southey's poetry is not such as to identify him at all with the scenery in which he lived, for all his writings might have been penned with even more propriety in Central Asia or in the wilds of Paraguay, than at Keswick.

Now, my dear sir, with but little change in my subject, I am going to take a jump of about a hundred miles with you, and finish this letter of mine over the relics of yet another of the poets. A ride of eight hours has transferred me to Dumfries,

in Scotland. We have passed the famous old city of Carlisle, and little Gretna Green, memorable as the gathering point for lovers, fugitive from the cruel intervention of relentless papas and mammas. Dumfries possesses two attractions for me. Firstly, it has an excellent Lunatic Asylum, founded by a wealthy individual named Crichton, from whom it derives its name; and, secondly, from its being the place where Robert Burns, the Scottish Poet, spent the last of his days, and where his remains now rest. The house in which Burns died is in what is now one of the most squalid streets of the city, although in his day it may have been much more respectable. It is now the property of his son, an officer in the army.

Burns lies buried in St. Michael's Churchyard, which is perhaps more crowded with costly monuments than any one of its size in Scotland. His remains laid, from 1789 to 1813, with no other monument than that very plain one erected by his widow, but in the last named year a monument was erected by subscription at a cost of $8500. It is in the form of a temple, open on all sides save the back. Sculptured in relief within the temple, is the statue of the poet, in the dress of a Scottish peasant, holding the plough. The Genius of Poesy, in the form of a damsel lightly draperied, is hovering over him, in the act of throwing over him her mantle, which is embroidered with the Scottish emblem, the thistle. The design all seems to be from a sentiment expressed by him, I think in the dedication of his works to the members of the Caledonian Hunt,—"*The poetic genius of my country found me, as the prophet Elijah did Elisha, at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me.*" I quote from memory, and perhaps incorrectly. The poet has, in his amazement and awe, removed his hat, which is of precisely the pattern now worn by the peasantry of the neighborhood, and it is clasped to his breast, and, with one hand still at the plough, he is gazing at the unexpected appearance of the spirit that is hovering over him. It is to be lamented that the marble of which the whole is composed, is of

so poor a texture that it is likely to crumble to pieces.* Beneath a slab which lies just at the foot of the statue, the remains of Burns and his wife are buried, he having died at the early age of thirty-seven, and his wife many years after him.

From Dumfries I proceeded to Ayr, where the most interesting memorials are to be found. In looking at the grave of Wordsworth, the reflection always presents itself to the mind, that the undisturbed serenity of his life, and the few reverses or vicissitudes to which it was ever subject, enabled him to originate and fully execute a system which has about it all the evidences of completeness. And when his system was fully expressed to the world, and he ceased to be a writer, he saw the views which he had promulgated almost universally accepted. Burns, on the contrary, was born and lived forever without system; his works were the most hasty of all the effusions of a man who thought not of the morrow, and he died an outcast, self-exiled from the society of which he might have been an ornament.

I must prejudge that you know something of Robert Burns and his writings, in describing the scenes which his poetry has made remarkable. About two miles from Ayr, which is a busy town of some 8000 inhabitants, the cottage is shewn in which he was born. It is a fit residence of a peasant of the most humble rank, with two rooms. The room in which the poet was born is about twelve feet square, and the natal bed is still in its original niche in one side. The floor, of rude flagstones, is worn deeply with the footsteps of the thousands of pilgrims who annually resort to the spot. The record of the names since June 1, a little more than two months, would cover, I think, twenty pages of the large book in which it is kept. A few rods from this house is Alloway Kirk, which is made in the highest degree interesting from the humorous poem, "Tam

* A subscription has just been opened amongst the admirers of Burns, to replace this monument by one of the same design, but of better marble. It will doubtless be successful.

O'Shanter." The alehouse where Tam caroused through the evening, is shown in Ayr. Alloway kirk is a very small edifice, and totally roofless, although the remains are kept in very good order. The window through which he looked, and saw the dance of witches, is "*as plain as day.*" In the churchyard is the tombstone of William Burns, the poet's father, with an inscription which may, indeed must, have been composed by the son. I copied it:

> "Oh! ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
> Draw near with pious reverence and attend;
> Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
> The tender father and the generous friend.
> The pitying heart, that felt for human woe,—
> The dauntless breast, that feared no human pride,—
> The friend of man, to vice alone a foe,
> 'For e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side.'"

The people of Ayrshire speak the broadest kind of Lowland Scotch, and it was only with some difficulty that I could understand them. There was an old fellow made his appearance while we were lingering around the yard of the kirk, who, in the broadest of all Scotch, informed us that he was, and had been for thirteen years, grave digger at the kirk, although his post must have been a sinecure, for I could not see any grave that looked less than thirteen years old. I inquired of him if he knew Burns when living. "Na, na," replied he, "but I ken'd weel o' him; he was just sic anaether carle as mysel'—gude for naething in the warld but to mak love to a lass, or sing a sang; but as soon as he was dead, they all kickit up a great *fooz* aboot him!" After Tam had got the witches in full pursuit, you will recollect that he made for the nearest bridge, well knowing that "a running stream they dare na cross." The bridge to which this truly exciting race was run, is about a hundred rods from the kirk, and is an ancient structure, throwing its single arch across the Doon, which is, in this place, about as wide as Cold River, in Tamworth. At a bend of the road leading to the stream, and about midway between

the kirk and the bridge, an acre and a quarter of ground was purchased, about ten years since, and an elegant monument in the form of a temple erected, which is called the "*Burns Monument*," and shows to a great distance. This cost about $16.000. The monument contains some interesting relics of the poet, among others a small Bible that he presented to his Highland Mary, and in it is a lock of her hair, with an autographic text of Scripture. I imagine that visits to the homes and tombs of poets in general would be unsatisfactory, from the few memorials that are commonly treasured up respecting them. But a journey into Ayrshire is a full commentary upon the writings of the poet. The manners and customs of the people, their dress, &c., give an understanding of the spirit of the verse, so as always to make this delightful writer more intelligible, as a journey to Palestine gives a clearer insight into the narrative portions of the Old and New Testaments.

At Ayr, also, are still standing the bridges that are commemorated and embalmed in the controversial poem of the "*Twa Brigs*," (Two Bridges.) The "New Brig" is a very fine structure, that looks as if it could not have stood more than a dozen years, and contains, in niches between the arches, some curious statuary, representing Satyrs, Fauns, and other mythical minor deities. The "Old Brig" is a somewhat tumble-down looking affair, but will, I doubt not, stand a hundred years yet, as all passing over it is prohibited save by foot passengers.

I have been more particular in recording my observations on the relics of Burns, than may appear interesting to you; but from very early age I was accustomed to resort to the old Scotch copy of Burns' works, that occupied a nook in my father's library, as an unfailing fund of amusement; and comprehended the pith and merriment of Tam O'Shanter long before I could see the goodness of better, though less attractive things; and I confess that even now there is a charm about it, that shows how true to nature it is, and how exhaustless is its humor.

I commenced my letter at Grasmere, I added to it at Dumfries, and I close it in the substantial, wealthy and elegant city of Glasgow, in Scotland. Always accustomed to regard this as rather a secondary affair, I was surprised at the magnificence of its buildings, and the multitude of its works of taste. Its streets — at least all its modern ones — are very wide and straight, and there is a peculiarity that early struck me as in very good taste. The main streets are very long, and present, as far as the eye can extend, a range of lofty buildings, all of which must, by a strictly enforced city regulation, have stone fronts. The streets that extend at right angles to these are so arranged as usually to terminate at some public building, so that when you are looking at any street that seems to have any end, it appears to be only an elegant avenue to a fine church, or a bank, with a front of fluted columns, or an exchange, or something of the kind, that the wealth and taste of the city has specially adorned to produce this effect. When you remember how many costly edifices in American cities might as well be in the desert of Sahara for all the good they could ever do the eye in seeing, you will appreciate the value of this excellent idea, so well carried out.

There are, in various squares of the city, well executed statues, the most noticeable of which are, two equestrian ones of the Duke of Wellington and William, Prince of Orange; one, in a standing position, of Sir John Moore, who was a native of the city; and one, in a sitting posture, of James Watt, the improver of the steam engine. These are all of bronze. In the centre of the finest square of the city, is an obelisk, nearly a hundred feet high I think, on the top of which is a colossal statue of Sir Walter Scott, who has done so much to make Glasgow famous as the scene of much of his romance of "Rob Roy." There are, in the Necropolis, fine ones of John Knox, Mr. McGavin, &c. &c.

Yesterday was the Sabbath. In the forenoon I attended service in Dr. Wardlaw's chapel. That venerable man, for a long

series of years so well known all over Christendom, was not present, but I was fortunate in hearing one equally known on our side the Atlantic—John Angell James, of Birmingham. His sermon was very good indeed, and highly impressive. He is a man about sixty-five, I judge, with a physiognomy not particularly taking, but eloquent and fertile in discourse. In the afternoon I went to the theatre of Dr. Chalmers' labors, the church of olden time in Trongate Street; for who could go to Glasgow without thinking of "The Old Tron Church?" I must confess, that while duly infected with that proper "odor of sanctity" which a place could impart so full of good associations, I was pained to observe how, even in religion, people may cling to old usages until the world entirely runs away from them. The worshippers in this church have adhered to their old way of conducting the service, that is so repulsive to taste, and the construction of their seats is so effectually mortifying to the flesh, that I wonder not the hearers are few and the preacher grown dull. The chorister sits in a pulpit just before and below the preacher, and the tune selected is announced to the audience by a little sign board placed before him. In Dr. Wardlaw's chapel the whole congregation sung. All seem to be expected to sing, for all do sing. The first tune given out was "Old Hundred," and, although I never could sing a quaver, my execution of the tune surprised me, yet it is probable the discord made may have been lost in the multitude of voices. The second tune was "Darnley," and there I hesitated, not daring to tread on ground so totally new. At Tron church the singers sit in the aisle, just before the chorister. The psalmody used is of the most primitive description. Such an outrage upon the good melodies of David was never before perpetrated, as are found in their hymn books. Our old laughing-stock, the "Bard of Eaton," would have rendered them into infinitely better verse.

But I must close my letter, for many reasons that are obvious. This morning I commence journeying towards Edinburgh,

via Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, Stirling Castle, and the other classically interesting scenery of Scotland. I hope to reach London by the 20th, and the Continent early in September, and last, but not least, *home* in December.

LETTER No. 3.

STIRLING, SCOTLAND, AUG. 14, 1850.

TO MRS. M. B. F———.

I can think of none of my circle at home whom I conceive so well versed in all matters of Scottish romance as yourself, and, consequently, to whom I can better describe my hasty tour through those interesting portions of Scotland that are so well known through the fascinating pages of the "Lady of the Lake," "Rob Roy," and the other works of Sir Walter Scott; and which Miss Jane Porter has also made memorable by that charming half history and half romance, The Scottish Chiefs.

Two or three days past have been spent in the thriving city of Glasgow; next to London perhaps the most populous city of the kingdom of Great Britain. Not so beautiful, indeed, as Edinburgh, yet its elegance surprised me as being so far beyond expectation. On the 12th instant I took the steamer at the Bromielaw, and went down the Clyde to Dumbarton, which lies at the point where Loch Lomond finds outlet into the Clyde through the Leven. Dumbarton Castle encircles and occupies the top of an enormous rock that juts into the river, more than five hundred feet in elevation. The soldiers who were doing sentinels' duty seemed like pigmies at so giddy a height. From here, it being about sunset, I went by stage to a pretty hotel, kept by a namesake of mine, (a fellow clansman, as I afterwards found,) at the foot of Loch Lomond.

I have seen nothing as yet in the British Islands more beautiful than the scenery skirting the Leven, from Dumbarton to Loch Lomond; Dumbarton, receding in the distance, with its old grey walls standing out in bold relief against the sky, all grim with antiquity and its memories of other days, and the sweet variety of woodland, cornfield and moor, which make up the bordering of the Leven. The whole, softened by the mellowness of the air, and the stillness of sunset, make the spot to deserve to me, at the moment, the appellation given it by Smollett—"The Arcadia of Scotland." Smollett—of whom, by the way, I hope you know nothing, I know far too much—was born hereabouts, and has done the same service to Leven Water that Burns has for the Doon and Scott for the Tweed.

"Pure stream, in whose transparent wave,
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polished pebbles spread;
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave the crystal flood;
The springing trout, in speckled pride—
The salmon, monarch of the tide—
The ruthless pike, intent on war—
The silver eel and mottled par.
Devolving from this purest lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch and groves of pine,
And edges flowered with eglantine."

The next morning rose as beautifully as could be imagined, and, in company with about one hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen, mostly tourists and pleasure-seekers, I went on board the steamer "Prince of Wales." Two little steamboats, called, in honor of Queen Victoria's oldest children, the "Princess Louisa," and the "Prince of Wales," ply regularly up and down the Lake. The morning was exceedingly favorable for observing the scenery. It would be beyond my powers of

description to give you an idea of the surpassing loveliness of the prospect that continually opened upon the view up this most charming piece of water. At the lower part the hills are not high, but slope gently to the water's edge, occasionally enlivened by the grounds and mansion of some gentleman of fortune, who makes this region his summer residence. The appearance of these abodes of wealth and taste gives to the scenery of England and Scotland many charms which our most beautiful American prospects cannot possess. Most of the land in the vicinity of Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine is owned by the Duke of Montrose, and his deer parks occupy the islands of the lake, and the mountains all about are dotted with his sheep, which must number hundreds of thousands. As we proceeded up the lake, the scenery became more grand at every new prospect which the ever-changing points of view afforded. I should have remarked, to give you a clearer idea of terms which I am using, that in the Scotch dialect a lake is always termed a "*loch*," and an island an "*inch*." One of the first islands we saw is called "Inch Callaich," and the occurrence of the name and its ancient appropriation of a burial place of many of the wild Highland clans, reminded me at once of Sir Walter Scott's mention of it in the "Lady of the Lake," which I quote:

"The shafts and limbs were rods of yew,
Whose parents in Inch Callaich wave
Their shadows o'er Clan Alpine's grave,
And answering Lomond's breezes deep
Soothe many a chieftain's endless sleep."

A little farther along is another, called "Inch Cruin," upon which formerly was located an Asylum for Lunatics, and upon an inmate of which Professor Wilson wrote a very beautiful and touching tale. But I could not, in many pages of description, give you in detail an account of the different localities of interest that continually unfolded themselves, or of

"All the fairy crowds
Of islands, that forever lie,
As quietly as spots of sky,
Among the evening clouds."

As we proceeded up the lake, the scenery became more truly magnificent. Mountains, that dipped their rock-bound feet in the waters of the lake, were hiding their heads far up in the clouds, and the firing of a cannon on board the boat was answered by an echo that continued to reverberate along the ranges of mountains, till it was lost in the distance. Ben Lomond, the highest in the vicinity, after a while became distinctly visible, and its summit, which cannot be seen save in very clear weather, so great is the tendency of the clouds to gather about it, stood out very finely against the sky. It was a day of fine scenery, fine weather, and fine recollections, that will not soon fade from my mind. After proceeding to nearly the upper part of Loch Lomond, the steamer landed, and the passengers disembarked, to take stages across a pass in the mountains, for Loch Katrine. Now it so happens that there are not usually more persons across this particular passage than a common stage will carry, and we filled that with ladies, while all the gentlemen and about half the ladies set out to walk across the mountain passes, a distance of five miles, and such rugged miles I think few ladies ever attempted. The English and Scotch ladies are excellent walkers, and provide themselves very sensibly with good, substantial shoes, when travelling. They went through the pass with great glee and success, and appeared all the better for their jaunt; but I regret to confess that the only lady who gave out was an American, whose shoes were no better than brown paper, and who had to be mounted on a little pony cart, that trotted on behind the party with the luggage.

The mountains which stand about Loch Katrine are as wild as they were in creation's first week. The lake nestles down amid the shadows of those giants, contrasting its placid beauty with their awfulness. Ben Venue, Ben Ledi, and Ben An, before, with Ben Lomond in the background, are fit sentinels to preside over such an aqueous jewel. It was now high noon, and stomachs were keenly suggestive of dinner. At the head

of the lake on which we were about to embark, stands a small domicil, hardly a house, yet something more than a shed, out of which looked a bare-legged and coifless Scotch lassie, "on hospitable thoughts intent." She was a most excellent embodiment of Scotch thrift, and largessed her bottles of ale, her "mutchkins" of aquavitæ, and her oatmeal cakes, with most hearty alacrity—for a consideration. Pleasant unto her ear was the chinking of "siller," and I warrant she would not, in view of the profits of trade, exchange her shanty in these wilds for a shop in the "Saut Market."

Did you ever eat an oatmeal cake? Not sifted and refined out of all its *points* of excellence, but baked with its farina all armed with the broken husks, and bolted with the painful consciousness that you may, through mistake, have swallowed a teazle. It is nevertheless good—with a mountain appetite, and digestible—with a Scotch stomach. I am afraid that the resemblance of our hostess to her immortal countrywoman, Margaret Dods, ceased with the few personal attributes which they possessed in common, for many of her guests indulged in spirituous potations long after passing the point at which Meg would have interposed her authority, and bade them *Quære aliud hospitium:* ("Troop off wi' ye to another public.")*

I am afraid that if the wine had not been in, the wit would not so far have been out as to have tempted us on board the tiny steamer, which our company loaded down to the very water's edge.

> "Wi' tippeny we fear no evil,
> Wi' usquebaugh we face the devil."

Down the lake we had all sorts of mirth, and music enough from a band of bagpipers, but no dancing, which was wisely interdicted, as endangering the buoyancy of the boat. A Highland reel by Tom Thumb upon the quarter would have upset her. Loch Katrine is about ten miles in length, with shores

* St. Ronan's Well.

highly picturesque. The mountains in the background are disposed with fine effect, and various bays, headlands and islets are so sprinkled into the picture as to be highly artistic. The isle of the Douglas is on the eastern shore. Of how few shreds of fact romance is made! A man in brogans, stout walking-stick and green shooting jacket, with a staghound following his footsteps, answering to the name of "Maida," surveys this landscape of a summer afternoon from beneath a pair of shaggy eyebrows, and, with no farther wand than the goose quill with which I am now making rude pothooks—*presto!* the scene is covered with huntsmen and cavaliers, kilted highlanders and mailed southrons; the passes resound with bagpipe and bugle; tartans are descried amidst the glades, and claymores gleam among the thickets.

Is it possible that James Fitz James and Rhoderick Dhu, Helen Douglas and Malcolm Greame, are but airy nothings, mere phantoms, summoned by the aforesaid magician with the shaggy eyebrows? Yea, verily, such is Romance.

But we are already nearing the southern shore: here was the place where Fitz James's horse, tired and exhausted with the long day's chase, gave out and left him alone in the defile of the mountains; and here, too, was the spot where he approached the shore of the lake, and saw Helen put off from the island in her boat; and each peculiarity of shore, and cape, and bay, seemed familiar from pages which I had so long read and admired. Further along was the place where Fitz James and Rhoderic Dhu had their struggle. It would be tedious to quote from books, passages of which the place is so full of associations, and perhaps works of romance would not be fit to rely on, if one were looking at the place for History's sake. But this is among the choicest of all Scottish scenery, and a double interest is had at examining the particular spots, for the "Great Wizard of the North," as Scott was sometimes termed, has spread an enchantment about the region which no one can resist who has ever been brought within the charmed circle.

The historical facts are these: King James the Fifth, who held his court in the fortress of Stirling—of which more anon—was much in the habit of keeping his royal character concealed when away from home on his hunting excursions, and when thus engaged had ridden from Stirling to the mountain passes at the foot of Loch Katrine, called the "Trosachs," and, after so long a chase, which now is by the straightest road twenty-six miles, his horse became exhausted and fell, leaving him far from his friends, and among the haunts of those who would rejoice to gain possession of his person. His adventures, which are narrated in Scott's peculiar strain of lively verse, I need not relate. Much of the spirit of the romance is authenticated by the chivalric and adventurous character of the king, and the wild and unsettled condition of Scotland during his reign and that of some of his successors. You will recollect that James Fitz James proves, in the end of the story, to be the King of Scotland. These beautiful lakes and these vast overhanging mountains, which must ever remain with little change from their present condition, have been, from the earliest records, the secreting and gathering places of the wild clans of Highlanders, who made the Scottish Lowlands the scenes of their lawless depredations, and the traveller constantly passes the ruins of fortifications which the various sovereigns of England and Scotland have erected to hold them in proper submission.

I must say, that in passing down the lake in our little steamboat, which was so filled with passengers as almost to be brought to the verge of sinking, there was little to remind any one of antiquity. The gay dresses of the ladies, the music, and the fun and merriment, were such as never in ancient times were seen and heard on these lovely and placid waters. At the foot, or easterly extremity of Loch Katrine, coaches in plenty were in readiness, and we were rapidly whirling through scenery that became at every mile more cultivated and rich, till we arrived, at eight o'clock in the evening, in the old and very interesting

town of Stirling. All that is venerable in age, all that is grand and charming in scenery, and all that is historically interesting, are to be had here to a wonderful degree. The old town and the castle are poised upon the brow of a precipice, and as you stand upon a sort of platform on the north, or most prominent tower, you are at such a giddy height that the head swims to look down the fearful descent to the plain below. Queen Victoria stood on this spot in 1842, and her visit, like everything else which that very popular and fortunate young lady does, has been commemorated by deep inscriptions on the adjoining stones. Far away to the north, the prospect extends among the Grampians, whose fastnesses and wilds were the ancient separation between the Lowlands and the Highlands of Scotland. Nearer to us are the windings of the Forth, which can be traced by the eye to where it widens and becomes an arm of the sea. And then the connection which history establishes between this old fortress and many of the most important events of the last thousand years, cannot fail to give one, who allows the influence of the place to take full possession of the mind, strangely mingled sensations of wonder and delight.

EDINBURGH, AUG. 15.

I write with my window now opened toward the castle of Edinburgh, at which city I arrived a few hours since, having, since I commenced this letter yesterday, travelled in some of the most pleasing portions of Scotland, along the banks of the Tay. The moon is now shining full down upon its old gray walls and battlements, and thoughts come rushing upon the mind, in thinking of the strange scenes that have been enacted within its walls, of the strife and bloodshed which that old structure, grey with the touch of time, has seen, and how many thousand times the moon has looked down on the same building as placidly as it now looks, but under what strangely

different circumstances! Centuries before the adventurous Columbus dreamed that such a country as our own America lay hid behind the western waves, this old castle looked down, as it now does; and thus, notwithstanding its extreme antiquity, it must still remain for ages to come. But I must leave Edinburgh for description in some future letter, for it is a subject which will need whatever descriptive power I possess, and I fear very much more, to do it anything like justice.

I fear my friends at home will be tired of hearing me mention all that I see of this charming country, in such unqualified terms of laudation. All that I can say, is, that "*out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.*" I crossed the Atlantic with unfavorable ideas of English hospitality and English manners and customs. But so far as my opinion did them injustice, I sincerely retract all such impressions. If any race of people ever succeeded in cultivating politeness without ostentation, comfort without undue display, and true taste in everything, without too much affectation in anything, it is the English and Scotch. I speak, of course, of the middling classes. The poor I have not seen, although I mean to know something more of their condition than the knowledge which travellers generally obtain. The rich and aristocratic I have not, and, of course, do not expect to see, save only with that sort of license by which we are told that even "a cat may look on the king." But I forgot myself when I said I had known none of the aristocracy. I yesterday shook hands with a Countess, but alas! she was crazy, and the inmate of a lunatic hospital; and I fear my acquaintance with England's nobility will extend no farther.

From Stirling I went to Perth, upon the river Tay, which is said by all good authorities to be the most beautiful river of Scotland. It is crossed by a bridge at Perth, of very elegant construction. My errand at Perth, and the haste with which I saw it, allow me little time to say much concerning it. I went the same night to Dundee, which is also on the Tay, where it widens and becomes an arm of the sea. These two cities have

fine Asylums for the Insane, and my time was much engrossed in the examination of the perfect manner in which such public institutions are managed. The curious features of both Perth and Dundee are their great interest in the manufacture of Scotch linen. The fields, in many places for acres in extent, were white with the yarn spread on the grass, which could not have been distinguished from snow. Immense manufactories were sending up the hum of their machinery, and clouds of lint were streaming from the open windows. The amount also woven by people in their houses, I was told, was very large, and even the lunatics in the Asylum were all at the loom who were fit for labor, so general is their understanding of the weaver's business.

But I must say something more of the people of Scotland, before I close my letter. I imagine that there are as many people of true intelligence in Scotland, compared with its population, as anywhere in the world. But the vast distinction that exists between different classes of society is singularly striking to an American. While the houses of one street may be inhabited by persons possessing wealth of the most princely amount, and taste and refinement unsurpassed, the street that immediately adjoins it and opens into it, may be filled with the abodes of the most squalid poverty, and the habitations of shocking vice. I however think, that it by no means is as much so here as in many other parts of Europe, or even in London; but you can hardly enough rejoice with me, that if we in our country are deprived of the advantages of age in our institutions and our society, we are also exempt from the evils which also increase with the age of every community.

The people of Scotland are very generally of what we call a *homely* exterior. I should not, by that, wish to be understood that they are unpleasing in their appearance, for there is a sprightliness and vivacity about them rather captivating, especially as it is connected with a good deal of wit and richness in their conversation. But I see no countenances, either among

males or females, that would be called classically beautiful, unless among those whom I suspect to be English.

It is strange that among the inhabitants of the same small island, the difference in looks, manners and customs, and even language, should be so marked. The English are good looking. The prevailing cast of countenance is full and rosy. This may be, in a measure, owing to the decided good living in which they indulge, and partly to the amount of exercise which both sexes take out of doors. The extent to which English and Scotch ladies carry the matter of out-of-door exercise, is both astonishing and instructive. For it they are always prepared, and the walking shoes of an English lady would astonish an American belle out of all the senses she happened to possess. The English lady evidently thinks a stout figure, a good sized arm, and a massive hand and foot, no deformities; consequently, she is not obliged to compress her waist into the circumference of a bracelet, or torture her feet with small shoes, in obedience to a foolish fashion.

LETTER No. 4.

EDINBURGH, AUG. 16, 1850.

TO DR. W. B. S———.

I fear that you, in common with my other friends at home, will be amazed at the appearance of such a storm of ink marks as I am showering upon you, especially if you happen to recollect some aversion which I have at sundry times expressed toward letters too much taxing the patience of the reader. If you should happen to think that travelling and sight-seeing have slightly turned my brain, pray let it remain a family secret, for if the 'lighter draughts intoxicate the brain, a deeper one may sober me again.' How long I may attempt the herculean task of turning what I see into anything like description, remains to be seen.

Perhaps of all the cities in the world for true elegance and utility in all that is modern, and for an exhibition of all that is rude and ancient, Edinburgh is unsurpassed. One side of the city is made up of mercantile establishments, where all that is sumptuous is to be found; and on the other, the attention is arrested by the most singular piles of ancient construction. My description would perhaps be plainer to say, that there are two cities, the old and the new, which are, to a certain extent, made distinct by a deep gorge lying between the two; although much that is very new and elegant is on the side of the old city, and a good deal that is shabby and antique is on the side of the new. It would appear, to a superficial observer like myself, that at the time the old city was in process of construction, the inhabitants conceived themselves obliged to build entirely on one side of this chasm; and, in order to accommodate a large population, the houses were built to a height, which, I suspect, is not met with in any other city. These are, in very many instances, eleven storeys high, and, as they are all peopled with

the lower and more degraded classes, which will accumulate in all cities, the immense number of persons found within a limited compass, of which writers, and especially those upon sanitary subjects, have made mention, is easily accounted for. Besides the streets that proceed at various angles from the main ones in the old city, there is another peculiarity of Edinburgh, creating a fearful influence upon the city mortality, which is this: At every few steps, there turns from the street a "close," as it is termed. This is a passage under an arch, which leads you into a lane hardly wide enough for two to walk abreast; and on each side, doors open, leading up into other parts of these hives of human beings. Within these "closes" there can hardly be a show of ventilation, and the closeness of the air, and the odors generated by such an accumulation of multitudes, must be absolutely appalling. Still, amid all this crowd of human beings, where morality must be at a low ebb, all is order and comparative stillness, so perfect is the police of this, as of all English and Scotch cities. The new city, on the contrary, has wide streets, which would serve as models in any city on the globe, and many parts are filled with residences, any of which would serve as a palace. Such is "Moray Place," which is a circle of residences surrounding a park. Here was the residence of the late Lord Jeffrey, whom we know as the distinguished reviewer; and, in an adjacent square, equally stately, is the abode of the no less celebrated Professor Wilson. While looking at it, I could enter with full understanding into the spirit of his article, entitled "*Our Winter Quarters.*" Here also was the town residence of Sir Walter Scott, of whom more anon.

Edinburgh has been truly called the "Modern Athens." The taste of its inhabitants is unquestionable. The number of its public buildings is very great, and most of them constructed after the choicest models of antiquity. Within sight of my window is one of vast proportion, a copy of the Parthenon at Athens, finished in the most elaborate and substantial manner,

and used as a receptacle for the statuary and paintings of the Royal Institution. Farther down is the Monument to Scott. This is of a lightish stone, and exceedingly elaborate as a work of art. Then along the same street—Princes Street—are many other beautiful and extraordinary buildings. Details of many of these things I can only give you in the leisure of fireside description, should events ever afford such opportunity.

Edinburgh has long been the scene of much that is curious in literature and romance, and, from the remotest antiquity, the theatre on which has been acted much of the comedy and tragedy of history. I cannot omit some attempts to describe to you the old palace of Holyrood, and Edinburgh Castle. With the outside of the palace we have been familiar from infancy. There is no mistaking its round, castellated towers, and its square and unornamented shape, for anything else. If you wish to see a print of it, you will find it upon the Scotch linen table-cloths, from which we have for years taken our frugal breakfasts and dinners. [My mouth waters at the remembrance, although I have since partaken many a dish which this hemisphere calls rich.] The first part shown you is the palace chapel, an antique and curious structure, erected by David I. in 1128. He was a prince to whose piety are due many of the ecclesiastical remains that we now see, and the age in which he lived was famous all over Europe for the erection of the vast abbeys and cathedrals, the remains of which strike the modern eye so forcibly; for in the present state of society their construction would be impossible. This was the burial place of a long line of Scotland's kings. You see nothing now save the vault under which their dust is said to lie, and their grim and time-worn effigies and heraldic devices upon the roofless wall. It was tolerably entire until within eighty or ninety years, when the roof fell in and made a ruin of it. Charles I. was crowned in it, and that was among its last uses as a Scottish chapel. The palace itself is of much later style and erection, and is still a royal residence. It is now being fitted up

as an abode for Queen Victoria, when she visits Scotland the last of this month, although I will be bound that if Her Majesty's will was known, she had much rather enjoy the elegancies and comforts of a hotel in Princes Street, than such as can be found in the gloomy old gray walls of Holyrood. However, go there she must, for so the articles of the Union stipulate, and are still as binding as when drawn up in the days of Queen Anne.

I shall say nothing of the much that is to be seen in this old palace, save the part that is interesting from its connection with the royal house of Stuart. It was erected in the reign of James V., who may be called the first of that unfortunate line to whose ill deserts Mr. Macaulay metes out full too severe justice. When Mary Queen of Scots, whom you recollect was sent to France to be educated, returned to take possession of the throne of her ancestors, she made her court at Holyrood, and strove to enliven its walls with the same festivities to which she had been used in France, and the same elegancies to which she, in common with all her family, before and since, were prone; for, without doubt, the Stuarts possessed better taste as a family than any who ever sat on the English throne. She, however, fell on evil times, for John Knox was just awakening the Scotch to the same hatred of Popery that Luther had instilled into Germany, and the Popish retinue that accompanied Mary from France were objects of his particular abhorrence. Mary yielded to the storm, and dismissed all her train save one, who fell a victim, as I shall afterwards relate, and strove to conciliate her subjects by all means that lay within her power. But Mary was a *woman*, and, like her sex, was swayed in many things by motives stronger than state policy. But I am unconsciously getting into a *story* that has no place here, for it is all down in the books. I must cut the whole matter short, or I shall make a volume instead of a letter.

You are shown into Queen Mary's bed-chamber. Here the chamber is surrounded by the same arras or tapestry that

clothed the oak panels in her day, and all in good preservation. Here is her bed just as she last occupied it. The curtains and cover are of silk, and very richly wrought. Here, too, is the marble block on which she knelt when crowned, and before it the picture of Christ crucified, finely painted on porcelain, with the cracks running across it where John Knox shivered it with a blow, in his holy hatred of its papal meaning. Here is her work-box which she brought from France, and the picture of "Jacob's Dream," wrought with her own fingers on a silk cushion. On the table is the steel armor of her imbecile and unfortunate husband, Lord Darnley, as also his gloves and boots. Here is her miniature in ivory, and many other curious mementos, which I have no time to describe or you to decipher from my obscure handwriting. Within this apartment is the small room in which the unfortunate queen and her still more unfortunate favorite, David Rizzio, were at supper when the conspirators entered, headed by Darnley, and stabbed him in her presence, and then dragged him through the bed-chamber to the door of the outer apartment, and there finished him with fifty-six wounds, as history circumstantially tells us. He was left in this spot all night, and the blood that run along the floor to quite a distance, made deep stains on the floor. Marks are still shown, which the *cicerone* tells us are the stains of Rizzio's blood. It is not for me to say how much of this is true.

In an adjoining apartment is the more modern bed of King Charles I. Yet, when you think how many years since he was beheaded, you will be ready to call this room ancient. This room, after all had remained as it were closed for hundreds of years, was again reöpened in 1745 by Prince Charles Edward, when he held temporary possession of the city during his attempt to gain possession of the throne of his ancestors. It is said that he occupied the bed and bedroom of his grandfather, Charles I.

I thought, as I considered this fact, and could run over in mind the vicissitudes of this unfortunate line, what must have

been his thoughts as he composed himself to rest under this canopy, and in a room where every object must have been big with meaning. His father had died an exile, after vain attempts to secure that for which *he* was now in strife, and for attempting which his life was the forfeit, if unsuccessful, for uncounted sums were then set on his head by a timid and bloody government. His grandfather had been driven from his country and his throne, and exposed to ignominy and contempt unmerited in a vagabond. His great-grandfather, the last occupant of the bed save himself, had died on the scaffold. His great-great-grandfather, James I., had enjoyed a long reign, it is true, but he had seen his throne shorn of many of its ancient and high prerogatives, and gained for himself the contempt of posterity. His great-great-great-grandmother was the same Mary whose bed was in the adjoining room, and whose life exceeds all the romances that imagination can create, and she had also suffered on the scaffold. That such thoughts did occupy the mind of the chivalric prince, there can be little question, for he sallied out from these old walls with his Highland adherents and routed the British army by a tremendous onset. Had he received his promised assistance from France, and had no dissensions existed among his adherents, the destiny of England would have been different. It is a matter of serious question whether for better or worse. But he, alas! was the last of the Stuarts, and their pretensions to the throne are now the harmless inquiry of history, and not the dread of the court of St. James.

There is evidently some policy in keeping the apartments of old Holyrood in the precise condition in which they have remained since Mary's time, and I have conjectured such motives to have been these: During the reigns of Mary's successors of the same line, the object may have been to show the scene of the trials and misfortunes that their ancestress suffered at the hands and through the jealousy of Elizabeth; and, on the other hand, the object *now* is, to allow the impression to become

fixed of Mary's frailty and guilt, of which there are on every hand too many evidences. The present reigning family, if judged by the same rule that the high tory party have always urged, that the king is so by divine right, and that no earthly power can deprive him of sovereignty, are usurpers, and it must be an object to show the guilt of any rival claimant to the throne who can possibly arise.

The only other apartment of the palace that I shall mention is the picture galiery, one hundred and fifty feet long and twenty-seven wide, containing portraits of one hundred and six Scottish kings, many of them full length paintings. This is a curious collection, and is doubtless good as a lesson in the style of dress used in each successive age, although the portraits themselves should be looked on with some suspicion. They are very old, without doubt, but on many of them I think that later pencils have been at work than is alleged. This is nevertheless an interesting old room. Queen Mary held her balls and festal gatherings here, and the very excellent poet, James Hogg, has here laid the scene of a beautiful poem in the Scottish dialect, called "*The Queen's Wake.*" In 1745, Prince Charles opened it for similar purposes, and the manner in which he here adopted the Scottish dances, and led off the festivities, gained him the attachment of the Scottish ladies, which they carried to absolute enthusiasm.

There is another object in Edinburgh to be mentioned—its Castle. If I could convey an idea of it to you, as I see it by looking around over my right hand, I should be spared much labor which I fear will be of little profit to you. My hotel is just in that relation to it, to give the whole pile its most impressive effect. Its buildings are not so ancient as those of Stirling, but its fortifications are more extensive, and its historical associations equally interesting, although referring to another period. The base of the rock on which it stands is perhaps one fourth of a mile from me, and I see with perfect distinctness the sentinels pacing their walks on its far-up bat-

tlements, with their polished bayonets glittering in the setting sun. With two or three things about it, and I will say no more. There is one very queer matter, *the garrison.* It is composed of the famous Highland Regiment, who still wear the ancient national costume. I will describe it from above, downwards. The cap is high, and covered with large black ostrich plumes, which shade, with fine effect, the head and face. The frock is of green and black plaid, and over the left shoulder is thrown with a good deal of grace, the national tartan, or plaid mantle. The stocking, coming up to the middle of the calf of the leg, is of red and yellow plaid, and tied with a broad ribbon, which, with the shoe, completes the garb. "But," you will be ready to say, "you have forgotten the *breeches* in your description." Not at all, for "*what is absent cannot be numbered.*" *They wear none.* From the top of the stocking, as high as curious conjecture will allow you to investigate, they are in the same state as in Eden's bower Adam walked, too unconsciously pure to require aught of drapery save the primitive fig-leaf. They are a fine looking set of fellows, however, and, after the first shock of seeing this strange nudity, the effect of such a dress is not unpleasing.

Mounted on the walls, among other cannon, is one piece somewhat famous, called "*Mons Meg,*" from having been forged at Mons, in Flanders, before the art of casting cannon was known. It throws a ball weighing three hundred pounds. It is, I think, sixteen feet long, and perhaps more, made of bars of iron bound with rings. In saluting the Duke of York, in Charles Second's time, it burst, and has not since been repaired. It has recently been mounted on an immense carriage, made for it, and I can see it now, looking down from the topmost fortification, with the usual crowd of strangers standing around it.

Two apartments in the castle only are worthy of notice. In a small room, or vault, lighted with lamps and surrounded by a ponderous iron grating, are the regalia of the Kingdom of Scotland, consisting of the Crown, the Sceptre, the Mace, the Sword

of State, and the various crosses and circlets used in the coronation of sovereigns of the kingdom up to the time of its union with England. Now, aside from the great actual value of these emblems of royalty, (for they are of solid gold, and are glittering on all points with diamonds and other precious stones,) the historical interest of them is very great. They have been the coronation investment of the monarchs ever since the days of Robert Bruce, and perhaps long antecedent. The manner in which they have been preserved in perilous times, is recorded with great spirit in a little work before me, said to have been drawn up by Sir Walter Scott. I saw them with the formality under which all persons are admitted, namely; I applied to the Lord Provost of the city of Edinburgh, who, after I had recorded my name and place of residence, gave me an order directed to the Warden of the Regalia, which could be used only on the day of its emission. This was so arranged, that, if I had broken into the castle and passed the sentinel on guard at the door, killed the warden in charge, then broken through the iron railing, and carried away these national insignia, some clue to my detection would be had by examining the Lord Provost's books and identifying me by my handwriting.

In another portion of the castle are what were used in troublesome times in Scotland as the royal apartments. Here Mary Queen of Scots was brought to await the birth of James, and in a room pointed out, his birth took place, from whence, not daring to convey the infant prince from the castle by any ordinary passage, he was, at eight days old, let down from an immense height in a basket.

But I am fatiguing you with the length and tediousness of my description, when a hundred things I would gladly dwell upon, must go by unnoticed. I wish I could describe some of the elegant public buildings, the collections of paintings and statuary, of which the city is absolutely full, but these, with many other matters, must be left for imagination and pictures, of which I have a few for the purpose of illustration.

I must say something respecting "*Abbotsford*," the residence of the late Sir Walter Scott, and "*Dryburgh Abbey*," the place of his interment, at which place I spent a day since arriving in the city and commencing this letter. I must remark that in visiting places of public interest thus far, the reality has rather exceeded my expectations. Disappointment, however, has, in this instance, followed my efforts to do proper reverence to the name and memory of Scott. You may follow the great Master of the Imagination through the scenes where the creations of his fancy were laid, with no particular falling off in your reverence; but if you wish to preserve unimpaired your high opinions, keep aloof from Abbotsford. It uncovers that in the character of the man of which you would remain ignorant; for the fabric which he built up with such intense toil and perplexity, and which cost him bankruptcy, ruin—aye, even *life*, remains only a monument of unpardonable vanity and egregious folly. The building is an architectural nondescript—too large for a plaything, too small for a castle, and as a residence absolutely uninhabitable. Its situation is perhaps good enough, but it is in a country void of all interest, at least in its outward aspect. In looking at the incongruous pile, the only way in which I could conceive such a building erected, was to suppose the employment of a certain number of lunatics as architects, each being profoundly ignorant of the plan of his fellows, and that, when each had planned his particular portion, they were all joined in one laughable composition. This supposition would be in keeping with things, and the only point I could not elucidate in that way, would be the precise number of lunatics so employed; for the number of parts was as ill-defined as the order of architecture of any or every part. Sir Walter wrote so much of his doings at Abbotsford, that he fully identified himself with the place, and left it as a self-erected monument, with all its wonderful furnishing, in perpetual commemoration of himself. No one is blamable then for examining it in that light. Those who have professed to admire it, could not

have been, like myself, fresh from the shrines of Burns and Wordsworth. I would not be understood to say that there are not many good things about it. The first apartment is filled with ancient armor, which is certainly a very curious and probably very choice collection. There are several full suits of jointed steel armor, highly wrought and polished, as well as suits of chain mail, that are probably rare. Among these are many individual pieces that are quite antique, and could Sir Walter explain to you their history, you would listen with pleasure. Some of these pieces are from ancient battle-fields.

The private library room of the great novelist comes, I think, next, and is the apartment in which his works were composed. It communicates, by a private passage, with his sleeping apartment. This contained the works which he most constantly needed for reference. This library consists of many hundred volumes, and is carefully secured from molestation by a wire netting that faces each bookcase. But the chief library room is sixty feet long by fifty wide, with walls of oak and a cathedral roof, imitated from the Gothic style of the old buildings of the twelfth century. This room contains twenty thousand books, mostly choice and elegant selections. Then we find a smaller room, running entirely across the house however, and lighted from each end by a stained glass window, containing another collection of smaller armor, pistols, guns, broadswords, &c. &c. Here is Rob Roy's gun, Claverhouse's pistol, Prince Charles Edward's golden spurs, Bonaparte's pistols, taken from his carriage which was captured at Waterloo, with many other things "too numerous to mention."

The family drawing-room is next, and is filled with furniture of very rich character, much of it being gifts from distinguished friends. A fine ebony cabinet, very elaborately carved and very costly, was a gift from King George IV. In a glass case in this room is the suit last worn by Sir Walter, consisting of a green frock coat with bright buttons, plaid vest and pants, white hat, and stout shoes. Further along is the dining room, looking

into the garden by a large oriel or bay window. I am not sure I have preserved the proper sequence in naming the different rooms, but that is not essential.

The libraries, the armory, and dining and drawing rooms, are also enriched by many pictures, some of which are valuable from their being originals, and from celebrated pencils. Some of the celebrated beauties among the women of history, original portraits of Charles I., Earl of Essex, Cromwell, Claverhouse, Scott's grandfather, himself and wife, his son—a full length picture in the uniform of an officer of the hussars, standing beside his horse—with many others, far, very far too many to write about. I must mention, however, the head of Mary Queen of Scots, taken while lying in a silver charger after her execution. This is a most lovely countenance, and is said to be an original. Neither must I forget the bust of Scott, by Chantrey, which rests on a pedestal in the drawing-room, and is particularly good. It is of large size, and is the one from which very many copies have been taken. I must omit many descriptive details of what is at once a museum of antiquities, a cabinet of curiosities, and a collection of mementos of a very wonderful man.

Now all this would be very good, if you had opportunity to go through and examine at leisure all its parts, as you are privileged to do in a *public* collection, where your pilot or guide has no power over your movements. But here all is private, and although you pay your guide, and are expected to pay him pretty liberally, too, yet all his offices towards you are a mere matter of grace, and you can examine no object any longer than his fancy allows you. The guide who shows Abbotsford was evidently once a man of some intelligence, but he has so long told the same story, that, as is usual with such people, he knows only that one thing, and sometimes but a part of that. He has fallen into the unfortunate error that he is showing a cabinet of curiosities merely, and either never knew or never considered, that visitors are here to see them as relics of Sir

Walter Scott, for museums may be found elsewhere in any quantity. I ventured to ask him a question how a certain relic came into Sir Walter's possession; that being the only interesting feature in it. The request of Oliver Twist for more soup, could not have been received with greater surprise, and the only effect of the inquiry was to make my guide lose his place in the description, and to knock into utter confusion all the ideas he had; and I found to my sorrow that in attempting to get all my golden eggs at once, I had only killed my goose.

I am very sorry to get peevish at Abbotsford, where I would, of all other places, see what would sustain the high delight Sir Walter always infused into his readers. How different his life, and his memory, if he had lived in the modest elegance of Lord Jeffrey or Professor Wilson, whose happy length of days has been so much owing to the good sense guiding their worldly undertakings.

From Abbotsford I went to Dryburgh Abbey, seven miles farther down the Tweed. Here Sir Walter was buried, in an arch of the old ruin, with his wife, and a son who died on his way from India, where he held a military commission. The remains lie surrounded by an iron railing in stone sarcophagi. Dryburgh Abbey is one of the old ecclesiastical remains of the Norman age. I have before, in my letters, mentioned something of these relics of antiquity. Their multitude, vastness, and excellent preservation, are to me matter of much surprise. I would say nothing save good of the dead, but the taste which led Sir Walter to lay his remains in so dreary a location, under ruins which must, at no distant age, be a heap of rubbish, is passing strange. All appearances leave the conjecture on the mind, that he saw in himself either the founder of a new house or the restorer of an old one, and his dwelling and his tomb were in his mind calculated to effect this. How much more lasting the monument reared by his literary works, than all the fardels of stone and marble.

LETTER No. 5.

NOTTINGHAM, AUGUST 20, 1850.

TO DR. T. R. C———.

You will pardon this late fulfilment of my promise to write you. It has arisen from no forgetfulness of the obligation, but from mere fastidiousness in the selection of time and place.

England has few cities so cleanly, so orderly, so prettily situated as this Nottingham, from whence 'these presents unto thee cometh,' and I shall long remember it with pleasure, from the agreeable professional acquaintances here formed; for let me tell you, *entre nous*, England, as well as our Yankee land, has the honor to have the pulses of her leiges felt by as genial a set of fellows as ever took fee. Versatile in all sorts of prosessional talent, they can

> "bleed or blister,
> Or draw a tooth out of your head,
> Or chatter scandal by your bed,
> Or give a clyster."

But I suspect that I can better interest you than in matters professional, which I will serve you, fates willing, in another dish, and will consume my evening by an account of my afternoon excursion to Newstead Abbey, once the residence of Lord Byron. Now the change from the wards of a hospital to the favored haunts of poesy, is not as great as you might conceive. Poetry and physic, I contend, are twin sisters. Were not Darwin, Goldsmith and Smollett, bred to the healing art? Did not Armstrong discourse on physic in heroic couplets; and does not Holmes "play fantastic tricks" in rhyme, with the professional wig on his very head?

Listen to the infallible Coleman:

> "Can't men have tastes who cure a phthisic?
> Of Poetry, though patron god,
> Apollo patronizes physic."

Newstead Abbey,—but what shall I say of a place which will interest you, who have at your hand Irving's charming account of the same spot? Still, Newstead,—a place on which every tourist, from Irving downward, has hung somewhat of discourse,—must not be passed by without some notice.

I took a noon train upon the Nottingham and Mansfield branch of the Midland Railway, and was set down at a way-station some two miles distant from the place of my destination, and a few minutes brought me to the borders of the Newstead estate. After passing the park gate, the road wound through a barren and neglected piece of oak woodland, given up solely to the occupancy of the rabbits, whose warren covered many acres, and whose shy inhabitants were 'turning tail to' in every direction at the sound of the carriage wheels.

A sudden curve in the road, and the lake, the old Abbey front, and the more modern pile, are all before you. The remnant of the Abbey Church is exceedingly fine.

Its unexpected massiveness, and the festooning of ivy about the tracery of the shattered but still grand old gothic windows, together with the total stillness which prevaded the whole, was finely in keeping with the historic moment of the place, and its interest as a haunt of the first genius of his age.

A few waterfowl, splashing the water with their wings, and a party of visitors just leaving as I entered, were all that indicated life. A ring of the door bell summoned the housekeeper. In visiting all places like this, some *Cicerone*, or guide, is obviously necessary, indeed, indispensible; and the enjoyment of the visit is much proportional to the good nature and intelligence of this functionary. Mrs. S——, who does the honors to visitors at Newstead, enhances the delight of a visit im-

measurably by the ladylike manners in which she communicates the strange amount of the *unwritten* which exists in this fascinating place; for notwithstanding the infinitude of "Memoirs," "Recollections," "Conversations," &c., &c., in which the commonest sayings and doings of Lord B. have been treasured, enough still remains to keep the stream current for another quarter of a century. To be historically brief,—Newstead Abbey was founded by Henry the Second, during the world's fit of pious enthusiasm which reached its acme during the twelfth century. It dates 1170. It flourished as a monastic institution until that great iconoclast, Henry the Eighth, professing abhorrence of cowls and beads, but with an eye to its cash endowments, suppressed the monastery and pocketed its funds, that they might not be expended in bread for the poor, distributed by monkish fingers. The doors, which had been open five hundred years, for the distribution of alms and consolation, were then shut. Henry gave Newstead to his favorite, Sir John Byron, in the hands of whose descendants it remained, till the poet being in modern phrase, "hard up," sold it to the present possessor. Lord Byron, in the sale of Newstead, I am informed, violated a pledge to his family, and thus made still wider the breach between them and him.

The Byrons during Cromwell's time were loyal, and the estate was of course alienated, but was restored by Charles the Second.

It required a singular ancestry to produce such a genius as the poet? He was a physical and psychical composite, in which the most opposite ingredients were mingled. His father was a villain of no ordinary blackness, and his great uncle, from whom he inherited the estate, was only saved from the halter by his peerage.

This last worthy is remembered to this day, as, *par excellence*, "the wicked Lord Byron." Books have been written, and lampoons by hundreds, upon the strange relationship between the poet and his mother. "She was," says Howitt, "a

little fat woman, of most excitable temperament; fond to destraction of her boy, and yet controlling her passions with no judgment,—at one time loading him with caresses, and at another throwing the poker and tongs at his head."

All these things,—this almost diabolical and yet illustrious ancestry,—his youthful poverty merging into a tantalizing, out of reach affluence; and the perversion of every sentiment of childhood by such an education, were all destined to be *materialized*, and each form its section of that vast magazine of wit, pathos, sentiment, sublimity, sensuality, sagacity, corruption,—"The Works of Lord Byron." Even the insult to his deformity, which his mother, in a paroxysm of rage, inflicted on him, was only giving his apprehensive mind a theme for tragedy.* But I return from the digression. After entering upon the western front, you pass through a hall somewhat cold and dungeonlike if it was not lighted by stained glass windows, opening toward the west. A stair case leads from an anteroom beyond, and near the landing above is the room which, during the part of the poet's brief career spent at Newstead, was his favorite apartment. The furniture of this room, retained as left by Lord B., was purchased by the present proprietor at an exorbitant cost. Upon the table, by a window looking toward the west, across the lake, the satire, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," was penned.

Colonel Wildman, the present proprietor and occupant of Newstead, was Lord B.'s school fellow at Harrow, and preserves with especial care every object connected with his name. The ample fortune of this gentleman has restored Newstead to a condition far above what it ever could have attained in the hands of its ancient lordly owners. Some second rate engravings of a part of the building of Cambridge University, with their names written beneath them in the early schoolboy chirography of the poet, and a portrait of "old Joe Murray,"

* The Deformed Transformed.

Byron's favorite servant, the major-domo of Newstead during the poet's absence, taken in full dress and ruffles, with pipe in hand, are the chief ornaments of this room.

Immediately beyond the poet's bed room is the one occupied at the same time by his page. This is termed the "Haunted Chamber," from the ghost of a restless monk, whom the superstitious among the family servants believe occasionally obtrudes his shadowy presence within it.

Lord Byron, you will remember, delighted to foster among his dependents a feeling of superstitious dread of the shades of the ancient occupants of the abbey; and by a display at every corner, of disentombed coffins and grinning skulls, he not only effected this among the servants, but even tinged his own mind with a lurking belief in phantoms, which more than once appears in his published writings, and even in his sober correspondence.

It is useless to describe the common succession of gothic saloons, elegant drawing rooms, tapestried bed rooms, &c., which compose the interior of a lordly English residence.

Three or four, of great splendor, have been at various times lodging places of majesty, and now bear the names of "King Edward's Room," "King Henry's Chamber," "King Charles's Lodgings," &c. Some of these apartments are superbly hung with embroidered tapestry.

When our countryman, Washington Irving, was a guest at Newstead, one of these rooms was assigned him, which he abandoned, as I was informed, for the simple but more congenial room of the poet.

The grand drawing-room is particularly fine, and worthy of notice. The richly decorated and slightly arched ceiling, with massive frame work springing from finely carved supports, and its floor of oaken pannels, so highly polished that you see your face in them as in a mirror; together with the glittering effect of a magnificent chandelier, suspended in the centre amid an

assemblage of rich and rare furniture, and splendidly framed paintings, present a *coup d'œil* at once effective and beautiful.

In this room, among a multitude of portraits by the first British painters, is that of Lord Byron by professor Philips. This is doubtless the best extant, and is the one from which the engraving in Moore's Life is taken. At one end of this room stands a small gilt cabinet, inlaid with tortoise-shell and silver, which is used as a depository for the famed skull-cup, made, you will recollect, from the cranium of one of the monks of Newstead. There is nothing whatever repulsive in this drinking cup, save the idea. It is mounted, goblet-like, with its interior and exterior polished to ivory whiteness, ornamented with a broad, silver rim. These lines, carved upon the silver mounting of this piece of charnel-house furniture, fit to be a wassail-bowl in the revels of Pandemonium, will live as long as anything which ever issued from his pen:

> "Start not, nor deem my spirit fled;
> In me behold the only skull
> From which, unlike the living head,
> Whatever flows is never dull," &c.

The present owner of Newstead has not only expended immense sums in its restoration and decoration, but also has much increased the extent of the parks and pleasure grounds, as well as rebuilt most of the habitations of the tenants. It is not a little strange that neither Lady Byron or her daughter have ever seen Newstead.*

In the days of "the wicked Lord Byron" the park, still studded with fine old oaks, cotemporary with Robin Hood, of whose sylvan domain it once formed a part, when this district of merry

* On reaching London after my visit at Newstead, I found a note, from which I make this extract. "I think the remark was made when you were here, that Lord Byron's daughter (Lady Lovelace) had never visited Newstead. I am now able to say that she comes here next Thursday, on a visit to Col. Wildman; much to his gratification, and I hope her own. What must her feelings be when she looks on the place that thousands, from all parts of the world, have been proud to be able to visit, and which, up to this time, she has never seen!"

England was known as Sherwood Forest, contained nearly three thousand head of deer, which were remorselessly sacrificed, together with the choicest of the forest trees, as if the old Vandal not only owed his cotemporaries, but also posterity, a spite.

A pretty lake, formed anciently by obstructing the current of a small stream, lies immediately before the west front of Newstead. It was the mill-pond of the monks, and the ruins of a rustic mill still exist at its foot.

A large brazen eagle, with its pedestal of antique workmanship, was some years since fished up from the bottom of this lake; and, upon being cleaned, was found to contain within it grants and deeds bearing the seals of Edward the Third and Henry the Eighth, which had, doubtless in some moment of peril, been sunk by the Friars. This eagle, now furbished up, forms a stand with its spread wings for the folio Bible in the chancel of a neighboring church, as it formerly sustained the missal at the altar of the monks at Newstead.

The lateness of the hour gave me small opportunity to survey the grounds of Newstead, and with a short circuit by the tomb of Boatswain, and the oak planted by the poet, which promises to gain a celebrity equal to Shakspeare's Mulberry, Pope's Willow, or Grey's Yew, and from which, like all visitors, I obtained a handful of leaves, I took my departure for the little village of Hucknall, where, in an obscurity strangely in contrast with his world-wide literary fame and noble birth, the poet is interred.

Hucknall Church is a small, dilapidated edifice, with a rustic square tower and a rude tiled roof, under which one must almost stoop to pass. With some difficulty I found the parish clerk, who lived at the other end of the straggling and not over clean village. His daughter, a young miss of fifteen, armed with the church key, followed me back, and, by dint of much twisting at the obstinate lock of the old oaken door, we gained entrance. The place where the dust of the poet lies is marked

by a plain marble slab, over which in the wall is affixed a tablet of simple style, with this inscription:

In the vault beneath,
Where many of his ancestors, and his mother, are
buried,
lie the remains of
GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON,
Lord Byron of Rochedale,
in the county of Lancaster,
the author of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.
He was born in London, on the
22d of January, 1788.
He died at Missolonghi, in Western Greece, on the
19th of April, 1824,
engaged in the glorious attempt to restore that country
to her ancient grandeur and renown.
His sister, the Honorable Augusta Maria Leigh,
placed this tablet to his memory.

Of course there is an album in the church, for the record of visitors' names; yet, what was my surprise to find, when the dingy quarto was produced, at least half the names American. One was recorded with such an unconscious and unaffected display of hero worship,—such clear *Byronomania*, that I copied it as a fine instance of the effect of a poetical *furor* upon Yankee perseverance.

"*A Traveller, who has followed the steps of Childe Harold from the Rhine to the Sympligades, in Switzerland, Italy, Albania and Athens, through the Ægean Isles, comes to pay the tribute to his home and his grave.*

——— ———, *of St. Albans, Vt., U. S. of America.*"

July 2*d*, 1849."

What a reflection must arise in the mind of every traveller, on departing from this rude mausoleum of the first genius of his age. All genius is prophetic; yet how truly so that strange presentiment which ever haunted the mind of Lord Byron, that his dust was doomed to be spurned from the resting-place of England's honored dead.

"And should I leave
The inviolate island of the brave and free,
And seek me out a home by a remoter sea,
Perhaps I loved it well,—and should I lay
My ashes in a soil which is not mine,

My spirit shall resume it, if we may,
Unbodied, choose a sanctuary. I twine
My hope of being remembered in my line
With my land's language; if too fond and far
These aspirations in their scope incline;
If my fame should be as my fortunes are,—
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull oblivion bar
My name from out the temple where the dead
Are honored by the nations—let it be—
And light the laurels on a loftier head.
* * * * * * *
Meantime, I seek no sympathies, nor need:
The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted:—they have torn me, and I bleed;
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed."—*Childe Harold.*

It may, perhaps, have been thought that his remains, after his noble self-immolation in Greece, would have been deemed worthy, in view of this glorious termination of an erring career, a place beside Pope and Dryden, or the earnest prayer of Greece to possess his dust had been heeded. Strange mistake! What mercy could be expected for one who dared lampoon the blood royal of Great Britain?

The interest forever to be attached to this man, on whom nature bestowed her gifts with a profusion almost unparalleled, is most melancholy in itself, and fortune, in bestowing her usual counterbalancing frowns, seems not only to have blown her blasts on his life and memory, but also upon that of many with whom his name was, in one way or another, associated.

Poor Mary Chaworth, the first object which met the uneven career of his genius, and sent it mounting upwards, was among these bruised reeds of fortune. Torn from him while yet a youth, she was made the wife of another; a fate, if unhappy for him, yet doubly so for her.

It may have been that the incense of Genius, so often fatal to female honor and happiness, left behind its intoxication a disregard of the stern obligations of her sex; or it may be that

In West Windsor, of Pulmonary Consumption, Aug. 30th, Gilman G. Pierce, aged 42 years.

Sleep on, dear husband, and take thy rest,
God called thee hence, He thought it best,
There with our darlings, in Heaven to dwell;
Farewell, till I meet you, dear husband, farewell.

I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

M.

ROBINSON—At Cambridgeport, July 7th, Mrs. Hattie Robinson, eldest daughter of Seth Copeland, Esq., of Boston, aged 21 years.

Seldom are we called to record the death of one so young in life, having been married but a few months, pleasantly situated, a kind husband, and surrounded by many friends. She was amiable in her disposition, modest in her deportment, affectionate and kind in manner, which naturally won the respect and esteem of all who knew her. She experienced religion when about fourteen years of age, and united with Bowdoin Square Church, and for many years was a member of the Sabbath school. To her husband, father and mother death comes as a heavy sorrow; but she died calmly and peacefully, with a precious hope in her Savior, with no cloud on her mind at the sunset hour. She has gone to be with Jesus, and waits to welcome those she loved on the "shining shore,"

Dearest sister, thou has left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel,
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,—
He can all our sorrows heal.

July 11th, 1866. O. T. W.

S. B. Phinney of Barnstable offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That the protection of American industries of every description, in accordance with the principle of national revenue and the necessities of both producer and consumer, is one of the most important of the general government at this time; that the agricultural interests of the eastern states as well as of the larger grazing

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the envenomed tongue of jealousy poisoned her fair reputation; it is a sad truth that she bore to a grave almost tragical, a blighted name. During the riots in and about Nottingham in October, 1831, her husband, Mr. Musters, had made himself obnoxious to the ringleaders of the mob. His mansion, then containing in his absence only his wife, daughter and a few domestics, was assaulted on a dark, cold, drizzly night, and in a few moments it became a scene of violence, crime and drunkenness rarely surpassed. Every room was ransacked, every drawer burst open, and the collected furniture was scattered, broken and burnt, upon the lawn, amid ferocious yells and execrations. Mrs. Musters, in most delicate health, fled for her life, and sought refuge beneath the covert of a laurel in the garden, where, wet and trembling, she witnessed the devastation, and trembled for her own safety.

From the effects of this fearful night she never recovered, but died four months subsequently. Thus died the beloved of Byron; "a lady," says Moore, "who combined, with the many worldly advantages that encircled her, much personal beauty and a disposition the most amiable and attaching."

Yours truly, &c.

LETTER No. 6.

WARWICK, AUGUST 24, 1850.

TO MRS. M———.

You will certainly think, by the rapid succession of my letters, that my wits have all gone wool-gathering, and that I am the melancholy victim of a new form of insanity, the prominent symptom of which is a propensity to be perpetually writing nonsense, and that my case and Dr. C.'s

are just alike; only that mine is now in the acute stage and his has assumed the chronic form.

Since I left Edinburgh my route has laid through a country less beautiful in natural scenery than what I had before seen. There was nothing in the journey from Edinburgh to Nottingham of any interest, save four or five hospitals, the old Cathedral at York, more commonly called "York Minster," and the coal mines at New-Castle, into which I had a great desire to descend. On reaching New-Castle, I found that visitors only entered the mines when the laborers were descending, and as that opportunity could only be seized by waiting in an otherwise not very inviting town, I gave it up. The hospitals of course I saw, and York Minster I saw in all its aspects, external and internal, and by all the attractions of moonlight and sunlight. This old Cathedral, which has stood almost one thousand years, and on which millions have been expended, is one of those vast piles which it is so difficult to describe to those who, like myself, have narrowed in our imaginations all places supposed to be God's temples into mere places where human beings may gather together for his worship.

The idea in the builders of such immense structures seems rather to have been, to bind the spirit of the devotee by the magnificence and extent of the place; for it is impossible to convey the impression of the self-conscious littleness of any one who enters the gigantic portals, and surveys the height of the columns which support the elegantly carved roof, especially if he looks beneath his feet and finds that he is walking over the dust of hundreds, whom the world called great many centuries long past. I wish it was in my power to describe the curious sculpturing of the inner portion of the church; the very rare and ancient gifts which kings and bishops have deposited within it; and, above all, the impressiveness of the religious service, made more so by the pealing notes of the organ, proportionate in size to the building; but all these things, which strike me

so forcibly one day, are succeeded on the next by objects more striking still.

Descending further into the middle counties of England, the natural scenery beings to improve, and I found Nottingham and its environs a very pretty place. The peculiar attractions of Nottingham and its vicinity, I have made the subject of another letter.

Two miles hence is the watering place called Leamington, where the aristocracy and fashion of England congregate for its mineral waters, but more particularly to the more effectually "kill the time." I have been there a part of to-day, and saw, at a very cheap rate, that is, for nothing, a good sprinkling of earls, viscounts, lords, and knights, with a few honorables thrown in by way of small change. A watering place is a good one for seeing the externals of fashion; for at such resorts there is an evident effort to outshine each other. The "show off" of footmen, outriders, and other liveried servants, would entertain you very much. The great distinction made here between those who serve and those who are served, more than anything else, to use a homely phrase, "sticks in my republican crop."

It was not, however, Leamington and its show of aristocracy that brought me here, by any means. Here is situated one of the choicest relics of English antiquity, and the ingathering of some of the richest works of art and taste the old world has produced and English wealth treasured up. Of Warwick Castle, its princely contents and its splendor, I shall attempt to say something.

Five miles hence is Kenilworth Castle, which is also a subject upon which I might say much more than I shall find space for; and five miles, in another direction, is Stratford-on-Avon, the birth-place, residence, and burial place of Shakspeare, of whom I cannot say too much, but must trouble somebody else to read my lucubrations thereon.

* * * * * * * * * *

After dinner I walked up to the Castle. A high wall en-

closes many acres of ground, through which you enter at a gateway whose portal opens on your lifting a prodigious knocker. The gate-keeper, expecting "a consideration" on your return, politely bids you enter, and directs you along the road leading to the castle, which is still out of sight. You enter what appears a dense forest, and the road, wide enough for a carriage, is hewn out of the solid rock. It is covered with ivy and black with extreme age. After winding through this excavated road for some rods, it suddenly opens upon the green sward, and the Castle itself stands before you, and you find yourself in front of the two lofty towers seen in the cut at the head of my letter.* Between the two which are seen above, are yet two smaller ones, but very old, under which is the castle entrance. The moat is now in part filled up, and forms a portion of the green sward which encircles the inner walls. The drawbridge is gone and the moat is arched over, and a nicely gravelled walk leads up to the main castle gate. The huge iron portcullis still remains in its place, and the rusty iron hooks on which in ancient times the massive gates were suspended.

That tower in the cut which you see on the left, is the most ancient, and was built by direction of William the Conquerer on the ruins of a Roman fortification. The other high tower is called "Guy's Tower." This was built in 1310. It is a polygon of twelve sides. Its walls are twelve feet in thickness, and a stairway circles around the inside, by which, up a flight of one hundred and sixty-three steps, I ascended to the top. The stone steps were so worn away by the thousands of feet that have for so many ages climbed them, that the ascent was in some places difficult. The top is protected by strong turrets and battlements, and the view was truly magnificent.

Descending again, after perambulating the walls in various directions, I entered the inhabited parts of the castle.

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* The letter sheet on which this series was written, had, usually, a vignette, or steel engraving, upon the top of the first page. In every print shop of consequence in most parts of Europe, paper, thus illustrative of interesting objects in the vicinity, may be found.

Now, this property has for many centuries descended by heirship in the ancient family of Warwick, and it would call for more history than I have time to write or you to read, to tell how its possession has been an object of strife, and how prominent its various masters have been in the old chapters of English history. From the earliest of my remembrance, the children's story books have given us pictures and accounts of the earls of Warwick, and I date my love for this department of letters to an old book, one of the prints of which was a graphic view of "*Guy, Earl of Warwick, the King Maker.*" My letters would fill too many sheets if I entered into such accounts, and I will only say that its present possessor is Henry Richard Greeville, Earl Brooke and Earl of Warwick, Baron Brooke of Beauchamp Court and Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire, with more titles besides than I can string upon paper. He has so many different estates that he is not here much of the time, and his mansion is accordingly shown to strangers by the servants, who constantly remain here,—for a consideration.

The present earl's father appears to have been a man of taste equal to his wealth, and expended much in obtaining, in various parts of Italy, objects of *vertu* with which to embellish this castle. These collections I suspect are still continued by his son. The first apartment entered by the visitor is the *Great Hall.* Figures rather belittle an account of such places, but it is sixty-two feet long, forty feet wide, and thirty-five feet high. The sides and ceilings of this room are of old oak, and the bracketting above very curious.

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* * The floor is laid with slabs of red and white marble, cut in diamonds, and wrought and polished at Venice. The roof is of oak, very finely carved, and wrought into foliage with excellent effect. From the centre hangs the chandelier, which is enriched by pendants and knobs of elegantly cut glass.

Around the room are hung antlers from various parts of the world, which appear to have been collected for their magnificent size. The wainscoting is lined with ancient armor and weapons of the chase, British armor, Roman swords and shields, full suits of steel armor, &c. &c. Among a multitude of other striking individual pieces, is the helmet of Oliver Cromwell, and a suit of armor in which Lord Brooke, one of the Warwicks, was killed at the battle of Litchfield, in 1643. Here is a fine bust of Hercules, brought from Italy, and an old oak carving of the Battle of the Amazons, which is extremely curious, each figure being nicely carved and polished in the oak. I must, however, pass to another room, only remarking that this hall looks out on the river in the manner shown in the first picture. The stream which flows beneath is the Avon, and it is one hundred feet below the hall windows. In the foreground is an arch of an old bridge, and, farther up, a new bridge, spanning the Avon by a single arch more than one hundred feet across. Such a bridge is an object of beauty, which I regret we do not more frequently see in America. The room of which I have given you a very brief account, is only the commencement of a range of others, forming in the whole a collection three hundred and thirty feet long.

It would be useless to portray to you the dazzling splendor of the succession of rooms which lead from the great hall to the end of the building. They are of the same width and height with the great hall, differing only in length. I have seen the famous "East Room," in the President's house in Washington, but I think it is not an affair at all comparable with any one of this marvellous series. Each room derives its name from the particular finishing of its walls, and I will copy, from my hasty notes, some of the chief attractions of each successive room.

The Red Drawing Room. The walls are canopied with figured crimson silk, and the furniture is of the same description. The ottomans, sofas, chairs and lounges are of antique patterns,

and rich beyond the dreams of luxury. This immense apartment is hung around with a choice collection of paintings by the old Italian and Flemish painters. I must relinquish the idea of giving any account of each, for it would only give you names without bringing objects before the mind's eye. I have noted down allusions to fifteen different paintings in this room, and many sculptured vases and cabinets, but I cannot dwell on them; it would be useless to attempt it.

The Cedar Drawing Room, so called from its walls, &c. being wrought from red cedar, is smaller than the rest, but equally rich. This room is very rich in sculpturing and statuary, both in marble and bronze. The Etruscan vases are extremely rare, and here I saw for the first time the curious production of art, called *Limousin China*. This is an enamelling of fine porcelain upon copper, so as to represent, in a more delicate as well as enduring manner, large groups upon a small surface. Upon a dinner set is represented in this manner the "Labors of Hercules." In this room are many paintings, any one of which would repay long and careful examination.

The Gilt Drawing Room is next. The walls are painted of a delicate pea-green, and the mouldings and carvings about the windows, doors, and other projecting parts, are gilded, so that the room has a lighter and more cheerful aspect than the others.

One of the first pictures that meets the eye is that of Mary Queen of Scots, and her son, James I. How changed from the portrait of the young and blooming Mary which I saw a week ago at Edinburgh. This was taken after many years confinement in Fotheringay Castle, and just before her execution. Next is a fine one of the Earl of Strafford, by Vandyke. But I cannot go into details. This room is filled to the ceiling by such of the choice paintings of ancient and modern times, as a rich and tasteful nobleman would be likely to gather into his palace. I indirectly learned that Sir Joshua Reynolds, the best judge of paintings of modern times, offered $2500 for one of these which did not appear to me by any means the best.

The next is *The State Bed Room.* In this room is lodged any one of the kings or queens who should ever honor Warwick with their presence. All I can say is, that if kings and queens could always be as sumptuously lodged, they may in these days feel well provided for. George III. was the last monarch who laid his royal head on the pillow. But if George III. was then thinking what havoc Washington was making among his hired Hessians, he may not have enjoyed the better sleep for all his voluptuous bed and tapestried hangings. Queen Anne also once slept here, and her portrait at full length crowns the chimney piece. The tapestry which covers the walls of this room is wrought by fine needle-work into one magnificent view of the gardens of Versailles, as they appeared at the time the work was done, in 1604.

Leaving a multitude of matters in this room, which I would gladly notice, we come to one called by the significant appellation of the "*Boudoir of the Countess of Warwick.*" Whether her ladyship ever arrays herself in this luxurious apartment, is too nice a matter to be made subject of inquiry. At any rate, it is the most charming retreat you can imagine, and from the windows is obtained one of the most beautiful views the castle affords. The lofty Cedars of Lebanon, the growth of two hundred years, resting in their solemn majesty on the sloping borders of the Avon; the park, the fields, and the soft, quiet beauty of the green lawns; and, above all, the whispering stillness that rests on all this place, will long fix it in my memory as the most lovely on which my eyes ever rested.

When you recollect that, whatever we may ourselves think on the subject, we yet do not know what a landscape is, where the hand of taste has been for ages enhancing the beauty of nature, you will not wonder that I become somewhat warm in my admiration, and I shall forgive those whom I have hitherto thought possessed in this particular less judgment than enthusiasm.

But I have left you standing in the Countess of Warwick's

dressing room, while I have been cutting a rhapsodical caper in the park, and I return :—

One painting among the multitude here exhibited is so striking, that its features I think I shall never forget. It is a half-length portrait of Henry VIII., by Holbein, the painter whom Henry always employed, and consequently we may rely on the correctness of the likeness. The king is in a splendid dress, a fat and rather butcher-like man; in whom sensuality, cunning, cruelty and strength reign in a countenance which is yet complaisant and even jovial. He is such a man as might order your head to be cut off, and consider it a very good joke. He is the king whom you recollect decapitated two of his queens, and discarded two or three more. The characteristic square face is so fat, that the several parts are quite indistinct. There are in the features a brutal egotism, obstinacy and harshness, such as I never saw in any other countenance. In the eyes, too, there is the suspicious watchfulness of a wild beast, so that I became quite uncomfortable in looking at it, for the picture is as true in all its details as if the king himself stood before you. And yet this wretch, who, to borrow the words of a historian, "spared neither man in his anger nor woman in his lust," was the monarch from whom the present Church of England dates its origin!

In this same room are paintings of many of the celebrated beauties of the time of Charles II., an original one of Martin Luther, and one of Anne Boleyn, with her sister.

There are yet multitudes of rooms in another suite, of which I have no space to speak.

Here are yet the "Compass Room," the "Chapel," the "Great Dining Room," the "Waiting Room," the "Armories," the "Billiard Room," the "Breakfast Room," &c. &c. Here the wealth of a noble family has been expended in gathering from the collections of the decaying families of Italy, this kind of imperishable wealth, until all attempt to describe it is hopeless, and I must throw down my pen in despair.

The family of Warwick, however, possess one treasure which I must not omit to mention. That is the celebrated "Warwick Vase." A print of this unequalled work of art will be found in one of the volumes of the Penny Magazine at the Asylum, if they have not gone the way of all destructible things.

This magnificent vase was found in draining a lake at the ancient villa of Hadrian, at Tivoli, about fourteen miles from Rome. It was purchased by Sir William Hamilton, then British Ambassador at Naples, and sold by him to the father of the present Earl of Warwick, who was Hamilton's nephew.

It is formed of white marble, will hold one hundred and sixty-three gallons, and must weigh two tons. Around it, the hand of the sculptor has wrought some emblematic figures which are very excellent. The handles seemed to be formed by four immense grape vines, which spring from the sides, and after very gracefully twisting together, join around the rim till the foliage and fruit of the vine gradually lose themselves in the substance of the vase. Two lion skins form a kind of drapery for it, and heads of ancient divinities are represented as looking from the sides upwards. The vine forming the handles, and the skins, and the mythological emblems, all of course in the same marble with the vase, are very good. This is placed in the centre of a spacious green-house, which is always open to the stranger.

From the green-house I strolled away among the fine old trees that shade the lawn, and wandered some distance along the Avon, which winds through the park. I have before remarked how propitious the climate of England is in giving verdure to the landscape. The trees and the grass are of the most vivid green, while the turf is made, by constant and frequent shaving and rolling, as soft and even to the tread as silken velvet. Here are some of the Lebanon cedars, of great age and size. One of them is twelve feet in circumference.

After remaining around the old Castle of Warwick as long as my time would permit, I walked to Kenilworth, which, so far from being in the same state of splendor as Warwick, is merely an interesting old ruin.

Kenilworth and Warwick are five miles asunder, and yet, although they date their origin from nearly the same period, their fate and history have been very dissimilar. While Warwick has remained in nearly the same succession of possessors, Kenilworth has often changed masters. While Warwick has always been strong, and in attitude for warlike demonstrations, Kenilworth has ever, from the ancient beauty of its situation, been a fit place for monarchs and nobles to assemble for amusement in the pleasures of the chase, and for lordly display. Kenilworth was formerly surrounded by twenty miles of forest, and a beautiful lake, which was two miles in width, came around the walls. After Cromwell's time, the forest was cut down, and the lake drained by those to whom he gave the castle in reward for military services. After the restoration, it was bestowed on the family of the earls of Clarendon, and the present earl, who is, I think, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, carefully preserves the ruins from further dilapidation.

Although the castle of Kenilworth makes quite a figure in the minute history of England, yet it is, I suspect, best known to readers through the pages of Sir Walter Scott's romance of "Kenilworth." I think that, although graver cares have for years occupied your attention, you cannot have forgotten the splendor of Leicester's entertainment of Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth, and the touching fate of the hapless Amy Robsart, as given in this delightful fiction.

The true history of Kenilworth is given in a few words. It had remained for many generations in the possession of the crown, till the time of Queen Elizabeth, who, in one of her fits of love for the gay Robert Dudley, gave it to him, with the title of earl of Leicester.

He expended a sum equal to two and a half millions of dollars of our money in embellishing and adding to it, and when it was fully completed gave the queen a grand entertainment here, which lasted seventeen days, at a cost of five thousand dollars per day.

After pretty severe fatigue at Warwick Castle, I had walked all the way to Kenilworth. The road over which I passed was a genuine English road, as hard and smooth as a marble floor, and its course wound through delightful scenery, which assumed new forms of beauty at every step. The cheerful songs of the reapers, as they were gathering in their abundant harvests, rose so delightfully upon the ear that I had forgotten all my fatigue, till the first burst of admiration was over after I gained the court of the castle. I could then only lay on my back on the green sward, while the old farmer and his son, who have, by permission of the noble owner, made their nest with the jack-daws in one of the old towers, came round me to describe and point out the different parts of the ruin. I knew not whether to be most amused or vexed at their repeated contradictions of each other; so, giving each of them sixpence I dismissed them, choosing to let imagination supply the place of description.

Now, how I again built up these old crumbling walls; and how I filled these gaping chasms with doors and marvellous windows; and how I peopled these old courts with mailed warriors and busy retainers; and how I set long files of knights and barons marching by me in kingly state; and how Queen Elizabeth herself appeared,—is it not all written down among the fantasies of my imagination? I think so, decidedly.

But a sound broke in upon my meditations, of more import than the clarion of knight or baron. It was the whistle of the Leamington train of cars. Starting to my feet, I gained the station just at the second bell, and a few minutes brought me to Leamington, and the omnibus very shortly to my quarters in Warwick.

Slumber, which has for an hour or two been wooing my eyelids, is now getting somewhat mandatory, and my bed is more attractive than my pen and paper; so,

"Past twelve o'clock—good night!"

Yours affectionately—

[The interruption of the series of letters at this point is occasioned by the loss of several written in London and upon the lower Rhine.]

LETTER No. 7.

MAYENCE, (upon the river Rhine,)
SEPTEMBER 11, 1850.

TO MRS. M———.

I wrote a very hasty letter to Dr. S——, which I mailed at Cologne on Monday morning. If he receive it by the same mail with this, they may together make an apology for one tolerable communication.

If that should reach home a week before this, it will certainly take a week to read it, for it was put together in a manner too discreditably to send. My excellent resolutions to keep my friends apprised of my movements, by letters that would do to preserve for future reference, must all be blown to the winds.

For two or three days we have been travelling in that wonderful land—Germany: and in the interesting part of it which is adorned and watered by the river Rhine, probably the most interesting stream in Europe, if not in the world. The grandeur and stateliness of the stream itself, as it bears its mighty tide onward to the ocean; the ever-changing beauty of the scenery, presenting new delight at every turn in its progress; the strange and ancient appearance of the old castles, which, in every stage of ruin and decay, crown the towering heights along its banks; and the residences of the German nobility, which occur at intervals along its course; and, above all, the thousands and thousands of acres of vineyards that skirt the stream, making the land almost literally to run over with wine;—all these things, and very many others, might be made subjects of description to you, did time permit the tedious

process of careful writing. I wish, too, that I could introduce you to the charming acquaintance of some of these German people, who, if I understood their language, am sure I should love very much. They seem to catch the spirit of the land in which they live; and while they are exceedingly temperate in all things, save in smoking and drinking wine, they are the happiest and most social people I ever saw. The German, as we see him in America, is alone and in a foreign land, and perhaps appears at a disadvantage; and thus we do not usually discover the national traits of his character.

But the German at home, and upon the banks of the Rhine, which he loves as he does his being, runs over with fine, generous, and chivalrous feelings. By a regulation of the government, most of the young men, from sixteen to twenty years of age, are enrolled and uniformed as soldiers, so that almost every fifth person whom you meet is a soldier. Soldiers are tending the shops, cultivating the fields and trimming the vineyards. They are exceedingly enthusiastic in their love of country. Last night and the day previous was spent at Coblentz, where there is a large and very strong fortress called Ehrenbreitstein, of which I had heard much, and which I visited. The uppermost ramparts are five or six hundred feet above the river at our feet, and the setting sun was illuminating such a prospect as no other section can show but the river Rhine. While I was lost in wonder and delight at the beauty and magnificence of the scene, these young German soldiers would gather around me, and in the eagerness with which they would describe and point out every part in the picture spread around and below me, became as much interested and excited as a body of children. This castle is the strongest post in Europe except Gibraltar, and is garrisoned by five hundred of these young soldiers. The Rhine is navigated by a large number of steamboats, by which you may embark from one point to another many times during the day. From Cologne I went on Monday to Coblentz; remaining there

two nights and one day. From Coblentz I came to this city, which lays at the point of union of the Rhine and the Maine.

Tomorrow I shall leave the Rhine, to go more towards the centre of Germany. I intend to visit Frankfort and Heidelberg, and thence to Bäsle and Berne, in Switzerland. I shall always remember my voyage up the Rhine from Cologne to this place as among the most charming hours of my life. We sometimes look upon an elegant painting, to which art and imagination have lent all their aid to give the mind pleasure in its contemplation, but I am sure that no such gratification can approach the unalloyed delight with which the traveller drinks in the actual living panorama of the Rhine.

I have told you that I was pleased with the people in England. I still remain no less favorably inclined towards them. The Germans, while they have all the Englishman's honesty and good breeding, have also a freedom of communication with strangers which the English do not possess. A gentleman, for instance, never meets a lady of his acquaintance without taking off his hat, and, even gentlemen in their meetings generally do the same. When two steamboats meet each other on the Rhine, the gentlemen take off their hats and the ladies wave their handkerchiefs, in token of salutation. A custom among gentlemen who meet after a pretty long parting, is to kiss each other. This looks odd, but one becomes used to things much more singular. This good breeding and unaffected kindness is common to all classes. The chamber maid in the hotel, when she comes in to see if the water pitcher is well filled, does not go out without bidding the guest a "*bein nacht*," (good night.) The hotels are very excellent, although hardly so good in one respect as the English. There is an old German custom of sleeping under a feather bed, that you would call very odd. It is true, that the upper bed is very light and downy, and covered with figured red silk; still the custom is queer, and, unless the night is pretty cold, the upper bed is commonly kicked

off before morning. The Germans are great eaters, and the dinners which they serve are well cooked and very abundant. This suits my present case exactly, for I am in very high feeding condition. Upon the steamboats, the dinner table is set upon the deck, and the passengers dine in the open air, to lose none of the scenery as the boat passes. Dinner usually occupies two hours, comprises as many as seven courses, and all the dishes ample and good. Fruit, which is very dear in England, is here abundant and cheap. I bought this evening a heaping plate of grapes in clusters, that if stripped from the stem would fill a milk-pan, for two groshen, which is about five cents. They were of the White Chasselas kind, and very delicious. The grapes of which they make wine are small, and do not ripen till October.

The people in Germany are not generally so handsome as the English, but the vivacity which peculiarizes all their actions makes up for any lack of personal good looks. When several of them are gathered around their repasts, in which wine always abounds, they will chatter most incessantly, and their language when spoken by the educated people is much more pleasing than any one could suppose by reading it. Wine is so cheap and so unstimulating, that it is drank at all times in the day; and at supper, instead of tea, as is our custom, the repast is always washed down with wine. If these people were told that in another part of the world societies bound themselves together by a solemn pledge to drink no more wine, they would pronounce them either ascetics or madmen. The females of the middling and lower class when in the open air wear no bonnets, but only a cap. All burdens are carried upon the head. The only thing I have seen carried in the arms is the baby.

Upon the cap they set a cushion that fits the top of the head, and on the cushion place the basket or firkin which may be carried. This may be filled with bottles of wine, but it is carried with apparently perfect security. Previous to mar-

riage, the maidens have a small cap of some sort of glittering metallic tissue, silver sometimes, which covers the back of the head, and through the back of it is passed a long and flat piece of metal, of silver or of copper, according to the young lady's wealth and social condition. This piece of metal is as long as the blade of a case-knife, and sometimes similarly shaped; occasionally assuming the form of an arrow or a spear, and the same thing by passing through the plaits of the hair keeps that also in shape.

This is not, as I am informed, worn after marriage; and rumor says, that at the nuptial ceremony it is formally presented to the bridegroom, who throws it into the Rhine as a suitable propitiation to Hymen.

We have now reached a milder, clearer climate than that to which we bade adieu in England. The sky is of a soft and delicious blue, and from the window at which I write the prospect extends up and down the windings of the river, and away for many miles toward central Germany.

The cities along the Rhine are not in themselves very attractive. They were seats of power and centres of commerce many centuries ago, when the passage from England and northern Germany lay through the channel of the Rhine and the Adriatic sea to Italy, Palestine and Egypt. After the discovery of the passage to India round the cape of Good Hope, they lost most of their commercial importance, and those that have regained any of their old consequence have done it from being the seat of some peculiar manufacture, or the mart of some particular local traffic. The lace and carpet manufactories of Brussels have given it great modern importance, and Cologne, Coblentz and Mayence are the chief centres of the wine traffic of Rhenish Germany. As would thus be supposed, such cities are divided into two parts, the *old* and the *new*. The city of Mayence, on its western side, is made up of buildings which have stood many centuries, and have the strange architecture of the middle ages. They are often very spacious, and afford

evidence of much ancient magnificence. Upon the huge balconies and parapets are placed statutes of the old barons, knights and troubadours of the times in which they were the seats of power, romance and chivalry.

The modern part of the city has wide, regular streets, and elegant hotels and shops, that look out on the ever lovely and ever smiling Rhine, which alone, of all things in this land, has known no change, but still moves on in its eternal course.

I shall bid adieu to the Rhine with much regret; never again to look upon its beautiful, magnificent and stately waters. It is one of those strikingly lovely objects which cannot be overcolored. I have had my imagination excited by representations of it, but the beauty of the picture was not brought out in the description. I shall finish my letter after seeing Frankfort and Heidelburg, and perhaps Strasbourg. It will take probably a week from the present time to reach Geneva, where I expect to find letters from home.

HEIDELBURG, SEPTEMBER 13, 1850.

I left Mayence according to determination, and reached Frankfort on the afternoon of the 11th inst. Frankfort is unquestionably the wealthiest city in Europe of its size, and a great centre of banking operations, not only for the German States but for the whole continent. It has, no doubt, distinction in this respect from being the birth-place of the Rothschilds, whose wealth is matter of such vague conjecture.

One of the family resides here, and has a spacious villa just out of the city. During an afternoon's stroll around the environs of the town, we visited it, and through the politeness of the person in charge had opportunity to witness operations in farming such as can only be seen where economy is not an object. How many millions of our race upon the globe would be grateful for such lodgings as are furnished Rothschild's cattle! Several stables were filled with these bovine aldermen, and grooms, as attentive as the baron's own servants, were in

waiting, to catch any expression of their soft, rolling eyes, indicative of appetite.

Frankfort is the great congregating place for the German Jews, and the world cannot furnish, I will be bound, such a grotesque assemblage of humanity as the "Jews' Quarter." In one of the public squares is the monument of Göethe, the novelist and poet, who was a native of the city. The statue of Göethe is tastefully embowered in a grove of lime trees, under which seats,

"For talking age and whispering lovers made,"

are conveniently placed. During the evening, by moonlight, the young Frankfort Werters have full opportunity to vent their "sorrows" beneath the very nose of their great exemplar and exponent.

From Frankfort I came directly to this city, and have spent much of the day in rambling amongst the ruins of the castle. The "Heidelburg Tun" is a pretty cask, in the castle cellar, some hundreds of years old, containing wine enough (if full) to intoxicate the army of Xerxes.

The beauty of the prospect from the walls and terraces of Heidelburg Castle is justly the admiration of all travellers. To the east and west the sweet valley of the Neckar winds, like the Rhine, through its romantic border of hills, vineyards, smiling fields and lofty mountains; while on the north the "Odenwald," which Göethe has peopled with the creations of his fancy, extends towards Central Germany; and on the south the famed "Black Forest" stretches away further than the eye can extend. It is a scene of transcendent natural loveliness, which pencil could faintly portray.

Shedding our baggage for awhile at the small German town of Kehl, upon the Rhine, to avoid the vexatious search of the French custom-house officers, we entered France, to see the city of Strasbourg. On touching the western shore a new language, a new uniform on the soldiers who swarm upon both frontiers, and the free-and-easy bearing of the citizens, in their

first admiration of the plaything, liberty, announced that we were under the domination of different institutions. How small the barriers separating mighty nations! Travellers go to Strasbourg to see its cathedral, and well they may. Its spire attains the dizzy height of four hundred and seventy-four feet, which is twenty-four feet higher than the loftiest of Egypt's pyramids.

This spire is wrought in open work so fine as to resemble from the ground a tissue of woven wire work, or the gossamer web of the spider; and yet all chiselled from the stone. How wonderful must have been the ability of the architect who could have conceived in his mind such a perfect and harmonious piece of "frozen poetry," and how accurate, how daring, the hands which laid these delicately wrought stones so far away in the heavens!

Strasbourg was the birth-place of two of Napoleon's marshals—Kleber and Dessaix, to whom monuments have been erected—to the former a very good one. But in an obscure church is a monument to Marshal Saxe, erected to his memory by Louis XV. of France. I have seen in Edinburgh, London, Brussels and at other places, statues enough to people a town, but have never yet seen that which would call tears from stone so soon as the group which makes up this monument.

From Kehl to Bäsle was an agreeable journey, partly performed by rail and partly by that very comfortable vehicle—the "Diligence." A diligence is composed of a stage, an omnibus and a chaise, all placed upon one set of wheels. Among locomotives, it is like Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus—"three gentlemen in one." You may select your kind of vehicle, and pay your price accordingly.

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Adieu.

LETTER No. 8.

GENEVA, SEPTEMBER 19, 1850.

TO DR. W. B. S.———.

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I reached Berne on Monday evening, and remained through most of Tuesday. Tuesday morning I arose early, and went out upon one of the high squares of the city, and there, in all their glory, stood up before me that most magnificent and sublime spectacle, *the Alps!* My late arrival the evening previous prevented me from seeing them, although their lesser brethren had been in sight ever since leaving Bäsle. But to see the eternally snow-crowned summits, which have been the world's great wonder ever since the creation; to look upon those yet distant ice-mountains—the *glaciers*, which when once seen are never forgotten, was an occurrence not to be gazed on for the first time without emotion. You are aware that the eye often looks on a landscape, and yet, after its contemplation, turns from it as if unsatisfied with the object which nature holds up to fill the previously existing image of the imagination. No such disappointment is ever here. The spectacle not only fills the eye but the soul itself, and you feel as if the spirit within you needs a re-creation, and a more purified existence, before it can take hold of such immensity. Since I commenced this letter, I have dropped my pen and gone to a position about three miles distant, to see the rays of the setting sun thrown upon Mont Blanc. This is a spectacle not seen daily, for Mont Blanc is so commonly hid amid the clouds, that its summit is not always visible. When I reached the place, it unfortunately happened that a kind of hazy cloud obscured the setting sun, so that the fine effect was not fully produced. I saw, however, Mont Blanc in all its majesty, with enough splendor thrown on it to show what it was, and could be. It was fifty miles dis-

tant from where I stood, and yet every outline and feature stood out on the transparent sky as if directly before me. To compare such a spectacle with any thing yet seen, would be sacrilegious. Never,—I say it with all proper reverence,—never, until I stand in the presence of that Being whose highest and mightiest representative this mountain is, do I expect to look upon such illimitability—such transcendent majesty! To say that we behold such a sight with awe or admiration, is not enough. It calls out from the breast a new instinct—a new religion! It stands in the same state of eternal snow-investure at summer and winter solstice, and at vernal and autumnal equinox. The old man who has looked at it from childhood has seen it in no other hue than in spotless, glittering, majestic *white*. The hour in which this spectacle is seen is an era in the life of a man. Let the eye sweep from its apex down towards its base, and for thousands of feet all is glittering ice and snow, never destined to melt save when the avalanche bears it into the abysses and caverns of the unfathomed glens where mortal foot will never tread. Tomorrow I go to the vale of Chamouni, to hold closer communion with this mighty spectacle. This vale is at the foot of Mont Blanc, and the excursion will occupy four days. Please take Coleridge's works, and read his "*Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni.*"

In allowing myself to stray away into this subject I have gone a little before my story. I intended to write something about Berne. It is the centre of the most populous and largest Swiss canton, and the day I spent there was market day, which is held but once in the week. On this day the Swiss peasants come in from all parts of the canton, to do their buying and selling; and, in short, all the business of the district which requires the assembling of people.

The habits and costume of the several Swiss cantons are distinct and peculiar, and all the men and women who came to the city on that day for marketing purposes, were dressed in their novel and indescribable dress. I could not send you a

greater treat than a full length daguerreotype miniature of a Bernese peasant girl in her full dress. Notwithstanding the nature of many of the market products in which they deal, she is scrupulously clean, and the white linen sleeves of her unique dress are just as spotlessly white in the evening as when she came to town in the morning.

They are ingenious beyond measure. Every kind of mechanical labor is done among them with great patience, minuteness, and excellence. Beautifully executed carved work in wood and ivory, wicker work, elaborate and elegant embroidery, bead work in all forms, cloths of every kind, cutlery and surgical instruments, of the finest and most finished description, optical and astronomical instruments, bells, &c. &c. &c. were among the many things I saw exposed for sale by a people industrious to a proverb, and filling up the long time that must go by them and over them in their retired hamlets and cottages, when the valleys are blocked with impassable snow.

It is familiar to all, that Swiss watches bear a high character. They are manufactured mainly in the secluded parts of the mountainous districts. These Swiss seem the healthiest people in the world. All are ruddy and round, and old and young all seem to dress alike. You see a person before you, who, by the jauntiness of her dress, you take to be a miss of twenty, and when you pass her and look back, to your surprise she may be a wrinkled sexagenarian.

From Berne I came by "Diligence" to Lausanne, on the Lake of Geneva. At Lausanne the Alps became more visible, and seemed more majestic. At this place Gibbon, the historian, spent many years of his life, and here he wrote his "*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*" I looked down into the arbor of acacia trees under which was penned the concluding page of that great work, and thought of the manner in which he alludes to it in the preface. A few miles up the lake, Voltaire, the French philosopher, had his residence, and from which he issued works that shook all christendom. At

Clarens, in the same vicinity, Rosseau lived, and wrote much of that strange philosophy which paved the way for the French Revolution. Immediately under my window is a statue in bronze which the Genevese have erected to his memory.

In another direction, but still on the shore of the lake, which has always been the clustering-place of genius, lived Madame de Stäel when banished from France by Bonaparte. This evening, in going to see the effect of sunset on Mont Blanc, I passed the villa of "Deodati," formerly the residence of Lord Byron.

Here he wrote much of the third canto of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," and it was on a still and starry night, upon the silence and serenity of which a thunder-storm broke, that he wrote that part commencing at the eighty-sixth stanza and ending with the ninety-third. I have always considered that highly graphic and true to nature, but never appreciated its force till I stood near where it was penned, looking across the motionless lake upon the dark cliffs of the Jura, with the Alps behind me. In this city Calvin, the great reformer, was born; and here now lives D'Aubigne, the historian of the Reformation, whose house I also passed this evening.

Lake Geneva, or Lake Leman as it is often called, is about sixty miles long, and its shores have always been the centre of attraction for all those who love quiet and the presence of objects of beauty and sublimity. It is in a country where freedom of opinion is tolerated, and refugees from religious and political intolerance have always found an asylum. The last charity of the Genevese has been to maintain a large body of Hungarian refugees. It is not a matter of surprise that here wealth should retire to find wealth's true enjoyment, and also that genius and learning should find here an undisturbed retreat, where thought could range undistracted. From the foot of Lake Leman the Rhone flows out; a stream as clear as the lake itself, which is as clear as crystal. A mile or two below, there flows into it the Arve, with water from the glaciers

of the Alps, and always cold as ice. The waters of the Arve are as turbid as soap suds, and where the streams meet they flow side by side many miles totally unmingled. It is a very beautiful sight to stand on an overlooking cliff, and, as the sun throws its rays upon the two streams flowing in the same bed, mark the manner in which the blue and beautiful Rhone shrinks as it were from a union with a stream so frigidly cold and so turbidly base as its union-seeking intruder; and, as if to make the picture carry along with it a still further moral lesson, at the point where the union of the two currents commences, the whole mass of water suddenly sinks into the ground, and for a space its course is totally subterranean, as if so repugnant a union could only be effected, like other deeds of darkness, in earth's deepest and blackest caverns. At the appointed place, the Rhone, as if released from her horrid prison-house, again bubbles up—still the Rhone, but with her beautiful sky-blue garments completely stained and dyed with the abhorred pollution.*

The Rhine and the Rhone both have their origin among the glaciers of the Alps, but the latter has the peculiar hue of the streams that have that origin, filtered from it in the Lake of Geneva, and gains its well known designation of "the blue and rushing Rhone."

The wonderful glaciers, or ice-fields of the Alps, are a very happy provision of nature. Without them the Swiss valleys, now so smiling and fertile, would be glens of desolation. The sun pours down upon them with a power during their short summer sufficient to scorch all vegetation. Then the glaciers unlock their fountains, and large rivers spout up from their dread and unfathomable caverns.

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* The subterranean course of the Rhone was formerly several hundred yards. Government is now engaged in removing the superincumbent earth and rocks, to render navigation complete from Geneva to the Mediterranean.

VALE OF CHAMOUNI, SEPTEMBER 22, 1850.

My portfolio, closed at Geneva, I open again in the Vale of Chamouni. I am writing from the hotel seen prominently in the vignette on my letter, with Mont Blanc towering above my head. The mountains commence rising again on this side, and serve as an observatory in contemplating their neighbors "over the way."

The Vale of Chamouni is about one mile in width and ten or twelve in length. At the lower entrance is a path, through which a certain kind of carriage may enter, although most of the transportation is upon mules. At the head of the vale is a mule path which leads over a wild and broken mountain called the Col-de-Baume. I presume that in giving, with my letter, a picture of the scene, I do not add to the impression I desire to produce. Figures and pictures imperfectly convey conceptions of great sublimity, and every attempt amongst the Alps seems, when placed side by side with the reality, a complete failure. I am, however, too near Mont Blanc to contemplate fully its vastness, and only able to do it by ascending some opposite peak and looking across the valley.

There is, also, another natural phenomenon which stands in the observer's way. Such is the vastness of every thing around the valley, that the eye soon loses its power to compute distances or elevations, and this, added to a transparency of the atmosphere such as I never witnessed before, makes objects that are really at great distances seem near. To the foot of the glacier marked with the cross on the left seemed but half a mile from the hotel, and yet it is a long hour's walk. The top of Mont Blanc, seen as it now glitters in the sun, might seem the pleasant excursion of a day, during which you might wish a man to accompany you with a shovel, to clear off the snow banks that clog the pathway. Yet this attempt is never made save with an army of hardy Swiss guides;—its dangers are more than equal to an arctic voyage, and its achievement is

heralded over the world as another triumph of human enterprise.

The snow banks, as seen from this place, are precipices of ice, on which, if the foot slip, you would go hundreds of feet into the horrid ice caverns of the mountains. We reached the valley on the afternoon of Friday. Abandoning the public conveyance when that was no longer practicable, we took a "*char-a-banc*" for the remaining distance, but, most of the way for fifteen miles, were dependent on that more trusty beast—"shank's mare." It was not until within about a century that the existence of the vale was known to the rest of the civilized world. Some chamois hunters had carried into the vicinity of Geneva wonderful tales of its magnificence, yet no one dared encounter the adventurous undertaking to reach what was guarded by such horrors. Two Englishmen visited it in 1741, and the publication of their adventures attracted others. Dr. DeSaussure, of Geneva, reached the top of Mont Blanc in 1789, and since then it has been gained by some adventurer on an average about once a year.* As I have no disposition to undertake it, you will not get from me any record of success or failure.

Let the eye from this position commence an upward sweep from the base of the mountain, through its belt of fir trees and pasture grounds, to the highest point of verdure, and then up through the region where nothing can survive but the mountain moss, and then up, up, to where the bare rock shoots its wonderful pinnacle far into the clouds, and your breath catches, and your heart will seem to turn over in your bosom at the

* Two Americans were among the forty or fifty travellers who have achieved this hardy feat.

In 1838, the summit of Mont Blanc was gained by a lady, who kept her party, composed exclusively of herself and her guides, entirely separate from another party who ascended on the same day, in order that no motives of gallantry could possibly render her assistance.

On gaining the summit, she caused herself to be elevated upon the shoulders of her guides, to be able to say that she had been higher than any person in Europe. She was a French woman, of course.

dread thought which strikes through the soul like a thunderbolt. It is only in this way you can cure the optical illusion to which I have alluded.

You must take your little self as the starting point, and the measure of comparison, or the mental expansion that occurs when any vast object is contemplated, will deceive you. I have noticed the same thing in some of the large cathedrals, and it is said to be very striking in that of St. Peter's at Rome. The cascade that pitches from some mountain height, and falls one thousand feet into the resounding gorge, appears like a small white ribbon, hanging and floating about in the sky; and the "chalets," or mountain cottages of the Swiss peasantry, which peep out far away upon the height above your head, seem like tiny play things you might take up and put in your waistcoat pocket.

These Swiss mountaineers are wonderful in their climbing abilities—almost equal to mountain goats. All agricultural operations in the valley are abandoned to the old men, the women and the children, and the chief occupation of the young men is that of mountain guides. In this they have a regular organization, regular fees, and a regular patriarchal government. They are always ready, and if you wish one of them the next hour to accompany you to the top of Mont Blanc, he is as willing to do it as if required to go on one of the minor excursions. There are about one hundred of these guides, and they are men of the most scrupulous honesty and unblemished integrity. I hope the world of fashion, that now begins to centre here during the summer months, will not sap their principles. No eagle will circle around a cliff with more coolness than will they when the narrowest footing only saves them from utter annihilation.

But the most interesting objects of Chamouni are the glaciers, extending into the valleys from the place of their starting among the frightful solitude of the upper mountains. I cannot describe a glacier. I will not attempt it, unless it be to ima-

gine an ocean suddenly dropped (not poured) upon the mountain, and when it was rolling, and roaring, and dashing in all its wildness and vastness, Omnipotence had in an instant frozen every watery particle, and left its tornado of mountain billows to stand forever in the same unchanged attitude. I visited yesterday one marked on the cut with a cross, and in order to see its extent I went over one of the lesser mountains. The elevation is about equal to Mount Washington, but it is quite a pigmy here, and I borrowed a set of mule's legs to gain it. The glacier is said to be a mile wide where I went on it, five hundred feet in depth, and, including all its sinuosities, fifty-four miles in length. It is broken into cliffs and chasms; many of the former insurmountable from their height; and into the latter you may throw a stone which goes rumbling and crashing down into the abyss till the ear loses the sound in its profundity. These glaciers are moving, slowly but not silently. The immense mass, urged on by the *vis-a-tergo* of a new formation, pushes its way down into the valley, and its lower extremity, a hundred feet high or more, lies in the same line with vineyards and green fields. It moves five hundred feet a year; that being, as is supposed, about the extent of the new formation. It bears on its surface immense rocks, weighing hundreds of tons, and it grinds to powder others equally large. The desolation of rocks ground to fragments, and of pulverized granite that mark its borders, is a peculiar feature. Then, while in those upper Alpine regions you hear ever and anon the crash and thunder of some distant avalanche, which reverberates from the distant scene of its fall, and each cliff catches the echo, like the voices of imprisoned giants, calling from earth's central caverns.

I *know* that the human eye can rest on two objects of true and unmingled sublimity—the *Ocean* and the *Alps*. There is one other object on which mine desire to rest—the *City of Rome*. Whether I do so or not depends mainly upon the tenor of my next letters from home.

My health is admirable, my legs strong, my determination earnest, and my spirits good. What else is there, if eyes and ears fail not, to glean up in the great field of this world more straws, which may perchance contain a few grains of barley. I will try, and of my harvest will send you an occasional sheaf.

Yours truly.

LETTER No. 9.

GENEVA, SEPTEMBER 28, 1850.

TO REV. E. B———.

From the retirement of my hotel in this city, whose very air is suggestive of writing, my sense of obligation to you rises peculiarly strong.

From my window in the magnificent hotel Des Bergues, which I firmly believe, by the way, has not its equal in Europe, I occasionally cast my eyes across the surface of the lake, dotted by a fleet of skimming sail-boats, to an unpretending mansion, half hid amongst garden shrubbery. There lives Merle D'Aubigne, and from that seclusion are now emanating silent influences, which, nevertheless, in potency have not been equalled since the days of Luther. Ascend a hill from that place, and the eye again encounters another residence, by no means commanding, but yet which still looks out upon the lake with rather more prominence than others. The voice of poesy, from that former habitation of genius, has exclaimed, in view of the same lovely prospect which now claims my admiration:

> Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
> With the wild world I dwell in, is a thing
> Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake

Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless thing,
To waft me from distraction. Once I lov'd
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds, sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

Over these abodes, consecrated by the genius of two men, who resemble each other in the splendor and not in the direction of their powers, my vision finds no interruption till it meets the acclivity of Mont Blanc and his attendant mountain giants. All that the mind can summon, by which the immensity of Mont Blanc could be conceived, will fail. It must be seen. In our measurement of grand objects, our minds are necessarily progressive. We step, in the conception, from one's known object to the anticipation of another, and it unfortunately happens that we have no object of sufficient sublimity to act as the next stepping-stone below Mont Blanc. With no point of comparison, its immensity cannot fully possess the imagination.

Wandering among the Alps and boating upon the lake have been the sum of my week's idleness, and yet I have not on any evening exclaimed with that pattern philosopher, "I've lost a day." The upper portions of the lake are extremely picturesque. The mountains on the south or east side seem to start directly from the crystal abyss, and mount into the regions of eternal cold and snow, while the northern shore slopes gradually to the water's edge, and is invested with a beautiful clothing of vineyards, fields, groves and villages, with their picturesque white houses and projecting Swiss roofs. The waters of the lake, seen from above, appear clear as crystal, and the depth at which objects can be descried is wonderful. Yet, if viewed from a little distance, the water has a fine ultramarine blue tint, like the sky, only with a dash more of indigo in it. I was yesterday at the upper extremity of Lake Geneva, fifty miles distant. At this point the Rhone enters, finding its way into the lake between lofty mountains, whose towering heights at this part completely embosom it. At Villeneuve an excel-

lent hotel occupies a commanding and well chosen position, affording fine views of the mountains and the waters beneath it. Daylight was not long enough to get filled with such lovely scenery, and I could not help looking out from my window upon it until far into the night, as the full light of the moon silvered the snowy Alps in the distance, and threw its softening rays upon the sleeping waters. To say that such a scene is beautiful is not enough.

At eight o'clock in the morning I chose to walk from Villeneuve to Vevay, at which place I could take the steamer which left two hours later. This would give me an hour to visit the castle of Chillon, which lay close at hand, and I could gain Vevay, which appeared about three or four miles distant, as seen across the water.

The castle of Chillon is based upon a peninsula of rock, which juts out into the lake. Before the discovery of gun powder it must have been a place of considerable strength, and even now would hold out against quite a force. The present garrison of Chillon is a French sub-officer, abounding in good-humor and *bonhomme*, and his well-looking and very talkative spouse, who has learned enough of English to show the castle to the crowds who visit it, attracted by the fame given it by Lord Byron.

It is irregular in style, yet a striking object for several miles as you approach it from the water. It was many centuries the abode of the bigoted and sanguinary dukes of Savoy, in whose dominions it then stood. It was wrested from them soon after the Reformation, by the combined forces of the Bernese and Genevese, who were outraged by the cruelties perpetrated in its dungeons.

The first floor rests on arches, supported by circular stone pillars; thus forming a ground, or basement story, partly below the water's level. The dungeon thus formed is divided into three apartments; the guard-room, prison, and place of execution. The latter is small and almost totally dark, crossed

overhead by a beam now black with age, the position and appearance of which are pretty conclusive of its purpose. Upon this beam some authorities assert that fourteen hundred Jews were executed during a persecution for alleged sorcery in producing the "Black Pest;" an epidemic which scourged Switzerland and Germany during the middle ages. Through an aperture in the castle wall, now partly closed, the bodies of the victims were precipitated into the lake. Just above this aperture is a niche in the wall, in which an image of the Virgin was placed, where their Hebrew faith was mocked by the offer of confession and absolution. The prison is lighted by narrow loop-holes, which look out upon the water, and in the pillars the rings still remain to which the chains of the prisoners were attached. Bonnivard, a priest who had made himself obnoxious to the dukes of Savoy, was confined with others to these pillars at the time of the seizure of the castle. For six years he had been thus confined, and the four steps which the length of his chain allowed him, are worn deeply in the stone floor.

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn as if the cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

The incidents of the poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon," which alone has given the castle classical importance, the poet has taken from some part of Italian history; but in choosing Chillon for its scene, he has executed a piece of poetical landscape unsurpassed. There is an island at some distance from the castle, which cannot be seen, however, from the prison window,—the poet's assertion to the contrary notwithstanding.

"And then there was a little isle
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view;
A small green isle it seemed, no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon-floor;

But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain-breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue."

Two of the trees on the island have disappeared. The pillars of the dungeon are chiselled with the innumerable names of visitors. Lamartine, Eugene Sue, Dickens, Byron, Shelley, Leigh Hunt, Dana, &c. &c., were among a hundred others of lesser note.

Happening to have neither time, or chisel, nor any "longing after immortality," mine remains uninscribed.

Chillon is now one of the arsenals of the Canton Vaud. It exhibits a fine display of cannon, gun-carriages and suits of artillery harness, ready for immediate use.

On parting from the guide at the castle, I had a full hour at my disposal, within which to reach Vevay in season to embark on the steamer, which I could perceive was "firing up" at her quay at Villeneuve.

I judged of the distance to be accomplished, by the extension of the opposite shore. But, by what the artist would term a *foreshortening* of the mountains, as obliquely seen, I had so misjudged my distance that Vevay appeared to recede as I approached it; and before I had half gained it, to my dismay I perceived the steamer leaving her moorings for Geneva before I had more than half gained the first place at which she took in way-passengers. I quickened my pace to a brisk walk, which gradually ripened into a run, and just reached the place of embarkation as the last boat was putting off with *voyageurs*. Such is the consequence of calculating distances by using the Alps as points of measurement.

Yours truly, &c.

LETTER No. 10.

BATHS OF LEUK, (Canton Valais,)
SWITZERLAND, OCTOBER 4, 1850.

TO DR. W. B. S———.

* * * * * * * * * *

I left Geneva on the 2d instant, intending to visit this place and cross the mountains to reach Dr. Guggenbuhl's hospital for cretins, occupying an elevated position across the pass of the Gemmi, and upon one of the Alps called the Grimsal. But I find, on arriving here, that the Gemmi pass lies under a recent fall of snow; and although the guides, who are very honest and trusty fellows, assure me that it is perfectly safe, I have not nerve enough to venture it. It is nothing more or less than a road finding its way up a precipice sixteen hundred feet high. If I reach Dr. Guggenbuhl's Asylum then, I must either retrace my steps to Vevay, on the Lake of Geneva, and to Berne, making a circuit of two hundred miles, or I must gain the top of the cliff by this zigzag cutting, up the face of the stone wall.

This road was constructed by the Tyrolese, something more than a hundred years since. In some places the angle above projects *over* the angle below you, and from the upper terrace, I am informed, you may drop a plummet sixteen hundred feet, and it will touch nothing in its fall save "thin air." This path is from three to five feet wide, with occasional passing places excavated deeper into the rock, for parties who meet. It is best traversed by mules, which pass up and down it with entire coolness. I will never again believe anything to the discredit of this animal's sagacity, or make him my proverb for stupidity. On the whole, I am glad of an excuse to deter me from attempting its ascent; for, even in fine weather, I much fear my ability to look coolly down into such frightful abysses as yawn

below the traveller's feet. Before entering upon any account of the baths themselves, I must allude to another curiosity in a different direction. The village of Leuk lies in a sort of glen, or chasm in the mountains. It is open only on the south, by which I entered, after a steep ascent occupying several hours; its only entrance from the north being down this terrific path. But on another side of the glen, up a precipice almost equally steep, is a village looking like a cluster of white swallows' nests, lying on a little shelf of green on the rocks. The lowest house must be two hundred feet from the baths, and all the passing from the village to the baths is by a succession of perpendicular ladders, down which, at all hours of day or night, the people of the village are perpetually passing and repassing. The ladders are of the rudest construction; many of the rounds being gone and others loose, and the whole apparatus pinned to the rocks by hooked sticks; and yet men, women and children, often with heavy burdens on their heads, are ascending and descending, as if running up and down stairs. In fact, it is a sort of Jacob's ladder, only the "angels" are *not* composed of "such stuff as dreams are made of." Necessity,—that great mother of many of our comforts and inventions,—has here compelled the softer sex to adopt that article of costume which custom has made the property of *man*kind. To "wear the breeches" can never be used here as a term of reproach. On approaching the ladder, either for ascent or descent, the lady catches the skirt of her dress, and, with a single motion of the hand, brings it around the waist, confining it to a loop on the boddice by a hook always worn for the purpose. These hooks form an ornament of dress, being often of silver. Seen at some distance, they look like boys,—the illusion being still more complete from the appearance of their wide brimmed straw hats.

But to return to the baths. At this place, four thousand five hundred feet above the sea, a parcel of hot springs boil up at a little distance from the precipitous rocks. Their temperature is 124° Fahr., which you know is hot water. One spring only

is used, and it is mainly conducted into a single shed, in which are four divisions, into which the water is turned. Although the springs have been used medicinally for hundreds of years, the implements, such as pipes and baths, are of the most primitive character, the latter being huge, wooden stewing-vats, twenty feet square and three or four feet deep. The baths have around their edges a platform, and on each side a dressing room; one for ladies and the other for gentlemen. Running around, just over each bath, is a light wooden gallery, where attendants enter to hand to the bathers such articles as they require, and where such spectators may lounge as the "committee" see fit to admit. The "rules," which are inviolable, say that each bather must remain in the water one hour the first day, increasing the dose one hour a day until he stews and parboils four hours before breakfast and four after dinner. This, you know, would be horrible, if it had to be done alone; and so the committee in their mercy have granted a "pleniary indulgence," by which all bathing is done in common. All ages, both sexes, various ranks, young ladies and old gentlemen, ancient dames and young bucks, priests and laymen, all soak together, with the most amusing good humor, and the utmost propriety—when you get used to it. It is most amusing to see, on entering from the outside, fifteen or twenty heads protruding above the water; some enduring their lot with patient silence; some with a floating table before them, enjoying a game at cards; and here and there one enjoying in the same way a beef-steak, for low diet forms no part of the treatment. The bathers are clad in long woolen mantles, or dressing-gowns, which reach the ankles; the ladies having in addition a woolen tippet over the neck. The regulations are pretty strict, and during my hour's aquatic punishment I copied two of the articles, which I transcribe for your benefit.

"Art. 7. Personne ne peut entrer dans ces bains sans etrê revêtue d'un chemise longue, et ample, d'un étoffe grossière, sous peine de 2 francs d'amende."

"ART. 9. La même peine sera encourue par ceux qui n'en entreraient pas, ou n'en sortiraient pas, d'une manière décente."

The most laughable part of the scene is the gravity with which the earnest ones enter upon it, as if it was a matter of the utmost remedial importance. The waters are slightly saline, and if drunk in large quantities I think might prove cathartic. But their medical virtues lie in their temperature, and the faith with which their use is entered upon. The community system of bathing does not accord at all with the solitary and exclusive tastes of the English, so that the visitors are mainly composed of Germans, Swiss and French.

From the baths each regular bather goes immediately to bed; and as the hotel is some rods from the bath-house, you may at any time see all sorts of figures in the bathing-dress and with streaming hair, scudding across the court, looking like drowned rats.

MILAN, (ITALY,) OCTOBER 7, 1850.

I concluded the first sheet of my letter abruptly, being obliged to take an opportunity which occurred very fortunately to reach again the high road after my digression. A new phase of my journey commenced here, and I suffered the usual detentions upon which all travellers count. None ever cross the Alps without a tribute in vexation, and sometimes in cash, to the chosen divinity of ill-luck—a *dæmon* who owes Italian travellers an especial grudge.

The Alps, you know, are upon the north, jealous barriers of Italy, which must be crossed at some point; each a mountain pass of great difficulty and some danger; and whichever place of transit you choose must depend upon the portion of France, Switzerland, or Germany, you may make the point of your departure.

Those going from Paris, or most parts of France, who wish to reach Turin most expeditiously, would cross Mont Cenis, between which and the pass of Simplon there is little to choose,

although the preferences are in favor of the latter. It is now in contemplation to tunnel Mont Cenis and form a railroad communication between Turin and Paris. If ever this is effected it must be the greatest achievement in engineering of modern times. Great obstacles lie in the way, and its success is extremely problematical.

Geographically, the pass of the Great St. Bernard comes next. This, however, is rather an excursion for travellers than a place of transit.

If I rightly conceive at this moment, it is but a mule path, and not passable in any kind of carriage. The next is the Simplon road, over which perhaps three-fourths of the travellers into Italy pass. The Splugen and the Saint Gothard are the remaining travelled roads, although the passage of the Alps may be made at various other points, by the daring pedestrian or upon mules.

There is much in common in all these roads. It is no easy matter to look coolly down the frightful abysses, which open at each side of you, when a bend of the *tourniquet*, which, to surmount the elevation, must be abrupt and frequent, show you a chasm ready to receive you, thousands of feet in depth. Your horror, however, is not proportionate to the height of the precipice upon the face of which you are clinging. You are surprised to discover that you can look with as little dismay down a descent of sixteen hundred feet as one of six hundred; in fact, the experiment of a plunge into either would be attended with extremely like results. The very lammergeyers, or Alpine vultures, would not identify you at the bottom.

Immediately after Napoleon had crossed the Great St. Bernard, which was then the most passable, (although then, as now, always crossed on mules, being impracticable for wheels,) he obtained the opinions of the most eminent French engineers as to the practicability of constructing a road, passable for heavy artillery. All gave negative opinions, until a Swiss guide, familiar with the mountains, conducted one of them

through this defile and over the Simplon mountain, seven thousand feet in elevation, but yet the lowest of the Alpine chain. Upon the opinion of this engineer the road was commenced, and finished in about six years from its commencement, thirty thousand men being employed upon it, at an expense of twenty-four thousand dollars per mile. There are over six hundred bridges, besides other costly constructions, such as miles of solid masonry built upon the mountain sides, sometimes for heights almost inconceivably great, upon which the road runs, vaulted over on the top oftentimes to a great extent, to ward off the avalanches, which would otherwise sweep the whole into the depths below. Sometimes the road suddenly turns, bounds across some horrid gulf, down which you would be dizzy to look, plunges into the bowels of the precipice, and runs through a tunnel of rock; then for miles it will be running in short zigzags, or terraces, up the steep sides of the mountains, and you look down and see it far below you, winding and curling up; or, you may look far across, to some other mountain, and see it drawn around it like a thread, on which a coach and horses look like the equipage of Queen Mab.

On reaching the top of the mountains, which are the culminant portion of the road, the view was awfully sublime. The summits of the higher Alps are your neighbors, and around, all tenantless, silent, bare of all vegetation, they lifted their vast peaks into the heavens, like huge frozen giants. Along the road, in dangerous places quite near each other, are erected houses of refuge, in which a storm-overtaken traveller might find food, and a bed at a pinch, although an abode here must be horrible except to a Swiss.

It is beyond conception into what apparently inaccessible places these people find their way and live out their existence. As far up as labor can wring from the soil any green thing, you will see, projecting from out some green nook on the face of the precipice, the house of the peasant, looking like a tiny thing of paste-board—a child's toy, tied to the rocks with a string,

and around it goats and Alpine cattle clinging to the inequalities of the mountains, like flies upon a wall. And then you may trace out the path by which these habitations are approached, the narrowest foot path, wrought with extreme difficulty from the almost precipitous rock. It is far beyond my previous conceptions of the possible.

The most terrific portion of the Simplon road, is, however, upon the Italian side, where the Alps appear to be cleft asunder to their base, and chasms yawn in the mountains like the very jaws of hell. Into this chasm the road almost literally *drops;* the terraces being built up with masonry from the amazing depths below, and the carriage runs on the short and acute angles of the ziz-zag road, so near the edge of the curb-stone that your blood will almost freeze at the appearance of the abyss into which the horses seem ready to plunge. And yet, of the thousands who are annually crossing, hardly a life is ever lost.

How strange everything appears on reaching the base of the Alps on the sunny side! This is Italy—smiling and beautiful, even in sight of the everlastingly snow-clad Alps! How changed in every conceivable respect! The vegetation is greener and more luxuriant; the air becomes soft and balmy, and the sun looks down through an atmosphere so transparent and warm, that you almost feel yourself in another tropic. The huge chestnuts throw their giant arms over the road, loaded with monstrous burs;—the vines are larger than those of Germany, and, by a different mode of cultivation, have a more pleasing effect. They are trellised over the road, and you ride as under long arbors, down the ceiling of which the green leaves hang and the clusters peep out as large almost as those gathered by the brook of Escol. And then Italian architecture!—how classic the taste of the people appears! Each house seems cut by rule from alabaster, so preservative is the climate to the purity of the color used in painting upon the stucco, and so regular the style of the builder. And stranger

still, the people! Whether looking from the balconied houses that overhang the streets, or gathering in the teeming vintage, or walking in groups along the road, always the same dark and sometimes fearful eyes; giving a startling effect to the olive clearness of the complexion, which seems moulded from wax.

Milan is a fine, large, strange, rich city, of which I have yet seen little; being anxious to close letters in season to reach my brother, who is about to sail from London.

Your letters, short though they be, are read with an interest I never knew before. Distance is a strange magician, to give interest to mere words.

Yours most truly.

LETTER No. 11.

Domo D'Ossola,
(Northern Italy,) October 5, 1850.

TO MRS. M———.

The solicitude which my last letter to you from Geneva (in which I announced my intention to extend my journey into Italy,) must have awakened, demands from me the earliest intimation of my safe passage of the Alps.

I am weather-bound at a small and no very inviting town, lying under the southern slopes of the mountains; here gaining my first experience of Italian scenery and Italian customs, and *suffering* my first experience of an Italian inn.

It is my present intention to give you but a rambling letter; and as my mood accords with the bent of your sex to seek the minutiæ of a traveller's diary, I will serve you with enough of mine to explain how I am detained long enough in this temporal purgatory to scrawl so many pages of rambling manuscript.

On the 3d instant, at 7, A. M. precisely,—I love to be particular,—I set out alone from Geneva, the sole occupant of a coach, and the master *pro tem* of a coachman and three shadowy horses, in various stages of bodily decay. Of the specimen of humanity who "held the ribbons," it becomes me, as a fellow mortal of similar mould, to speak tenderly; but Virgil has happily saved me all description, having caught his physical attributes in a single line—

"Horrendum monstrum, ingens, informe, cui lumen ademptum."

However, the merry twinkle of his solitary orb gained him my good wishes from the beginning, and for nearly two days he was at once servant, conductor and interpreter.

From Geneva my route lay along the eastern shore of Lake Leman, through the famed Chablis,—of old celebrated for its wines, and many a time I found running in my head the words of the quaint song:

"Then I went in doors and got a loaf,
Half a cheese, and a bottle of Chablis,*
Lay on the grass and forgot the oaf,
Over a jolly chapter of Rablais."

Sometimes the road wound through vineyards teeming with the abundant promise of the approaching vintage; sometimes across the mossy old bridge which throws its single span across the stream, by some old Flemish chateau, flanked by its circular and conical roofed towers, and walled in almost from sight; then by a cluster of Swiss farm-houses, with their huge pendant roofs, under the enormous eaves of which, well sheltered galleries run, where matrons cosily sat plying their needle-work, and where children sported, making all ring with their merry peals of laughter—that great world's language of the heart, which no Babel has yet broken into differences of dialect;—then, changing its direction, it would run around a projecting precipice, and course along the placid lake, whose azure waters

* The honor of producing this celebrated wine is also claimed in a portion of the department of the Yonne, in France.

danced and sparkled in the sun-light; now hid amid the gigantic chestnuts, and then emerging upon a swell where the Alps lifted their huge forms to the skies—dread counterparts of heaven's eternal portals!

Towards evening, the road from Lausanne joined the route along which my way had all day led, and my solitude was broken by the ingress of the transalpine travellers who reach Switzerland by that direction. From this point the road begins to plunge into the awful defiles of the mountains. My letter to Dr. S. contains some account of my visit to the baths of Leuk, and I rejoined the "Diligence" after a digression of nearly two days. The coach was now full. My companions were, first, a French gentleman, who had rode from Paris with hardly any stay, and who was, like myself, bound across the mountains; and a friar of the order of St. Augustine, who came from the monastery of his order at Martigny, and was proceeding upon some clerical errand up the mountains. With the Frenchman I soon made a traveller's acquaintance.

I sincerely wish that I could give you a description of this gentleman, who pleased me more than any person I have seen since leaving America. To have seen him with his head covered, one would have supposed him forty years of age, and yet would have added another decade, to have seen the grey hairs which thickly strewed a very fine head. From a little distance you would not call him handsome, yet a near approach shew you a fine blue eye and a cast of countenance to which you would still deny the palm, but which you would have no way different. From a certain freshness and rubicundity of visage, I at first supposed him a *bon vivant*—a good liver, and yet he passed the bottle at table while his indulgence had been far within the limits of temperance, while his nice epicurianism betrayed his familiarity with all the points of good living.

The plainness of his dress and his limited amount of "luggage" would make you think him a person of slender means, and yet he met the extra expenses of travelling which here

begin to be quite vexatious, with an unaffected *sang froid* which dismissed the idea at once.

Before I was acquainted with him I thought him a sloven, and yet I do not recollect thinking of his attire from the moment I began to be led away by the charms of his conversation. In fact, there was such a nice adjustment between the inner and outer man, that it was impossible to bring the latter under separate contemplation.

If you could attribute a taste to so unstudied a man, you would conceive each shade and each fold to be so chosen and adjusted as to combine with the characteristics of habit making up an indivisible totality. His very coat had traits of character; there was a physiognomy in the tie of his neckcloth, and fixed principles were laid down in his boots. It was one of the strongest proofs of the perfections of the man, that all about him was so elusive of description. It evinced a nice balance of all the minor traits which make up the character, and their entire subserviency to the dominion of a cultivated intellect. His near-sightedness constantly claimed sympathy; for he was perpetually losing his handkerchief, or scanning the pavement with his eye-glass in search of his lost money, and yet always recovering his missing goods, as if the genius of good-luck had mercifully placed over him her protective ægis. The French language upon his lips was perfect music. It derived, in his use, a force and fullness I never heard equalled, and when he joined in conversation, all soon became intent and unconscious listeners.

The priest soon after alighted, to proceed to his *curè* upon the mountains, and I had opportunity to take note of the remaining occupants of the carriage. The next deserving notice, were an Italian and his wife, who joined the conversation in French. Of them I remember little, save an unspousely trick which she had, of snatching the sentence from his lips and finishing it in a manner to suit herself; and so well schooled was he by some domestic drill, that when she thus unceremoniously

ascended the conversational tribune, he very meekly took his seat.

It was at this time quite dark, and I could only see that the two additional members of our complement were young people, whose style of dress and address proved them also to be linked in the nuptial tie, and also to be from the higher class. Indeed, I was surprised that people of such evident condition should not have chosen a private conveyance, rather than that extremely democratic vehicle, the "Diligence." He also conversed in French, although, from an occasional hesitation for a word, I perceived that he was not upon his own vernacular ground. I should, however, have hardly made the discovery, if his language had not been in contrast with the Gallic music of the other.

The lady had not yet spoken, and she soon composed herself in a corner of the coach, as if in sleep. He, however, appeared tenderly mindful of her, and when a slight cough, which I early detected, recalled him to renewed attention, he gathered her fur cloak around her still more carefully—

"That he might not beteem the winds of heaven visit her face too roughly."

Sleep soon overtook one by one of our number. The French gentleman, with the easy adaptation to circumstances which distinguishes his race, had already successfully wooed the drowsy god. The Italian became decidedly somnolent, and his talkative helpmeet yielded reluctantly to the sway of silence, if not of slumber. I slept but little, and so slightly as always to hear the suppressed cough of the lady, and the low accents of her husband, who always kissed her hand when he laid it beneath the folds of her cloak. His solicitous enquiry, and the reply that assured him of her comfort, announced their German paternity, so that all present seemed to have defined their nationality.

With the dawn of day we were winding up the acclivity of the Alps. The thick mists of the morning still clung to the

mountain sides, and their mantle wrapped every thing below from our view. Although the sights of nature were thus hidden from us, its sounds came up to the ear doubly vocal. The lowing of cattle, the bleating of goats, the music of bells from the valley below, and the wild voice of the Alpine horn, echoed from cliff to cliff, and reverberating more and more faintly through the distant glens of the mountains, made up a morning melody to be heard no where else but in these wondrous concert halls of Switzerland. How I longed for the rolling and wreathy curtain, that hung suspended between us and such an orchestra, to lift its vapory folds and show us what lay at the feet of these giants, whose snowy foreheads were now bright with the prophecy of the morning.

> Now rest we here, and with delighted eyes
> Survey the glories of the eastern skies;
> And see! more rapid than the gathering thought,
> From cloud to cloud the morning watchfire caught,
> Till, from the altar of eternal snow,
> On you high peak all living with the glow,
> We see the offered beams reflected rise:
> A virgin gift, the firstling of the skies;
> As if Mont Blanc, arch mountain-priest, had given
> The first refulgent sunbeam back to heaven,
> While round him, hooded with their sombre firs,
> Bend low the silent mountain-worshippers!

How strangely emblematic! Here every hanging dew-drop sparkled in the sunlight, and the distant St. Bernard seemed close at hand and distinct in the atmospheric transparency, below us, all was the foggy doubt and misty uncertainty of earth, where the unillumined were groping in darkness.

Soon, however, this canopy slowly lifted,—rent,—dissolved,—scattered,—and seemed drawn up by invisible fingers, and for many miles the valley, with its straggling villages, solitary convents, and the Rhone, foaming and dashing over the rocks, lay at our feet. Who could be still in a carriage in view of such a panorama? The German was watching the slumbers of

his invalid bride ; the Italian was pitching stones down the mountain sides; while the Frenchman and myself, outwalking the toiling horses, stopped from time to time to admire the prospect from those points where the angles of the road overhung the depths below. I was more and more astonished and pleased with my fellow traveller, and the wonder grew almost insupportable, "who he could be." Sometimes, the minuteness and accuracy of his geological and botanical knowledge led me to suppose him one of the learned *savans* of the University of Paris ; and, while in the act of anchoring this conclusion in my mind, some shrewdness of observation upon the construction of the road over which we were passing, would force me from this opinion and lead me to think him of the corps of engineers. Again, the conversation would turn, and the correctness and extent of his knowledge upon American affairs caused me to set him down as an editor ; and yet there was nothing about him that savored of the pen or the scissors ; he conversed upon all topics with no acerbity of feeling, and his remarks were those of a man who scans from a safe height the sea of politics, without being borne upon the troubled waters.

His mystic mantle at last became absolutely impenetrable. He had robbed "the man in the claret-colored coat" of all his mystery, and the "stout gentleman" was totally eclipsed. In a word, he had the freshness and enthusiasm of a school boy, the modesty and reserve of the scholar, the polish and self-possession of the gentleman, and the tact and shrewdness of the man of the world. Is it a wonder, then, that the wonder grew more intense, "who he could be ?"

But, as it is painful to survey the unfathomable too long, let us return to the coach and look after our other acquaintances.

A truly noble looking man was this German gentleman. His countenance had the manliness and openness of his race, and the healthful vigor and freshness which seems the especial gift of a German climate. In conversation, he stepped from one language to another with astonishing ease. English, French,

and German, were each used at will, but with his lady he always conversed in his own language, and her replies were in the same.

There was an unusual interest to be attached to this lady from the beginning. She was apparently about twenty years of age, and in countenance much resembled a small print which you will find in Chambers' Cyclopedia, of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, or, perhaps I was reminded of the similarity from her riding cap, which resembled the Turkish hat worn by that gifted lady. When the morning dawned I was the better able to give her the proper place in the travelling group. Her history was soon gathered. She was an English lady by birth, but, with rare submission, had adopted the vernacular of her husband. Health had failed, and she was now on her way to Florence, to spend the winter, and recover the lost boon. Part of this story, the cough, which knelled upon my hearing the dark tale of prophecy, had told. Alas! my ear is too well schooled in that melancholy music not to know whitherward its marches tend; and, despite the wonderful sophistry which consumption ever hangs upon the lips of its victim, all the utterances of which shew that in her mind the future was cloudless, I could see that she was unconsciously seeking "the strangers' grave."

And still, it seemed as if for a moment the delusive mist fell from her eyes, and the stern teachings of an awaiting destiny came up with all their bitterness. When her husband's solicitude was aroused by her cough to renewed attention to her comfort, I could perceive that she caught from his apparent earnestness a glimpse of the truth; and at such moments those strings were touched which yield only to the finger of the Great Separator of all earthly connections. The expression of mournful and unabating affection which this inward monitor threw over her fine features, was most melancholy! It was an answer to the invitation of beckoning angels—the fore-reachings toward heaven—the Poetry of Death! In that countenance there

was no deception. All of earth that remained looked toward heaven, and the bright celestial lines betrayed an affectionate yearning to earth.

But we were now approaching the highest portion of the mountain pass. The frequency of the houses of refuge announced the danger of the spot, when these dreary solitudes become the revel-halls of the whirlwind and the tempest, and these ravines the track of the avalanche. The Hospice of the good monks of St. Augustine, which crowns the most dreary summit, is just at hand, but here we made no stay.

Pause, O thou detractor! ere, in thy sweeping denunciation of the off-shoots of Papacy, a breath of thine smite these pious brothers, who, self-exiled from society, stand sentinels in these abodes of eternal winter. Their eyes rest on no green fields, no waving woodlands, no babbling brooks, but only survey the bleak mountain side and the frowning precipice. The blessing of the traveller be upon them!

How awful these solitudes! No voice echoes among those unexplored pinnacles, save when the avalanche booms forth upon the still air the voice of Power and Immensity!

> These are Jehovah's altars; only here,
> Unbroken orisons can meet his ear,
> For long the penitent awaiting stands
> In vaulted temples reared by human hands,
> Till from the encumbered sense the bonds are riven,
> And the enfranchised soul takes hold on Heaven.
> E'en while the altar's sacred verge is press'd,
> Unholy thoughts may gender in the breast;
> E'en bending 'neath the seraph-peopled dome,
> Passion impell'd, the yielding soul may roam;
> But where these awful forms majestic rise,
> A snowy portal to the bending skies,
> Where interchanging messengers may meet,
> And press the virgin earth with angel feet,—
> What impious thought on Him would dare intrude,
> Whose holy presence fills this solitude!

But we had small time or opportunity to contemplate the

sublimities of the culminant point, and soon found ourselves descending at a fearfully rapid rate.

At about two we reached the inn, glad of its shelter, for a rain-storm was just beginning to pour itself upon us. The cheer was abundant and good. Crackling fires, good wine, and the flesh of the chamois quickly laid an extinguisher upon our mountain appetites. While eating dinner I discovered another proof of the ubiquitous glory of the "Universal Yankee Nation," which, though by no means new, was novel, from the place of its display. I think I once wrote you that I had heard the melody of "Oh Susannah" beneath the stern, gray walls of John of Gaunt's Castle at Lancaster. Upon the walls of the dining-room in this hotel, on the Italian slope of the Alps, some rustic Zeuxis has "done" in fresco a scene covering the whole side of the room, representing the battle of Lepanto, in which the Venetian galleys are just bearing down upon the Ottoman fleet. The latter is bravely coming up to the strife, stimulated to the conflict by the flag of the admiral's ship, which bears on the broad, white field of the Sultan Solyman the significant battle cry,—(in pencil,) "Polk and Dallas! Oregon and Texas!" Verily, thought I, America *is* a great country!

We came down the Alps like mad. Many a time I thought our vehicle and all its contents doomed, so quick it turned the angles of a road which descends as facile as the route to Avernus. A Sardinian custom-house awaited us by the road side, where you may witness the talismanic operation of a franc. Laid under the spell of this enchanter, the protector of His Majesty's revenues seems to have drunk of deepest Lethe. He immediately becomes entirely oblivious that you have any baggage whatever, or discovers that he has certainly inspected it.

A characteristic scene was being acted on our arrival. An English travelling-carriage preceded us, containing John Bull, his wife, and two daughters. John, with his usual hatred of gammon, refused to pay the customary tribute, and was puffing and fuming with rage at the display being most mercilessly

made of the travelling paraphernalia, carefully packed for a winter in Florence. You, who know a lady's real and fancied wants for a fashionable winter campaign, can imagine what the still more remorseless lookers-on had opportunity to see for nothing.

At six o'clock in the evening, fatigued almost beyond measure, we rolled into the court of the inn from which I now write you. The coach was reeking with mud and water, and the horses enveloped in a cloud of steam. Following the obsequious host to the sleeping apartments up wide stone staircases, through gloomy and unfurnished halls, from the sides of which Madonnas and grim saints were looking down, we found a creaking corridor, on each side of which gaped a row of monastic looking cells, into two of which my French friend and myself were ushered. I thought of "Hobson's choice," and made myself content. Unpacking my dictionary, I studied out Italian enough to call for eggs, tea, and bread and butter, and having supped, bade the world good night.

We were to be away again at two in the morning, but—

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Aft gang agley."

On reaching the next stream, in a night of pitchy darkness, the rain of the day previous had made it absolutely unfordable, and to return was the only alternative.

All were resigned to the decree save the Italian lady, who, to the apparent relief of her husband, vented any quantity of expletives against the road, the river and the *vetturino*. The English lady sighed at the dismal prospect offered by a wet Sunday at such an inn, and the French gentleman, as would have been expected, told his best stories, which soon restored good humor.

For the twentieth time I have been to the balcony and looked up and down upon the novel spectacle presented by a Sunday in such a place. I have seen the peasantry from the surrounding district come into town for morning mass, each of the

females with a white cloth hung upon the arm, to be used in church as a hassock and worn home as a mantle. Every scene, every house, every countenance, is thoroughly Italian.

The houses in the town, with their solid architecture, carefully grated and barricaded windows, their well-fortified doors, which, when shut, are most inhospitably repulsive, and their white villas, peeping out from the adjacent wood-crowned heights, could not be mistaken for the scenery of any other land beneath the sun. Of the charm afforded by the glimmer of cheerful fires glowing through the unshuttered window, which, in a New-England village tells of fireside comfort, social intercourse and childhood's hilarity, these people evidently know nothing. Still, that charm of true beauty, which never ceases to attract in all stages of decay, so strangely pervades the scenery of this lovely land as to give new force to the exclamation of Rogers—

"O Italy, how beautiful thou art!
Yet could I weep,—for thou, alas! art lying
Low in the dust, and they who come admire thee,
As we admire the beautiful in death.
Thine was the dangerous gift; *the gift of beauty*."

Adieu. I will resume my pen at Milan.

MILAN, OCTOBER, 1850.

Heigho! two days of hard driving and pleasant boating upon Lago Maggiore have brought me to Milan. We left Domo D'Ossola again at two o'clock of a dark morning. An occurrence which took place just at dawn completely destroyed a beautiful imaginative fabric which my fancy had built up.

While passing down a steep bank, to ford one of the torrents, the axle-tree of the carriage suddenly broke, leaving us utterly without the means of progress. To effect even its temporary repair, the passengers dismounted, not excepting even the invalid lady, for whom a seat was found on a rock by the roadside. To the disgrace of my sex, I must confess that she remained entirely unattended during the tedious process of

repairing the vehicle; her hollow cough sounding painfully distinct mid the roar of the waters. Her feet, ill-protected against the cold and dampness, rested upon the wet grass. I would gladly have stripped off my cloak as their wrapper. Her husband was needlessly inspecting the repair of the carriage. For three days I had made them the nucleus for a cluster of pleasing thoughts. I had believed that the wicked philosophy which sneers at wedded love would, in contemplation of this picture, be effectually silenced. Here, I had thought, was the realization of what novelists have declared, and cynics denied. Here are the materials for a new volume of romance, to commence where romance usually ends,—in marriage; before me are the *dramatis personæ*—the rest is mere painting from the life. All alas! had proved an illusion:

> "beauty may smile on him,
> And chastity unveil her brow of purest white,
> And love may whisper in his ear her cherished words;
> He heeds it not; insentient still."

At eleven in the morning I exchanged the tedious monotony of the diligence for a pleasure boat on the glassy surface of Lago Maggiore, (Greater Lake.) The islands in this little inland sea are the possession of Count Borromeo, one of whose ancestors converted a rock upon the surface of the lake into a terraced Eden, on which the plants of the Indies flourish within sight of the glaciers of St. Bernard. But all the attractions of Isola Bella (Beautiful Isle,) are frivolous and tame compared with the Alps, as seen from the water. My usual travelling good fortune favored me, affording one of the finest days of the season. From the northern shores the mountains rise in a magnificent amphitheatre, with the swollen and boisterous cascades flinging their fleecy masses from the crags, and showing their winding lines of silver through the openings of the still bright green forests. Isola Bella is a mass of earth, brought at untold expense from a distance, and laid in terraces upon an enormous pyramidal rock. At one extremity of the

island is a palace of the count, and the gardens compose most of the rest. Gravelled walks; arbors of orange and citron; parterres adorned with statuary, and cooled by fountains and green-houses filled with rare exotics; are among the allurements which a man passing rich has spread out to catch the traveller's admiration; for, surely, a toy so artificial could not long afford delight to its proprietor. When the stiff style of gardening which Pope and Shenstone frowned out of fashion in England, was in vogue, Isola Bella was the gem of Italy.

On the summit of a hill overlooking the lake is a colossal statue of St. Carlo Borromeo, one hundred feet in height. The head, feet, and hands are of bronze, the remainder composed of sheets of copper. From all parts of the lake, and from the windings of the road along the shore, it is distinctly visible, overlooking the lake and the villages in an attitude of benediction.

The hundred bells of Milan were pealing forth their silvery chime as we approached the city by the triumphal arch of Napoleon. From hence I yield to the drift of circumstances.

* *

Affectionately yours, &c.

LETTER No. 12.

MILAN, OCTOBER, 1850.

TO DR. J. N——.

Nothing is more difficult than a selection from the attractions of a great city, of the subjects truly worth recollection. There is a method, however, by which you perpetuate an impression of any given class of objects, which is infal-

lible, and, if you are in a hurry, unquestionably the best, as I can abundantly testify. It is briefly this. Sit down and write a letter to the individual of your acquaintance whose occupation, profession and education best fit him to understand and critically judge of the matter in hand. Your subject-matter will then assort itself, and almost, whether you will or no, become its own commendation. Hence the reason why, in writing of a city whose glory consists in the splendor of its public edifices, and its wealth in the fine arts, I place your name at the caption of my letter.

The chief ornament of Milan is its Cathedral: standing in a square nearly in the centre of the city. Its erection was commenced about four hundred and fifty years since. The period of its expected completion, is, like all the structures erected for the service of the Roman Catholic religion, a matter of entire indifference. The favorite boast of Romanism, that it is ever old and yet forever new, calls for no haste in the erection of its enormous cathedrals, whose cost is ever too great for the exchequer of a single generation. In confidence that the same creed will ever lie at the foundation of his religion, and that its observances will change in no particular, the architect lays his foundation and commences a superstructure which he fully knows other hands must complete. The ground-work of his plan is itself a prescription of the faith it is destined to adorn; and with pious ardor he plies his task, not impatient to be cheered by its approaching maturity, nor unwilling that a distant posterity should be judges of what he can only see with the mind's eye. The humble carver in wood and marble, likewise, pursues his task with eye extending no further than to shape the block to the design before him, equally certain that he also will win approbation from the supreme Master Builder.

When will that faith which the Reformation distilled from the crudities of Romanism, learn so far to profit by the lessons taught by mediæval architecture, as to proclaim its own durability by similar teachings? Does the Catholic doubt? Does

he question the Real Presence—the apostolic succession—the necessity of confession, and the value of priestly absolution? Does he cavil at the most absurd inculcation of his faith? His scepticism falls from him at the entrance of the cathedral; a flood of tears purges his soul from the abhorred stain of a doubt, and he rushes again to the bosom of his faith, ready to absolve himself by devotion, penance, or martyrdom even, from guilt so revolting!

The Cathedral of Milan is constructed of beautiful white marble, of peculiar richness, which, however, borrows from age a dark hue, not incompatible with its appropriateness. When the impression produced by the vastness of the pile is over, our admiration of the splendor of its decorations immediately commences, for it is literally bristling with statues, containing, in and about it, as the best authorities inform us, nearly or quite four thousand! From many parts of the roof, and especially from the balustrades, a multitude of pinnacles shoot upward, teeming at every point with sculpturings, keeping alive continual admiration. These can only be seen from the solid marble roof, upon which you might ramble for days in amazement at the multitude and elaborateness of finish of the basso relievos, and the cluster of statues which compose a marble forest about you. The cementing of the marble blocks which overlay the roof is apparently as solid as the stone itself, and is not distinguishable by its color. It thus seems as if an enormous plaited shell of the purest white had been laid upon the walls, and that a becoming frost-work had then sprang up from its border.

Above the dome a tower, or spire, of the same general light style, rises to an elevation of nearly four hundred feet above the pavement, surmounted by a colossal statue of the Virgin. From the octagonal balcony near the top, which you gain by a winding stair-case circling upward just within the open-work of the spire, the prospect is almost unparalleled. The city at our feet, the highly cultivated district about it, and the Alps in the distance, forming a vast amphitheatre, make up a glorious panorama!

If such are some of the beauties of this edifice without, what shall I say of its magnificence within? Enter. What amplitude! what beauty! Look far beyond you, along the polished pavement, composed of marbles of every hue, and laid with tasteful variegation; survey in the distance the splendors of the high altar, and lastly, look upward! Fifty-two pillars sustain the vaulted canopy above us, each ninety feet in height. Beautiful as palm trees, they perform their office with no interruption of the prospect beyond; for so lofty are they in proportion to their thickness, that you seem to see *through* them, and yet they are eight feet in diameter. How delicately, how beautifully poised upon these marble shafts are the arches which support the massive roof! While sustained upon the stem from which it springs as effortless as the poplar branch upon its parent trunk, all, nevertheless, is firm as the mountains and lasting as the resplendent material from which floor, pillars, walls and roof are alike wrought.

The Gothic architecture, which looks so cold and grim in the dingy gray stone of York Minster, Cologne and Strasbourg, absolutely laughs outright when clothed in the gay and shining vestment of Italian marble. However, under all climes and suns, there is a grandeur and solemnity in the Gothic style of building especially befitting a temple of the Most High. Save its great original, the primeval forest, nothing produces in the soul a like sentiment of awe and devotion, as when we—

> "walk the studious cloister pale,
> And love the high imbowered roof,
> With antique pillars, massy proof,
> And storied windows, richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light." *Il Penseroso.*

You will laugh at me when I confess the effect which such architectural sublimity had upon me. I involuntarily cried out for something to worship, and, with no more ado, found my fingers dabbling in the holy water!

The most sacred object in the Cathedral of Milan, in the estimation of all good Catholics, is the body of St. Charles Borromeo, enshrined beneath and before the high altar, in a casket of gold and silver. The body, robed in the richest vestments, may be seen through plates of rock crystal. He died in 1584, and his name was added to the calendar of saints a century and a half ago.

St. Charles Borromeo was, without question, a man of most rare virtue. Born to a rank little below sovereignty, and to the command of untold wealth, the possession of great humility and untiring zeal and effort for the welfare of his kind, made his life a scene of splendid charities and self-denying labors. No saint of the calendar has better won canonization.*

Next to the Cathedral, which I regret to dismiss with such imperfect notice, the gallery of paintings connected with the College of the Brera, is conspicuous. It is said to be one of the best in Italy, with the merit, (if it be a merit,) of containing specimens of more of the old masters than any existing, although falling short of many others in individual works of great value. The Ambrosian Library, the first in the world to adopt the now almost universal custom of unlocking to the public such literary collections, a liberality also due to St. Charles Borromeo, is well worth a traveller's notice. To one who has seen the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and that of the British Museum, there is little of novelty in this; yet few depart without a glimpse of the carefully preserved correspondence of the gifted and beautiful Lucretia Borgia with Cardinal Bembo, the pride and benefactor of Italian literature in the sixteenth century. A plait of the hair of the fair correspondent garnishes the manuscript.†

* The unexpected evidences of advancement, such as hospitals, charitable institutions, public works, and sunday-schools, to be met with in those parts of Italy which composed his diocese, are the fruits of his yet existent influence. The crowds of sunday-school children which throng the floor of the cathedral, were first gathered by him.

† "Among many things at Milan, one pleased me particularly, viz: the

One of the treasures which the Milanese hold in the highest veneration, is a collection of the drawings of Leonardo Da Vinci, a man whose genius ranged at will over all the sciences, and was equally resplendent in poetry, painting, architecture, philosophy and the mechanic arts. His fame as a painter only, has descended to us; yet this was only one of the accomplishments of this Crichton of his age. These drawings* were the amusements of his leisure. His master-pieces remain to be described.

Leonardo Da Vinci's "LAST SUPPER," a fresco painting, which the world knows by heart from the multiplication of copies and engravings of it, was painted for the refectory, or dining-hall, of a Dominican convent, now suppressed. The apartment has, at times, been degraded to the most ignoble uses, and the fresco itself neglected and abused, till its parts are hardly recognizable; yet, while a vestige of it remains, it will be sacred in the eyes of the Milanese. The moment seized by the artist is where the Saviour declares that one of the group, then sitting at table with him, should betray him. The power of the painter is most conspicuous in giving to the Saviour him-

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correspondence (in the prettiest love-letters in the world,) of Lucretia Borgia with Cardinal Bembo, (who, you say, made a very good cardinal,) and a lock of her hair, and some Spanish verses of hers,—the lock, very fair and beautiful. I took one single hair of it as a relic, and wished sorely to get a copy of one or two of the letters; but it is prohibited; *that* I dont mind; but it is impracticable; and so, I only got some of them by heart. They are kept in the Ambrosian Library, which I often visited to look them over, to the scandal of the librarian, who wanted to enlighten me with sundry valuable manuscripts, classical, philosophical and pious. But I stick to the Pope's daughter, and wish myself a cardinal."

Byron to Thomas Moore.

* Those who linger with delight over the drawings of Da Vinci in the Louvre at Paris, will not forget that they are among the spoils of the Brera at Milan. The painter died at Fontainbleau, in the arms of the king of France; an occurrence made the subject of a fine picture in the Louvre. This circumstance, however, is no vindication of the injustice of their seizure from their sanctuary in the Ambrosian library, where they were deposited by the city, and honors bestowed upon their princely donor, Arconati, who generously refused large sums offered for them, that they might become the inviolable possession of his country.

self, as well as to each of the twelve, a manner of imparting and receiving such a startling declaration, corresponding to the character of each. It is commonly said that this picture is unfinished; that the last touches to the Saviour's countenance were never given.

The pains-taking artist had wrought diligently upon his work for sixteen years, perpetually combatting the impatience of the abbot of Della Grazia, and the gibes of the friars, who were getting tired of the painter and the staging, and implements of his art, which blocked up their refectory and interrupted their cheer. Worn with abstraction, study and toil, the diffident artist at this period presented himself to his friend and patron, Ludovigo Sforza, who, startled by his wan appearance and a visit so unusual, demanded his errand.

"I come," said the painter, "to surrender into your hands the commission which you entrusted to me when I was yet poor and a stranger in Milan."

"What," said the surprised Sforza, who had been for many years attentively watching the progress of the work, "you do not mean the *Cenacolo* for the good brothers of Our Lady of Grace, do you, Leonardo?"

"Indeed, Excellenza, you speak truly, and it is for this; I have drawn the face of the steadfast Peter, the affectionate John, and the base Iscariot; they were but men with men's passions, and sitters for them may be found in plenty here in Milan; but how shall I represent, by mortal tints, the countenance of the Great Unseen, who is all passionless, and who hideth his face in glory?"

"True," replied his patron, "yet your pious hesitancy is the best proof of your conception of Him whom no eye hath seen. Go on, Leonardo. Your dimness is better than the light of other men, and when your pencil can go no farther, we will be content."

He did go on, but abandoned his task while he still declared it unfinished; yet none can look on this, the most faultless ideal

of the divine countenance that ever beamed on the fancy of painter, without acknowledging the truth of Sforza's declaration,—"your dimness is better than the light of other men."

Milan boasts of many other matters of interest, which I must pass in silence. The Arch of the Simplon, a monument designed by Napoleon to commemorate one of the greatest victories of Peace—the completion of the Simplon Road, but changed in purpose on his downfall, and named by the Austrian government the Arch of Peace, (perhaps because, after being so excessively frightened, Peace deserved a monument for coming to their relief;) and an Arena, designed also by the same, in which, in his affectation of Roman and Grecian customs, the conqueror of Italy intended to renew the bloodless portion of the games of the Coliseum. These, of course with hospitals, the lazaretto, &c. I have seen, and churches *ad infinitum*, many of which, of course, I cannot see. I am again on the wing tomorrow.

Sincerely yours, &c.

LETTER No. 13.

VENICE, OCTOBER, 1850.

TO MR. S. W———.

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Now, being thus prepared, and having approached by such an avenue, what must be the traveller's sensations here in Venice? Venice—the city of the Doge and his famous or infamous "Council of Ten;" the city of Othello and Desdemona; of Shylock and Antonio;—Venice, of which historians have written and poets sung for many ages;—Venice, which was

the centre into which, as a common vortex, the wealth of the world was once poured, when the world was richer than at the present time; whose merchants held in their grasp the purse-strings of Asia, Africa, and Europe; where the fine arts were once taxed to their utmost, to add to the gorgeousness of her palaces.

Wealth could do no more than she has done for the adornment of Venice. Her stately piles were built when architecture had just brought into the acquaintance of Europe the glorious and gorgeous styles of the East, and they were decorated as they now are, when Tintoretto, Titian, and Paul Veronese were servants of the State. When wealth and taste could find no further room on which to pile additional splendor, Venice went down, absolutely crushed by her wealth and consequent vices. Although ceasing to exist as a state, the city is left, almost as perfect as when she

"Sat in state throned on her hundred isles."

To enjoy Venice one should always know her history. Those who come away saying that Venice is dull and uninteresting, are persons whose ignorance destroys the value of their opinions. To tell you that Venice was founded by some fugitives who fled from the devastating sword of Attala to inaccessible islands among the shoals of the Adriatic, and that, by their industry and prowess, they converted each island into a quay-bound seat of traffic, and that their city eventually became the gate through which the millions of Crusaders passed in their passages to and from the Holy Land, and the receptacle for the wealth which these expeditions left behind them in the hands of her merchants; that Venetian wealth could engage in her service the swords of the conquerers of the earth, and send armies of mercenaries into the remote parts of Christendom, would be to communicate a piece of information of which you are doubtless well acquainted. Then, the traveller should understand still more. He should know of her strange form of government; of the Doges, and of the "Council of Ten," and

much else, in order fully to see beyond the beautiful, yet lifeless form of this lovely city, and know her as when she was the world's commercial soul and centre. But I have no time to write history. Gibbon will tell you, I think, all about it.

Now, here this creation of wealth, taste, and power all stands. No spoiler was ever here. Time has alone laid his mouldering finger on in; and, though decaying fast and hopelessly, Venice is still a classic spot, in which history and imagination may hold joint converse. Palaces spring up from the water at every step, degraded to the most ordinary uses. Many are left to decay, and you may look through them as you row past, with their fine columns of the most pure Corinthian, Ionic and Doric, and with sculpturings upon their fronts which would grace any modern building for a prince.

I am writing this letter in an apartment of one of the Mocenigo Palaces, anciently the mansion of one of the proudest Venetian families.* From the right of my table, through one large window, I look over the wide sheet of the Guidecca, and the distance in that direction is bounded by islands, at greater or less distances, which lift up their domes and stately fronts from the polished bosom of the water. Far beyond these, I catch a glimpse of the territories of Lombardy, over which for some days past I have travelled. Extending the eye in another direction, I see the Adriatic, all unbroken as far as sight can reach, save by the gondolas which glide along the surface like swans, or the few ships that lie at anchor upon its unruffled bosom. It is a picture of aquatic repose such as only the bay of Naples can equal. If I approach my window, and look down upon the quay below, my eyes would rest upon a crowd composed of individuals of all nations, speaking every

* It should be borne in mind that in Italy the national folly is most conspicuous in the stately buildings of the nobility, and that a *palace* is by no means always the mansion of royalty. Nothing is more common, nay, even in some cities, more general, than the conversion of a palace into a hotel. The inhabitant of a palace was, in this instance, a lodger in the "Hotel Danielli."

dialect, and wearing the symbols of every religion. To look to the right, is to measure a long line of marble fronts, shooting up from the waters, and upon columns, brazen lions, colossal dragons, and all the dazzling forms that the half Gothic and half Oriental architecture of the middle ages assumes. If I go up the quay a little distance, I shall pass the State Prison of Venice, the Bridge of Sighs, the Ducal Palace, and then my view will be immediately attracted by the marvellous splendors of the Piazzetta of St. Mark, one of the most wonderful spectacles the world affords. Here are two columns standing crowned with the titular emblems of Venice, which have looked down upon the embarkation of armies, the approach of suppliant potentates, and the return of the spoils of the East. Here is the famous Campanele, lifting its immense tower three hundred and twenty-five feet, with the enormous bells which have hung there almost ever since bells have been used. Here are the Brazen Steeds of St. Mark, rearing their colossal forms upon the porch of the Cathedral. These were brought by the Crusaders from Constantinople, where they formed a chief ornament of the Hippodrome. A strange history, that of these horses. Their age, like that of all horses after a certain age, is not exactly known, but they were taken from Alexandria in Egypt by Cæsar Augustus, and made to crown his triumphal arch at Rome. Nero, Domitian, Trajan and Constantine, used them on arches of their own, and Constantine carried them away to his new capital. They were the spoils of the Turks when they took Constantinople, and then became the spoil of the Crusaders. They were again fated to be the spoil of the conquerer, for Napoleon foolishly carried them off to Paris, from whence they were restored in 1815.

On three side of the great area of St. Mark's are palaces, and on the fourth the Basilica, or Cathedral.

All the ground in Venice is paved with square blocks of polished marble. Its streets are in all cases streets of water. Its carriages are gondolas, and you float about as in all other cities

you would ride. There is not a four-footed thing in Venice which has hoofs, although there are abundant evidences of the presence of him who has but two.

I had, as a travelling companion from Verona, a gentleman of modesty equal to his good sense, whom I recognized by the undisguisable characteristics of our nation as an American. On the arrival of the train at Venice, we unintentionally separated, and had found different hotels. Again we met on the common ground of Venice—St. Mark's Place—and were companions of a day in the visitation of the sights of the city. He was an artist, and I was not long in discovering, carried under an exterior modest and unassuming to a fault, a fine genius, and an excellent heart. I could fully declare with Falstaff, "If the rascal hath not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines." Judge of my surprise to find that my companion was none other than T. B. R——d, the poet-painter. I need not say that a fellow-traveller, whose lips distil such good things, is an acquisition not to be easily surrendered. We hope to remain together till we reach Florence.

Yesterday I visited the various apartments of the Palace of the Doge. This is a building of four sides, surrounding a quadrangle. Conspicuous in the centre of the quadrangle are the bronze wells, from which the pure water in this portion of the city is drawn. The water-carriers form a distinct class of the population, and the manner of carrying the water, their dress, and their habits, have known no change since the first days of Venice. From this area you gain the entrance to the palace by ascending a wide flight of marble steps, called the "Giants' Staircase," from two colossal statues of Mars and Neptune which stand at the head. At this place the Doge was formerly crowned. Entering into the palace, the first suite is used as the library, which, in the several rooms in which it is deposited, contains seventy thousand books, and ten thousand manuscripts. One is a magnificent room, one hundred and seventy-

five feet long, eighty-five broad, and fifty-two high. The second is equally large, and contains a portion of the multitude of paintings with which this palace is crowded from one portion to another. Here is a painting by Tintoretto, eighty-four feet long, and thirty-four wide, representing *Paradise*. The number of saints, angels, beatified spirits, cherubim, &c., must be many hundreds, extending into a background as limitless as your imagination. All these figures are finished with the most minute care, and any one of the many hundreds in the painting would repay long study. I am just beginning to conceive the immeasurable fertility of the Italians in works of fine art. Many days must be spent in wandering through the vast halls which make up the interior of the Ducal Palace, and examining their decorations, before the visitor can obtain a general descriptive idea. These halls are filled with the same profusion of ornament which they exhibited when the grandees of Venice held here their councils of state. Here is a hall which was formerly the hall of judgment for state offences, and another, entirely plain in its side finishing, having formerly been hung with black cloth. The ceiling only is painted, and shows four figures illustrative of justice. In one of them she is represented dividing with her sword the head of a prostrate victim. The painting is exquisite, but the effect upon the nerves is terrific. This served as the scene of trial of the victims of the Inquisition. Into it, thus shrouded in black and lighted only with torches, the prisoner was led. His accusers were unknown, and his judges disguised by masks. He had been led from the prison, which is a distinct building from the palace, across the north passage way, on the famous Bridge of Sighs, entering the hall of justice by a small side door, which, as now seen, is full proof of the course which justice took. If he was sufficiently strong in resolution to pass the dark ordeal which ensued, without flinching and without confession, he was led out of the hall by the same door of entrance, but immediately descended into a rage of cells, the horrors of which are almost

beyond description. They seem to be excavated from the rock, so solid are the massy walls which compose them. Each cell, about eight feet by two, is arched over with stone, and a narrow corridor extends round the cells, just wide enough for the jailer to pass and hand in their food, or to light the small lamp which hung in this passage way, and shed a feeble ray, just strong enough to reveal to the victim the dread nature of the living tomb that bound him in. No ray of sun or moon ever visited him here. No voice ever reached him, save that of the jailer, or the inquisitor who sought to wring his ruin from his own lips. I thought in this horrible place that confession would be a relief, even if the victim were innocent, in order to see just enough of the sun to die by. But the most horrible part is yet to come. His verdict was always a secret even to himself. If not destined for a worse fate, he was led from the hall of judgment by the same passage through which he entered, back to his prison, from which he possibly might be released; but if doomed to die, he, in his passage across the Bridge of Sighs, when on the centre of the bridge, was made to cross to the opposite side by a door in the dividing wall. Here the victim was made to turn and descend a flight of steps within the bridge, which led back to dungeons lying on a level with the water.

The point on the centre of the arch of the bridge where he begins to descend, first gave the victim an intimation of his fate, for it was known that whoever turned that fatal point turned it only to die. Hence the bridge has received the name of "Pont de Sospiri," or "Bridge of Sighs." Two windows light the fatal south side of the Bridge of Sighs, the ornamental scroll work of which conceals their strength, which is apparent only within. The bridge is vaulted over at the top, and no sight and no sound within it ever reached the ears of the thousands who might be passing while such startling scenes of despotism were being enacted.

Fully to realize the fate of the victim, we must again go

within, and be lighted by the torch of the old custodian, into a still deeper dungeon, which received the shrieking victim. Here he was met by his executioner, and the cord or the dagger instantly closed the scene.

The construction of this place of blood is full evidence of its use. In a recess in the wall stood the executioner, awaiting his victim, and beyond, at the end of the passage, an opening in the outer wall communicated directly with the water, where a gondola received the only evidence, and the depths of the Adriatic closed the last scene of the tragedy.

I have seen some prisons and bad places in my day, but when I emerged from the gloomy depths of the dungeons of the Doge's Palace I could with fearful truth exclaim with Richard, "*I have supped full of horrors!*"

Travellers and geographers often speak of the canals of Venice. I think the idea of a canal is a wrong one. The houses seem to rise up from the bosom of the water; sometimes built upon an original islet, so small as not to admit upon it more than one or two buildings; and again with many houses, churches, and even small squares upon them. These islands are connected by small bridges, which in all cases rise in the centre, to allow the gondolas to pass beneath them. They are ascended and descended by steps. The Rialto is the quay which lines one point of the most ancient part of Venice, and was in olden times the gathering place of her merchants and bankers. Shylock says to Antonio, "many times on the Rialto ye rated me for my usances," &c. The Rialto bridge, familiar to the eye in prints of Venice, crosses the principal canal here, and is a much larger and finer structure than I expected. It is more likely to stand a thousand years longer, than any thing I have yet seen in Venice.

I cannot say enough of my admiration of the Venetian gondola. It has a small house on it, just large enough for two or three persons to get into it and sit or lie upon its cushions. It moves so gracefully through the water that one is ready to

wish all cities had streets of water, in order to enjoy such a luxury. The price of a gondola is 3½ zwanzigers per day, —56 cents of our money. This places the boat and its rower, or gondolier, at our disposal from sunrise to sunset.

VENICE, OCTOBER, 1850.

I resume my writing of Venice, after two more days spent in admiring her beauties, hunting up her objects of interest, and visiting her fine collections of paintings. To these the Venetian clings as with his death-grasp. If Venice had valued her liberties as highly as she has the paintings of her sons of genius, the haughty Austrian would not now have his foot upon her neck. Venice has produced some of the best painters the world has ever seen. Tintoretto and Titian were Venetians. The people are justly proud of their memory, and prize their productions above all price.

Besides the Doge's Palace, which I visited some days since, I have to day and yesterday examined the collection of the Manfrini Palace, and that of the "Academia De Belle Arte;" both of which are large and rich. To speak of a collection of paintings, I am afraid does not convey to your mind its full Italian meaning. Some of the more important and imposing of the deserted palaces are made, with a little alteration, to contain them. In these, the works which belong to the State are placed, and in Venice alone they are counted by thousands. Milan has her vast galleries; so has Padua; so has Ferrara and Bologna; and yet it is only in Florence and Rome that their utter exhaustlessness is apparent. Then come the additional thousands which fill the churches, some of which are of inestimable value. Poor as Italy may be in true national resources, she is, in this respect, rich beyond conception, and all the gold in the universe would not tear these jewels from her crown. Here artists from all parts of the world are gathered, striving to catch and embody upon canvass of their own, some of the glory which spreads like a halo around these works of

immortality. Do they do it?—is a mooted point, which of course I am not able to solve. It is a disputed question now, whether the ancients or moderns are in this particular most deserving of admiration. Posterity alone will decide.

At the rooms of the "Academia De Belle Arte," the right hand of Canova, the sculptor, is kept in a vase of porphyry, and beneath it the chisel with which he wrought. Canova was one of the best modern sculptors, yet much overpraised.

Sight-seeing in Venice has many pleasant things about it, which are to be found no where else. With my two companions I sally out as soon as breakfast is over, and am met by a tidy looking fellow, with his tasselled cap deferentially held in his hand, who greets us with the well understood, "Gondola, Signiore?" which, being translated into the New-York dialect, would mean, "Have a cab, sir?" This man then is our servant for the day, he understands every part of the city, and lands us wherever we wish. His boat is about twenty-five feet long, and he stands in the extreme hindmost end, and, with his single oar, propels it along more gracefully than I ever saw a boat move before. The gondola is found nowhere else than at Venice; the gondolier is always bred to his business, and to nothing else. In the old paintings by Tintoretto of scenes in ancient Venetian history, the gondolier and his picturesque craft have precisely the same shape as at present. I should not say so much about a boat, if so much had not been said and sung of the gondola.

We find, as would be expected from what I have written of Venice, that visiting among its curiosities is very clean work; for how could dust get into Venice? Boots always show a polish, and shirts are ever unsoiled. This morning I have been attempting to gain access to the ancient arsenal. The collection of warlike antiquities there stored, is the proudest monument of the ancient power of the State. One of my companions was an Englishman, who had obtained from the British minister here, an order of admittance for us all. In conse-

quence of some indignity offered the Austrian General Haynau, at London lately, a coolness exists between Austria and England, and the English in the Austrian dominions are in bad odor. We were refused admittance. I called then on the American consul, and received a formidable looking sheet of paper, properly set off with an imprint of the eagle and striped shield, on which was written the proper *fulminat;* but for once the American eagle refused to carry its bearer into a fortress. We were suspected of being pirates under the American flag. It would do me good to see General Scott land ten thousand of his Mexican boys on the quay of St. Mark's, scatter these wretches, and set Venice free.

Among the many pleasing things in Venice which I shall remember with pleasure, is the Armenian convent of St. Lazarus, which no one who visits the city should fail to see. Foreigners do not so frequently go there as they would if access to it were not so difficult; it being upon an island some distance from the city. It is a convent, or monastery, of Capuchin Friars, who are learned Armenians, gathered from the east. Their pupils, of which there are sixty or seventy, are Persians, Armenians, and perhaps some Italians, but their worship differs little from the Catholic. Those who fancy the Armenians, Turks, Persians, and such barbarians, to be sunk in ignorance, would find the darkness fall from their own eyes very quick if they were to step from the gondola and be met by a pupil of this college, who conversed with perfect ease and elegance in six foreign languages besides his own, and was equally ready in his Latin and Greek. The printing establishment connected with this college is well deserving notice. I have before me a prayer book printed at this office, in twenty-four different languages.

I have visited two Italian lunatic asylums; one at Milan, and the other here. The one at Milan is pretty good. The one here is tolerably well managed, but is an old monastery reconstructed, and has many faults. The treatment is very mild and humane, although without much science. In Catholic countries,

charitable institutions, hospitals, &c. possess an advantage by being generally supplied with attendance from the convents and monasteries. One of the most depressing feelings I experienced in coming to Italy alone, was the possibility of being taken sick among strangers. This feeling has entirely disappeared since visiting some of the hospitals and lazarettos, and seeing the kind manner in which the sick are cared for by those angels of mercy, the "Sisters of Charity." The American consul, who is an Italian, is very civil and attentive. I have from him introductions to two of the leading physicians of Venice, and they have politely given me letters to the professors of the University of Padua, to which place I shall go on my departure. Travellers have no reason to complain of incivility in Italy, if Milan and Venice are specimens.

Everything which is worth while to see, is thrown open with the utmost liberality; and strangers are perpetually running over the palaces of the nobility, absolutely crowding the owner into one corner, and converting his house into a show-box.

The Italian bears upon his person evidence of total decay of hope for his poor country. He is unambitious, effeminate, and a much more willing slave than I had thought. He is quick of comprehension, and has an uncommon love of the ludicrous. Hence the excellence of their comic operas. Although in Italy, as in all countries in the world, there are persons of all shapes and sizes, yet there is a striking national figure, which, in a crowd of them, is always observed to predominate. In person he is five feet and eight inches, and will weigh not far from one hundred and fifty pounds. He is small about the waist, and disproportionally large about the hips and shoulders. His skin is not necessarily darker than that of other Europeans, but in the lower classes, who are much in the sun, an olive color is usually perceived. The great majority have black eyes, although a fine blue eye is not uncommon. I suspect the females of the better class are more secluded than is our custom. The orientalism of manners in this respect is especially

apparent. The ladies usually go to church three or four times a week, but the idea of church attendance in Italy is very far from that which we attach to such an act of worship. There is an intensity in the Catholic worship which no other form exhibits. No spectacle is more indicative of total abstraction from all earth, than the Italian lady at her devotions. Her ideas of the Deity and the incarnation are assisted by a contemplation of the finest conceptions of the subject that ever were brought to the eye through the pencil of genius. Every altar, and the shrine of every saint, has in the background some exquisite painting, and decidedly the most choice ones in Italy are those which have done or are still doing this kind of service.

VENICE, OCTOBER, 1850.

I must this morning leave Venice for Padua. My two companions have become so much charmed with this beautiful city, that they have concluded to remain longer. My desire is equally strong, but my time admits no such delay.

I leave Venice with much regret. There has been an uninterrupted succession of most beautiful and cloudless days, and the waters of the Adriatic have not shown a ruffle since I have been in town. I have seen Venice in all possible ways. I have seen the domes, spires and palaces glow with the first incense of sunrise, and have seen the sun throw its rays back from the west, upon the same scene of natural and architectural beauty. And I have, too, seen the full moon light up the same lovely scenery; and although I would be glad to see ten times as much of it, I could not expect again to see it under more pleasing aspects. I cannot be too glad that such has been the case, for from a child I loved the name of Venice, and in age I shall cling to its recollections as an exceeding bright spot in this world's experience.

Your very sincere friend.

LETTER No. 14.

PADUA, OCTOBER, 1850.

TO PROF. D. C———.

"Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavor of a man
In speed *from* (to) Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor ———,
And look what notes thereon he giveth thee."

Merchant of Venice.

In all my wanderings I have been looking forward to Padua as a kind of oasis in the pilgrimage, in which the gleanings, from the especial fitness of things, should be yours. Most old-world cities have some peculiar distinction; none are so well marked, so universally distinguishable, as that of Padua. In approaching her you feel you hat-brim widen, your air become pedantic, your step of measured length, and find yourself "speaking by the card."

From the remotest distance she stands up broadly against the sky, as "Padua the learned." You think of her as she was in the twelfth century, when such was the fame of her University that not only all Europe yielded the palm to her, but her benches were also thronged by Dalmatians, Turks, Persians and Arabians, and the inhabitants of the remotest East.

Nobles from all parts of Christendom were proud to acknowledge her their Alma Mater. Eighteen thousand students were at one time enrolled. Theology, Law and Medicine were the departments most flourishing. Of her glory in the latter branch she was much shorn by her upstart rival, Bologna; especially when the discoveries of Volta and Galvani attracted attention to that quarter.

The sixteenth century was the golden age of the University of Padua. Then Fallopius, Vesalius, and Fabricius ab Aquapedente, were the ornaments of the school. Morgagni sus-

tained its fame a few years later. It was the good fortune of Padua to profit first by the discoveries of Bacon, as it was her merit to appreciate their value in their application to medical investigation. Though deeply versed in the dogmas of Aristotle, she was the first to discard them in view of the superior excellence of the Baconian system.

Padua was the first university to overcome the prejudice against post-mortem investigations upon the human subject. She has the honor of having opened the first theatre for anatomical demonstration, while her botanical garden is the oldest in existence, and still one of the best. Another honor especially due to Padua is that of having made agriculture a science, and of having taught it a century before her example was followed by any other school in Europe.

The "model farm," which we think a cant phrase of our boasted age of improvement, was familiar to the Paduan lip three hundred years ago, and "analysis of soils," "rotation of crops," and "subsoil ploughing," may at the same time have been discussed and laid on the shelf, and their present resuscitation only be a revolution of the cycle of knowledge, which, according to the old philosophers, brings to the surface once in every few generations the rubbish of buried centuries.

The position of Padua is still creditable, notwithstanding she has been the parent of so many seminaries of learning. My visit was during vacation, and my letters were of little use. I saw the university, however, with its botanical garden and its very superior museum. In the court-yard are affixed on every side the armorial bearings of such of the students, of distinguished families, as have graduated at Padua. In the great hall are suspended the portraits of the professors. Those in the department of medicine alone form a gallery.

At Padua, Gallileo taught philosophy, although I think he invented the telescope at Florence. Here, too, lived Lewis Cornaro, the father of all such as, *es*chewing flesh, chew only bran bread,—who broke his bottle at fifty, dismissed his cooks, and lived a century, to attest the value of his own doctrines.

I thought many things in the university museum the best I had seen of their kind. The wet preparations, especially of the brain and nerves, suspended upon glass surfaces, were particularly good. Better and more minute dissections of the eye I have never seen. In one of the halls of osteology is a finely preserved specimen of the fossil macrocephalus, sixty feet in length.*

In the anatomical theatre, the descent, from the circumference of the room to the lecturer's chair, is so abrupt as to allow the students no room for sitting; they stand, leaning upon a railing, and look down upon the subject almost perpendicularly. The lecturer alone sits.

At a given signal from him, the subject rises through the floor, from the dissecting room beneath, like Samuel at the incantation of the witch of Endor, or like Banquo's ghost, to the dismay of the guilty Macbeth. I sat down in the lecturer's chair, and rose feeling much wiser at having literally succeeded Morgagni in the chair of anatomy in the University of Padua.

This ancient seat of learning, however, is as nothing, in the estimation of all good Catholics, compared with the shrine of St. Anthony, who was entombed here, and whose marble sarcophagus forms a conspicuous object in the church dedicated to him.

Addison, in speaking of the shrine of the saint in his day, says: "There are narrow clefts in the monument that stands over him, where good Catholics rub their beads and smell his bones, which they say have a natural perfume, though very like apoplectic balsam, and what would make one suspect that they rub the marble with it, it is observed that the smell is stronger at morning than at night."

Some of the miracles attributed to this saint are made the subjects of a series of sculpturings in bas relief upon the wall around the tomb; and however we may contemn the idea

* A similar specimen of the same may be seen at the Garden of Plants in Paris.

inculcated, we cannot fail to be moved by the exquisiteness of them as works of art. They are tableaux, where the nature of the accident in which the intercession of the saint was successfully sought, is brought to the eye in a manner extremely pathetic.

In one, for instance, a child has fallen from a height, and the father and mother, in an agony of grief, are bending over the lifeless and disfigured body, while friends from all directions are hurrying in with countenances expressive of pity and sympathy. In the next panel the scene is changed;—the saint has appeared, the child opens its eyes with a smile, and joy and gladness are beaming on all countenances.

This scene is but one ou of several. The figures are of nearly life-size, and they appeal alike to the high, from their excellent taste and finish, as works of the chisel; and to the humble, from the powerful yet simple manner in which faith in miraculous intervention is taught.

Those who have sought and found relief from accidents and diseases, have left souvenirs of various kinds. A pile of discarded crutches is an ill set-off to the magnificent bronze candelabras against which they are placed.

I have been in the church many times, and invariably find the shrine surrounded by suppliants of various grades, for themselves or others. First this morning came a well-dressed gentleman, who, having laid his pocket-handkerchief upon the pavement, so as not to soil his unmentionables, imprinted upon the tomb a genteel kiss, rose, and walked off with the satisfied air of a man who had performed a pious duty. He probably has interceded, as well as circumstances would allow, for the recovery of some maiden aunt whose heir he may become.

Next came two young persons, in humble dress, who bowed themselves below the altar, totally absorbed in the depth of their grief; and after a few moments in a devotional attitude, rose, reverentially kissed the tomb, and walked slowly out. Conjecture would be useless. Perhaps they left at home, writhing

upon its bed, the first and only pledge of their mutual affection, and when hope from all other sources abandoned them, they sought it here with faith and in tears. Judge them tenderly. At such times the wisest are as children, and the strong man and the sceptic are driven from the fortress of unbelief. You and I have seen at such moments credulities not half so rational nor half so becoming.

But here comes another. She is young, yet alone and in the sober garb of sorrow. With a half-suppressed sob she kneels at a distance. No desire for unworthy display—no mere formality of worship—has brought her hither. She bears perhaps upon an aching breast the image of a dying parent, whose bed she only leaves to pour out her soul in a petition to the good Saint Anthony, whose tender care for the afflicted faileth not. She, too, when her orison is over, presses her lips to the cold marble, and departs.

Let no impious railer, whatsoever his creed, mock a sentiment so pure, so holy! The heart which responds not with kindred sympathy, is all marble;—the lip which would curl in a sneer at the exercise of such a faith, has been schooled in the uttering of blasphemy!

But here comes another, who is himself the sufferer. Borne between two, he approaches with eye intent upon the last refuge of his hope—straining every line of his vision toward the goal of his anticipation, as did the bitten ones in the desert upon the brazen emblem of redemption. He clasps the coffin with his hands, and presses lips, brow, cheek and breast, again and again, on the inanimate stone. Many are gazing on him as he wrestles in agony to gain the interference of the saint. He heeds it not—he knows it not; it is *life! life!* what will not a man do for his life!

Gold and silver lamps perpetually burn before this holy place of the Catholic faith, to which pilgrims come from great distances, doubtless with rich gifts.*

* St. Anthony was a Portuguese, of noble family and great sanctity. He

I must pass hastily from Padua before I am able to speak of many things, the sight of which has given me pleasure. To

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was shipwrecked on the coast of Italy while going to Africa, where he intended to become a martyr to the Christian faith. He preached with great success in various parts of Italy, and died at Padua A. D. 1231.

Many miracles were attributed to him, which are detailed in a book of legends of much Italian celebrity. An extract from it, containing his "Discourse to the Fishes," is too good not to be generally known, and I am thus induced to give it.

"When the heretics would not regard his preaching, he betook himself to the sea-shore, where the river Marecchia disembogues itself into the Adriatic. He here called the fish together in the name of God, that they might hear his holy word. The fish came swimming towards him in such vast shoals, both from the sea and from the river, that the surface of the water was quite covered with their multitudes. They quickly ranged themselves, according to their several species, into a beautiful congregation, and, like so many rational creatures, presented themselves before him to hear the word of God. St. Antonio was so struck with the miraculous obedience and submission of these poor animals, that he found a secret sweetness distilling upon his soul, and, at last, addressed himself to them in the following words:

'Although the infinite power and providence of God (my dearly beloved fish) discovers itself in all the works of his creation, as in the heavens, in the sun, in the moon, and in the stars, in this lower world, in man, and in other perfect creatures; nevertheless, the goodness of the Divine Majesty shines out in you more eminently, and appears after a more particular manner, than in any other created beings; for, notwithstanding you are comprehended under the name of *reptiles*, partaking of a middle nature between stones and beasts, and imprisoned in the deep abyss of waters; notwithstanding you are tossed among billows, thrown up and down by tempests, deaf to hearing, dumb to speech, and terrible to behold; notwithstanding, I say, these natural disadvantages, the Divine Greatness shows itself in you in a very wonderful manner. In you are seen the mighty mysteries of an Infinite Goodness. The holy scripture has always made use of you as the types and shadows of some profound sacrament.

'Do you think that, without a mystery, the first present that God Almighty made to man, was of you, O ye fishes? Do you think that without a mystery, among all creatures and animals which were appointed for sacrifices, you only were excepted, O ye fishes? Do you think there was nothing meant by our Saviour, Christ, that, next to the paschal lamb, he took pleasure in the food of you, O ye fishes? Do you think it was by mere chance, that, when the Redeemer of the world was to pay a tribute to

one interested in the fine arts, Giotto's chapel well repays a visit. Its walls are covered with paintings in fresco, five cen-

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Cæsar, he thought fit to find it in the mouth of a fish? These are all of them so many mysteries and sacraments, that oblige you in a more particular manner to the praises of your Creator.

'It is from God, my beloved fish, that you have received being, life, motion, and sense. It is he that has given you, in compliance with your natural inclinations, the whole world of waters for your habitation. It is he that has furnished it with lodgings, chambers, caverns, grot os, and such magnificent retirements as are not to be met with in the seats of kings or in the palaces of princes! You have the water for your dwelling; a clear transparent element, brighter than crystal; you can see from its deepest bottom everything that passes on its surface; you have the eyes of a lynx, or of an argus; you are guided by a secret and unerring principle, delighting in everything that may be beneficial to you, and avoiding everything that may be hurtful; you are carried on by a hidden instinct to preserve yourselves, and to propagate your species; you obey, in all your actions, works and motives, the dictates and suggestions of nature, without the least repugnancy or contradiction.

'The colds of winter and the heats of summer are equally incapable of molesting you. A serene or a clouded sky are indifferent to you. Let the earth abound in fruits, or be cursed with scarcity, it has no influence on your welfare. You live secure in rains and thunders, lightnings and earthquakes; you have no concern in the blossoms of spring, or in the glowings of summer; in the fruits of autumn, or in the frosts of winter. You are not solicitous about hours or days, months or years, the variableness of the weather, or the change of seasons.'

'In what dreadful majesty, in what wonderful power, in what amazing providence, did God Almighty distinguish you among all the species of creatures that perished in the universal deluge? You only were insensible of the mischief that had laid waste the whole world.

'All this, as I have already told you, ought to inspire you with gratitude and praise towards the Divine Majesty, that h s done so great things for you; granted you such particular graces, and heaped upon you so many distinguished favors. And since, for all this, you canno employ your tongues in the praises of your Benefactor, and are not provided with words to express your gratitude, make at least some sign of reverence; bow yourselves at his name; give some show of gratitude, according to the best of your capacities; express your thanks in the most becoming manner that you are able, and be not unmindful of all the benefits he has bestowed upon you.'

turies and a half old. "The Last Judgment," which occupies one end, perhaps gave the pen of Dante inspiration in composing the "Inferno," and may also have served as Michael Angelo's original for his celebrated painting upon the same subject in the Vatican at Rome.

Padua has boasted for centuries of having within her city the largest hall in the world unsupported by brace or pillar. It is a monster. I could imagine many a Yankee friend who would rapturously exclaim, in view of its unbroken amplitude—"What a glorious place to hold town-meetin' in!" At one end stands a colossal wooden horse, as large almost as its Trojan ancestor.

The face of the country in this portion of Italy, although undiversified in surface, is pleasing, from its fertility and the excellence of much of its cultivation. The vine, which is now just in maturity for the vintage, is trellised from tree to tree with apparently little attention. Maize, which is little known in northern Europe, here becomes a favorite grain. I tarried two days at Verona, pleased with its amphitheatre, the work of the Romans, and still in good preservation. From the top the view was magnificent, with the snowy Alps on the north, and the plains of Italy at my feet.

I saw the alleged tomb of Juliet, and think I met a genuine descendent of Launce, with Crab at his heels, looking not much the worse for his age.

Most respectfully yours, &c.

"He had no sooner done speaking, but behold a miracle! The fish, as though they had been endued with reason, bowed down their heads with all the marks of profound humility and devotion, moving their bodies up and down with a kind of fondness, as approving what had been spoken by the blessed Father St. Antonio."

The legend adds that, "after many heretics, who were present at the miracle, had been converted by it, the saint gave his benediction to the fish, and dismissed them."

LETTER No. 15.

FERRARA, OCTOBER, 1850.

TO HON. C. H. P———.

Picture me, at two o'clock, P. M., with passport properly inspected by the lynx-eyed police, rolling away from Padua in a vehicle, hired jointly with an English gentleman and his lady, with the stipulation carefully inserted in the contract, that carriage, horses, and driver, were at our disposal to Ferrara, with a digression to Arqua, and all for the sum of ten *scudi*, with a *buonamano* to the postillion.

This contract, made certain by the familiarity of the lady with Italian, required to be sealed and carefully attested by all the contracting parties. All was subject of especial treaty, except the buonamano, which corresponds with the *drink-gelt* of the Dutchman, or Pat's "*something to drink yer honor's health with.*"

The wily Italian in his bargain always leaves something unprovided for,—something upon which knavery can hang an extortion. Supper of eggs, tea, and bread and butter, being provided for by written contract, woe be to the wight who admits proposals for another dish, albeit forced upon him by his host. It converts the bargain before made into a nullity, and the victim only gets laughed at in attempts at remonstrance.

I just mentioned that my travelling companions were English. The Englishman resident and the Englishman migratory are two animals, totally changed in nature. At home he is a close prisoner—a very slave—and that, too, in shackles which bind him stronger than iron bands,—the shackles of an artificial society, from the despotism of which he can hope for no emancipation. He cannot rise a grade, from the very instinct in others which leads him to shun the touch of those beneath him. The air of the Continent emancipates him, and he im-

mediately becomes the very prince of good fellows, save when the momentary idea appals him that he may, among the throng whom he meets abroad, speaking his own language, admit the approach of his own or somebody else's tailor. This phantom ever haunts him. Companionship he wants, but the sight of his own countrymen he abhors. Those who have shared on the "fast anchored isle" his captivity, he detests as figures in a hateful association.

To approach him when abroad, with a view of making his acquaintance, would be the extreme of temerity. None but a simpleton would do it; it gives him an opportunity to "cut" his presumptuous victim; an operation in which he both excels and exults. An American is to him always a safe, and, in fact, desirable acquaintance; yet, if you wish to enjoy the good things that are in him, he must be angled for with more care than Izak Walton inculcates in his treatise upon trout-fishing. There is in his nature a good deal of adhesiveness. His solitary habits of eating his dinner and drinking his ale are all traits of the Englishman resident.

The German and Italian *table d'hôte* he admires, yet he would as soon think of surrendering *Magna Charta* as of adopting it at home. Pat's advice in driving a pig is not bad, "an ye wish him to go to Cork, be sure ye turn his head toward Dublin." Shun him a little—preserve in your intercourse with him a gentle *hauteur*,—and he is sure to approach you in a manner to make him your most valuable travelling companion; for he is intelligent, honest, and, while no country can produce so complete a coxcomb, none also can produce so thorough a gentleman as his.

Having thus digressed somewhat too far in regard to a class of whom my present travelling companions were most pleasant specimens, let us look for a moment at the "set out" in which our joint fortunes are borne.

The *vetturino*, or driver, deserves especial notice. He wears a shining leather hat, generally too large, decorated with a fad-

ed cockade, and tied beneath his chin for security. His coat, with a half military look, is lavishly trimmed with red and yellow cloth. It is obviously too small for his present state, and your ideas of the future in regard to it are measured totally by the hopefulness of your temperament. If you are sanguine, you may set it down as a coat in a transition state—nascent from spencerhood; and may hope that the caudal rudiment, now a mere bud, will blossom into a full grown skirt; but this hope is too generally defeated by the obvious age of the garment.

You would think the coats of the vetturini made for an extinct generation, somewhat smaller than any existing race. Of a hundred of these worthies, I never saw one whose coat appeared new. The breeches, equally ancient, almost wholly disappear in the abysses of a pair of enormous jack-boots, so capacious, that did not the legs, by a fortunate junction prevent, you fear the necessity of seeking for your man in their mysterious depths. His horses look as if "given over," abandoned, and pensioned as superannuated, but yet had been, upon a pinch, brought out for "positively the last appearance." You are reminded of the note-worthy animal behind which the Pickwick club first excursionized. Admitting the truth of the doctrine of Transmigration, they would be fit receptacles for the shades of their merciless drivers.

The wretch whom I have described as the driver, seats himself upon the near horse of each pair, and is armed with a short but heavy and cruelly knotted whip. This *knout* he plies upon the resounding sides of the wretched animals, looking back upon you after every infliction, as if sure of your nod of approbation; evidently conceiving that you are about to proportion the amount of your buonamano to his zeal with the scourge; which you, if humane, heartily wish could fall, at least half the time, upon his own shoulders. When the rascal approaches you for his pittance, which falls due at the expiration of every *post*, he rubs the right shoulder with a piteously imploring air, as if to show the sacrifices made in promoting your progress.

As for vehicles, you would think that by some new law of gravity, all the cast-off go-carts of creation had settled into Italy. No instrument of volvular progression was ever invented of which Italy will not furnish you a sample,—yet never a whole one. To break down is the "common lot." To repair vehicle or harness is to be thought of only after the accident; never in anticipation of it.

Thus accompanied, mounted, drawn and driven, at two o'clock of a sunny afternoon, as I just told you, I was bidding Padua adieu by the gate which looketh southward.

The population is here more dense than I have seen, and the soil evidently more fertile. The scenery soon loses the flatness common to Lombardy, and the Euganean hills begin to rise in the distance toward the south. The castle of the family of the Obizzi is a conspicuous object near the road. It is the finest affair I have seen in which to give habitation to the creations of the imagination. Vaulted apartments, secret passages, subterranean dungeons, and old and defaced frescos upon the walls of the vast apartments, are still decaying monuments of the age of chivalry and rapine. Mrs. Radcliffe or Monk Lewis would have revelled in such a field of gloomy fancy. A road from Montselice winds up the hills to Arqua, famed as the place of the last residence, death and sepulture of Petrarch.

The village of Arqua is situated upon the northern side of an elevation commanding a fine prospect. The house of the poet, which, from its appearance, once belonged to some person of distinction, is kept in good repair, notwithstanding its extreme age. The poet's chair, table, and inkstand occupy the same room in which he is said to have died; having been found in the morning lifeless, with his head composedly lying upon his folded arms on the table. From the principal window in this apartment the view commanded is extremely pleasing. Two conical hills, with the walls of a convent looking out through a grove of olives upon the summit of one of them, and the intervening valley, with the distant Adriatic faintly discern-

ible toward the east, with the quiet of such a retreat, were fit attractions for the bruised spirit of the poet-statesman. The tomb ornaments the small church-yard of the village, with his bust.

Few poets of the olden time have descended to us with a fame so lustrous as Petrarch. Considering the fact that the passion which called his muse into being was, according to our code, illicit, this must only be taken as collateral proof of the corruption of society in the fourteenth century, when the acknowledged pride of his age, the profound philosopher and the companion of princes; he whose efforts brought about a unity of the divided succession of St. Peter, was tainted with blemishes which would now effect his exclusion from society.

The album kept in the house of Petrarch is interesting, from the multitudes from all climes who have thus attested their homage to the genius of the place. It is happily commended to the wayfarer in a brief stanza:

> "Tu che devoto al sagro albergo arrivi,
> Ove s'aggira ancor l'ombra immortale
> Di chi un di vi depose il corpo frale,
> La Patria, il nome, il sensi tuoi qui scrive."*

An album, while it catches names and sentiments, and sometimes even nourishes into a transient existence an occasional poetical abortion, is also an excellent catch-all of the small traits of nationality which insensibly fall from travellers. A glance over the tribute which a Frenchman makes to the picturesque, will show in the jerks of his admiration the underscored climax: "*superbe!*" "*magnifique!!*" "*celeste!!!*" An Englishman, on the contrary, when similarly affected, coolly

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* Thou, who with pious footsteps lov'st to trace
The honored precincts of this sacred place,
Where still the immortal spirit hovers near
Of him, who left his fleshly burden here,
Inscribe thy name, thy country, and impart
The new emotions that expand thy heart.

launches forth his favorite superlative:—"*It's altogether a very nice thing :*"—while Jonathan, vainly striving to bring the picture up to his national idea of the magnificent, at length breaks silence with his great summing up:—"*It's e'en a'most equal to Niaggary.*"

The quiet beauty of Arqua was indeed the most fit scene to behold the decline and death of the poet, if indeed the term death can apply to the repose of the *material*, while the *spiritual* continues yet to inhabit all nature, and is our instructor in that high knowledge, which

> "Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Petrarch in his passion for Laura seems never to have transcended propriety. The lady in the case was merely the embodiment of the qualities which he wished to express in his verse; for if the alleged originals of Petrarch and Laura in the Manfrini Palace at Venice are reliable, neither appear capable of any other love than the "love platonical." Yet this attachment, as hopeless as it was blamable, exalted his genius, softened his heart, refined his language, and thus conferred honor upon the literature of his country. It is enough to say, that, of Petrarch the poet, we know comparatively nothing, because the refinements of his verse are lost in their change from the mellifluous original to the harsh Anglo-Saxon tongue. Its influence, however, could not have failed in being chiefly instrumental in making love an exalted passion; and we can imagine it to have raised woman from the state of degradation in which the birth of Petrarch found her, to the position which she has ever since maintained, and to have given the new institution of Chivalry its noblest incentive. We may be ignorant of the language by which this Orpheus tamed the fierce spirit of his time, but all history points at the happy revolution as coëval with the utterance of his humanizing strains.

The road from Montselice southward is flat and monotonous. The deadness of the level and the luxuriance of vegetation

keep malaria perpetually in the process of formation, and the marks of its noxious influence upon the unfortunate inhabitants are but too apparent. Most Italian rivers bear in their currents immense quantities of the detritus from the mountains in which they have their source. These sediments fill the beds of the streams, and at their mouths new lands are constantly being formed; leaving towns and cities which were anciently upon the sea shore, many miles inland. The river bed is filled in process of time, and the periodical freshets utterly inundate the country. Artificial embankments consequently are an expensive burden upon the inhabitants, which require constant addition to keep pace with the increased deposit. This evil, and its consequent remedy, makes the streams appear to flow upon the top of an artificial mole, with fields, houses and villages much below their surface level. None of these rivers are so cruel in their devastations as the Po and the Adige, which drain all of Italy between the Alps and the Appennines, and the floods common to both streams are sudden and overwhelming.

Rovigo is a small town, lying midway between the two rivers. It is distinguishable by nothing of which I am aware, save that on the night of the —th inst. I lodged there. How long the town will continue to plume itself upon the honor, I am too modest to conjecture. It was late in the evening when we reached the hospitable inn. Giving the *vetturino* a lira, as "indemnity for the past and security for the future"—excellent policy in Italy—I jumped from the vehicle, and, having supped, was in a few moments, regardless of luggage and the morrow, in the arms of the murky deity of the night.

The entailment of a sleep-breaking profession has inured me to interruptions of slumber by all kinds of night assaults upon door and shutter, but has never taught me, while at home, to map out, in the first confusion of waking, the topography of my sleeping apartment. From first to last, it was my remediless destiny to smite my defenceless toes upon the bed-post, or thrust

my knuckles through the looking-glass, in search of the door handle which had an existence on the other side of the room. In a foreign land, in a room strange and misshapen, the most hasty night-summons always finds me, albeit in total darkness, with a chart of locations and distances so unerring that I am never a groper.

At dead of night, a crash, and a vague feeling of having got a cold bath without a prescription, brought me to my feet. The window, which, according to the manner of the country, is of door size, and opens upon a balcony without, had been blown in amidst a torrent of rain, with wind, thunder and lightning, allowing Boreas with his locks all dripping to make a thoroughfare of my apartment. From the balcony over the street I saw Rovigo by the fitful lightning, catching for an instant a vivid glimpse of a campanile-tower, a church spire, or a perspective of white houses, displayed along the narrow street, when the glare of the lightning rent asunder the black curtain of night. For half an hour the clamor of the elements was fearful, and produced consternation among the timid, who were running from door to door, in various modes of dress and undress, vociferating as if in antagonism to the rattle of the thunder. That is all I saw of Rovigo. Were it not for the scene so kindly got up at midnight, I should have been obliged to record against the blank of its experience, "stat nominis umbra," for I arrived in the darkness and departed from the town before the morning dawned.

Towards noon the towers, walls and gates of Ferrara were slowly rising over the plain. We crossed the Po by a *ponte volante*—an excellent arrangement, by which, in a bridgeless river, a boat, moored by a rope attached far up stream, moves across by the oblique action of the current against its sides.

Ferrara is one of the gates of the dominions of the Pope. A guard was set over our luggage while we were yet in the boat, and a squad of lusty porters stood ready upon the shore to convey it to the Dogana upon the top of the bank.

If the subordinates of His Holiness are always as civil as the polite officer who passed our baggage under his inspection, they have been much belied. Not only did he not require or expect the usual placebo, but even threw in much extra civility utterly gratis. I found, on hunting up the day of the week, (a loss by no means uncommon in Italy,) that it was Sunday. All Ferrara "and his wife" were in the streets. We drove to the La Corona; not the best hotel, but, as it proved, pretty good. The stairway was as usual decorated with the tablets of previous noble visitors. My room was very good,—the best in the house—and the young host solicitously attentive. As usual, not a female domestic to be seen. Cooks, scullions, chamber*maids*, &c. all men, a general Italian custom. Occasionally the chamber work is done by one of the draped sex, but she is ever as ugly as the witches of Macbeth.

Dinner over, I was a wanderer in this strange, most melancholy city. Ferrara frowns repulsively from behind gloomy walls and massive, inhospitable gates. The city has a *characterless* look. In the square about the old cathedral, throngs of people were gathered in their holiday attire, generally orderly and civil, while a few steps toward the outskirts all appeared desolate and forsaken. I sought out the hospital of St. Anne's and the cell of Tasso. Everybody seemed to know the object of my search, for what else calls an *ultramontano* to Ferrara?*

Beneath the large building, walled up in the arches on which

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* "I make
A future temple of my present cell,
Which nations yet shall visit for my sake;
While thou, Ferrara, when no longer dwell
The ducal chiefs within thee, shall fall down,
And crumbling piece-meal, view thy heartless halls,
A poet's wreath shall be thy only crown,
A poet's dungeon thy most far renown,
While strangers gaze on thy unpeopled walls."
[*Lament of Tasso.*

it rests, are ranges of cells, each with an oaken door and a window at its side, looking into the space between the two opposite ranges—the window heavily grated with iron. One of these, having an inscription over the door, tradition declares to have been the place of Tasso's confinement. It is spacious enough within, but dark, damp and chilly,—having only the hard ground for a floor.

How much liquid (in tears and ink) has been shed over the memory of poor Tasso! A most sweet poet—whose strains, sometimes like the clangor of a trumpet, fill the breast with thoughts of emulous strife, and again lull the spirit and soften the heart by touching the most delicate chords of human passion; whose notes still find echo in every breast in Christendom, here languished out some of the most precious years of his manhood's prime. Is it a wonder that the opprobrium of centuries has rested upon the selfish Alphonso, who suffered the ornament of his court and the rescuer of his own name from oblivion, to tenant a dungeon?

Whether the imprisonment of Tasso was a selfish piece of policy in the Duke of Este, to retain at his court the first luminary of the age, or a step taken to punish his presumptuous advance in the affections of the fair Leonora, by an allegation of insanity; or, whether, on the other hand, insanity did exist, and the seclusion of the poet was a necessary procedure, have been from that time to the present mooted points, which have elicited much angry controversy. Conjecture, discussion, and reproach are alike useless at this age of the dispute.

A poor poet, wailing from a dungeon, the keys of which are held by a proud and despotic prince, in strains so sweet as to pervade all the fountains of language which gushed forth at that peculiar period, is a powerful suppliant for the suffrages of posterity; and it is by no means strange that succeeding poets are successively taking up, in terms of no measured condemnation, the cause of the wronged Tasso.

I think something should be said upon the other side. Is it

probable that a politic prince, who found himself in possession of such a jewel, would have resorted to any measures of deliberate cruelty to elicit from him strains of sweeter laudation? Would he not much more probably have played the Mecænas, and have won the immortalizing breath of his muse by an exercise of the most courtly hospitality? No biography of Tasso has appeared, with any claim to authenticity, from which we cannot draw inferences of his decided insanity. The manifestations of disease have known no change with the lapse of ages; and no one, familiar with the subject, who acquaints himself with the hallucinations which peopled the poet's brain, and were frequently alluded to in his correspondence, would doubt that their operation upon a mind so susceptible would produce exhibitions of aberration sufficient to justify some kind of seclusion.

That Tasso was for some years under some kind of confinement in the Hospital of St. Anne, is unquestioned; that he was for any length of time confined in the cell shown for generations as the "Cell of Tasso," is perfectly absurd, and I think is declared so by others who have taken pains to investigate its probability.

Cowper, Beattie and Lamb were poets closely akin to Tasso in mental texture. Each was insane—the former the inmate of a madhouse. Madness is not a spectre which universally follows the footsteps of genius, yet it must be admitted that a certain kind of genius is its favorite prey. Of this kind was the genius of Tasso. There is no one at this day, having the charge of lunatics, who has not thrust into his hand every week of his life poetry closely resembling the canzoni of Tasso; differing, indeed, only in degrees of excellence. The "Jerusalem Delivered" is not of this cast, yet the critical observer will detect close points of resemblance between this, the "Task," and the "Minstrel."

There is nothing very doubtful or very repugnant to our feelings in the belief, even that Tasso may at times have been,

in the homely language of the Massachusetts statute, "so furiously mad as to be dangerous to be at large," and for a short period to have been the tenant of the cell shown as his. Yet this was not especially fitted up for his reception, for it is one of a range evidently appropriated to the violent lunatics.

The American and the Italian lunatic exhibit the same manifestations of disease differing *toto cœlo* from the lunatic of other parts of Continental Europe. Yet every hospital for these unfortunates in America has special apartments equally strong with the immortal cell of Tasso; changed only by the same advancement in humanity which has changed all kindred things; but which, nevertheless, have, to my certain knowledge, been tenanted by those who have actually written and published books of verse. The subject was admirably adapted to call out a burst of indignation from the noble author of Childe Harold, who, however, cared not a straw for the matter save for its poetical effect.

But I have unconsciously drawn you into the hearing of an essay which I fear "smells of the shop," or, to use a technicality of the bar, is the testimony of an *expert*.

Subscribing in the porch of the hospital to the fund for the erection of Tasso's monument at Rome, I made an evening's stroll about the city. The huge castle, surrounded by a moat nearly filled with water, and made strikingly bold by a high, square tower at each of its corners, stands upon a slight elevation, from which broad and straight avenues extend to the gates of the city. Pursuing one of these I soon found myself, although in a street lined by lofty houses and palaces, in utter solitude. No lights shone from the windows; no carriage wheels rattled on the pavement. I was absolutely startled by the sound of my own footsteps. I returned to the castle, for there are hardly any cross-streets, and pursued another radius, until it led me again into the same architectural desolation. A hundred thousand people, who once thronged these silent courts and squares, have now dwindled to a fourth of the number.

Stepping into a *caf*è near the castle, I ordered "*caff*è *e' latte*," and while indulging in the luxury, a silent stranger among the throng who filled the apartment, felt truly what it is to be *alone*.

Provided with a *cicerone*, in the morning I was wending my way to the public library. With much ceremony the *custode* threw open the shutters and showed the imprisoned tomes in their white vellum bindings, as fresh as if just transferred from the binder's hands. The collection of illuminated missals and choir-books is rich beyond compare, but the gems of the library are the manuscripts of Ariosto and Tasso.

The "Jerusalem Delivered," which is kept with great care in a casket of its own, is filled with characteristic annotations in the author's own hand, made during his imprisonment. Opening another small apartment, the *custode* brought forward the manuscript of Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," and exhibited his arm-chair and ink-stand, on the lid of which a bronze Cupid stands with finger on his lip in the attitude of invoking silence. In law, medicine, and general science, Ferrara has made rich contributions. There are, I apprehend, few cities in the Old World where the antiquary would be better repaid for his researches.

On leaving the library I bent my steps towards the castle, to witness the scene of an ancient domestic tragedy, which the pen of genius has made familiar to all who read the English classics. In reaching it, I crossed again the square of the cathedral. It was evidently some "festa," for the population seemed crowded into this area. At one extremity a mountebank was selling amulets, the virtues of which he was vociferating with his whole strength of lungs to a motley crowd, with whom he appeared driving a brisk trade. At a little distance, a juggler, with a cloth painted with cabalistic characters spread before him, and covered with cards, cups, eggs and plates, was practising feats of legerdemain, while occasional bursts of broad laughter marked the issue of some of his buffooneries and practical jokes. On a rope issuing from one of the upper

windows of a lofty house, and extending into the square, a rope-dancer was posturing, to the infinite amusement of the gaping crowd below him.

Then all this hilarity was interrupted. Closely veiled in black, from small holes in which two sharp eyes were visible, a priest or monk passed through the crowd, shaking, upon the end of a staff, a tin box, bawling out in a deep, nasal tone, "*limosina, pro amor Dei!*"

In the centre of the square was a spectacle perfectly Homeric, which interested me more than all the others. An old blind man, evidently "an honest, exceeding poor man," and his son, had called a crowd about them by the not unmusical beat of a small drum suspended from the neck of the elder. Before them was spread a large painted cloth, compassing some square yards, divided into ten or twelve compartments, each containing in rude painting a scene of the melo-drama which both commenced chanting by the accompaniment of the drum, while the father with his staff, notwithstanding his blindness, designated on the painting each scene, as it was sung in the verse. The subject was, an attack of Turkish robbers upon a gentleman and his daughter—a rescue, by the timely arrival of a band headed by a handsome lieutenant—a *denouement* of some sort—several other hair-breadth escapes, the whole terminated by a wedding, of course. After thus reciting this canzonetta, it was cried for sale about the circle, the whole twenty verses to be had on a printed sheet for half a baioccho.

There is more, thought I, in this humble street melody than at first appears. If society was in its forming state, what happy auguries might not be cherished at such an indication of the advance of national literature and taste! In this garb and this style did Homer, in the very dawn of letters, sing the wrath of Juno and the sack of Troy. Literary declension throws back on society much the same degree of light as it catches from literary advance. While all the light of his age irradiated from the person of the blind old Theban, here are the sons of

those among whom Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto and Tasso walked, listening greedily to such doggerel as this, while ignorant, perhaps, of the very names of those whose manuscripts bring to Ferrara beholders from every clime.

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O Imagination, what an enchanter art thou! How thine influence, working in these bosoms of ours, softens the heart to the reception of a thousand golden impressions otherwise lost! How thou standest at the porches of sense, and welcomest ten thousand shining visitors to enter and dwell within us, who had else gone by us as by a dreary habitation! With thee as a bosom guest, how warm and glowing all within; how shining and celestial all without! Thy voice bids gloomy things to shine as the sun, and it is obeyed; it says to the naked and hungry things of earth, "be ye fed and be ye clothed," and straightway they are full, and clad in the vestment of the skies!

These thoughts had possession of me, as I heard, while continuing my walk to the castle once tenanted by the lordly dukes of Este, the chime of those bells which may perhaps have rung in the ear of the poet a strain as plaintive as the dirge of the departed:

"The convent bells are ringing,
But mournfully and slow,
In their square, gray turret swinging,
With a deep sound to and fro;
Heavily to the heart they go;
Hark! the hymn is singing—
The song for the dead below,
Or the living, who shortly shall be so."

At the foot of one of the towers are the dungeons in which were confined Ugo and Parisina, and in a corner, now walled up from view, stood the block upon which they were executed. Lighted by a torch, I descended into these dungeons, being obliged to creep through two trap doors to reach them. It is a horrible place—far worse than the dungeons in the Doge's

Palace at Venice, which were bad enough. I have never before seen such an instance where the truth was more startling than the creations of the imagination. We know more of this dark tragedy through Lord Byron's poem of "Parisina," than any other source, yet the simple language of Dr. Frizzi, in his History of Ferrara, is much more graphic.*

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* "It was there, in the prisons of the castle, and exactly in those frightful dungeons which are seen at this day beneath the chamber called the Aurora, at the foot of the Lion's Tower, at the top of the street Giovecca, that on the night of the twenty-first of May were beheaded, first Ugo, and afterwards Parisina.

"Zoese, he that accused her, conducted the latter under his arm to the place of punishment. She all along fancied that she was to be thrown into a pit, and asked at every step whether she was yet come to the spot. She was told that her punishment was the axe. She inquired what was become of Ugo, and received for answer that he was already dead; at the which, sighing grievously, she exclaimed, 'Now, then, I wish not myself to live;' and, being come to the block, she stripped herself with her own hands of all her ornaments, and wrapping a cloth around her head, submitted to the fatal stroke which terminated the cruel scene. The same was done with Rangoni, who, together with the others, according to two calendars in the library of St. Francesco, was buried in the cemetery of that convent. Nothing else is known respecting the women.

"The Marquis kept watch the whole of that dreadful night, and, as he was walking backwards and forwards, inquired of the captain of the castle if Ugo was dead yet? who answered him, Yes. He then gave himself up to the most desperate lamentations, exclaiming, 'O that I too were dead, since I have been hurried on to resolve thus against my own Ugo!' And then, gnawing with his teeth a cane which he had in his hand, he passed the rest of the night in sighs and tears, calling frequently upon his own dear Ugo. On the following day, calling to mind that it would be necessary to make public his justification, seeing that the transaction could not be kept secret, he ordered the narrative to be drawn out upon paper, and sent it to all the courts of Italy."

[*Frizzi's History of Ferrara.*

LETTER No. 16.

FLORENCE, OCTOBER, 1850.

TO MRS. M———.

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I shut my eyes to the quantity and hooded my imagination to the quality of certain manuscript which I sent from Ferrara to C——. The day occupied in reaching Bologna was among the most pleasant of the season. A warm haze enriched the atmosphere, and the temperature was that of a New-England September. The same monotony of landscape, the same canals and rows of poplars lining the road, which runs for miles most painfully rectilinear, extend from Ferrara to the city of sausage celebrity. I had a solitary companion in the coupeè—a gentleman, something past middle age, who reminded me, by the benevolence of his countenance and the kindliness of his manner, of the late Professor Oliver, of Hanover. I enjoyed his company, or, rather, his silence, for twelve or fifteen miles, when he alighted at a mansion which indicated wealth and taste in the midst of its decay; for marble statues surmounted the wall and gate-ways, and broken monuments and fountains, whose occupation was gone, looked out from the desolation of the garden.

His arrival was evidently expected. Three or four children ran to meet him at the gate—capering up and down with ecstacy. Kisses were exchanged with the matronly looking personage who met him on the threshold, and another, who, from a humbler dress I took to be a servant-girl, reverentially kissed his hand—a kind of salutation which I observe to be frequent.

The day terminated with gathered clouds and rain, which has continued, with hardly a remission, to this moment. Bologna is, however, the best of all cities in which to spend rainy

days. Every side-walk is an arcade. The second story of the houses (connected in blocks,) rests on massive pillars, thus projecting over the head of the foot-passenger, who in wet weather suffers no exposure. Bologna has little of interest in itself. I stopped a few moments, with head thrown far back, to look up at the leaning towers of Asinelli and Garisenda, which extend into the clouds to a vast elevation, and appear as if just ready to topple down headlong; yet they stand as they have stood for eight hundred years.

They must have been old in Dante's time, who alludes to them in the Inferno:

> "as appears
> The tower of Garisenda from beneath,
> When it doth lean, if chance a passing cloud
> So sail across, that opposite it hangs."
>
> *Hell*, XXXIst *Canto.*

A fountain adorns the chief public square, on which figures a majestic Neptune, who must be sadly athirst, for I saw no water. This fountain was among the numberless benefactions of Saint Charles Borromeo.

The chief modern distinction of Bologna to the traveller, is the celebrity given its gallery of paintings, from the presence of some of the choicest productions of Guido's pencil, and the "St. Cecelia" of Raphael. Here I felt for the first time the full power of those mighty men of old, and comprehended the spirit which once existed among a people whose national genius has now fallen into the "sear and yellow leaf."

The "Crucifixion" and the "Sampson" of Guido made impressions upon me which I think can never be effaced. To talk of pictures would be the *entree* upon a subject which would be tedious to you; but the Sampson is such a fine specimen of beautiful anatomy, that if it afforded no higher pleasure than to witness the artist's full appreciation of a perfect human model, would be worth long study. The Avenger of Israel has completed the slaughter of the Philistines, who are lying in heaps about him. The shadows of night are just throwing a softened

dimness over the whole, while the principal figure stands in a fuller light in the foreground, slaking his thirst at the miraculous fountain which gushes forth in his hand. But the work in the gallery which fixes itself most firmly upon the memory, is the St. Cecelia of Raphael. I saw in the Brera at Milan one of the works of Raphael—the "Marriage of Joseph"—whose apparent stiffness disappointed me. I had begun to regard the praise which artists and professed amateurs lavished upon the "divine Raphael" as mere cant. The incomparable something, (divinity, I think we must call it,) which completely entrances every beholder of the St. Cecelia, is enough to overturn all scepticism.

St. Cecelia was the patroness of music, and in the picture a choir of angels has descended, who have caught up the unfinished strain which is just dying away upon her lips, to which she, with harp just drooping from her hands, stands listening with devotional astonishment. The holy beauty of that uplifted countenance is utterly beyond conception. I returned again and again to look at it, until I trust the image is indelible. You feel, while in the room which contains it, in the presence of the beautiful—"a beauty which descends about you like a shower; that warms, and fructifies, and clothes, even the most barren and stony places of the soul with verdure." Imitation of this is a vain attempt. A crowd of artists were about it, taking copies, which only served to throw greater lustre upon the original.

The perfection of the picture would almost sanction the oft repeated declaration, that the Saint herself appeared to the painter at dead of night, and that the lustre of her countenance so completely filled his soul that his canvass caught the celestial idea. There was poetry in the thought, and the profound impression of the picture gave it some utterance.

THE VISION OF RAPHAEL.

'Twas thus o'er Raphael's sleep-forsaken bed
Cecelia's face celestial radiance shed,

As, slowly beaming on his raptured sight,
Her saintly form stood robed in heavenly light.
His vision ravished, and his spirit fired,—
His nature's heaven-born gift anew inspired,—
Conception, feeling, passion, madly sprung
To catch the holy vision as it hung.
How, on the kindling tablet of his mind,
Stood the commission thus by Heaven designed;
How, o'er the glowing field the pencil swept,
While the rapt painter all unconscious wept
As the conception rose, those gushing tears,
That mark the o'erburthened spirit's trembling fears,
Lest, for the feeble grasp of mortal sense,
The glowing cynosure wax too intense.
But no; He who revealed this sight divine,
Sustains the arm and guides the flowing line;
Again—that heaven-lit brow—that holy air—
Those lately vocal lips, now mute in prayer—
Those upturned eyes, whose pendent lashes bear
The chastened spirit's tributary tear—
Those hands, which scarce sustain the drooping lyre,
That waked to answering song yon angel choir—
By inspiration's touch, indulgent Powers!
Borne from the skies, the blest creation's ours.
Successive centuries have come and fled,
And dynasties, whose very names are dead,
While in Bologna's treasure-house of art,
In pride her chief, in wealth her noblest part,
The miracle that Raphael's pencil wrought
Unrivall'd stands, the shrine of holiest thought.
Go view it, ye, who vainly grovel here;
Go, gain a foretaste of yon starry sphere;
Then bide thy time, to share with forms like this,
Of earth disrobed, a heritage of bliss!

From Bologna to Florence was a long, tedious and toilsome ride of eighteen hours, and it was my ill fortune to reach Florence at midnight. The streams were swollen by the rains to a height which made them almost unfordable, and the toilsome ascent of the Apennines had to be aided by oxen stationed at necessary places for the purpose. The vehicle was loaded with

passengers, and we dined at 9 o'clock, nearly upon the summit of the mountains; torrents of rain were descending without, and the darkness was almost palpable. I was conscious I was losing much which was pleasing in the scenery; for occasionally amid the murkiness I could perceive that we were passing picturesque villages and stately country mansions, while the rapid zigzags of the road, with the hoarse brawl of the mountain torrents below us, signified that we were amid scenes of invisible grandeur.

Seizing my carpet-bag, and trusting my other luggage to the morrow, I sought a hotel. I was just in the unfortunate state which makes one a victim to those who live by "tricks upon travellers;" being sleepy, supperless, and totally fagged out. Making my way to where a solitary street-lamp glimmered amidst the darkness a feeble but "hospitable ray," through much danger of slipping upon the polished marble pavement, deluged and doubly dangerous by the torrents which fell, I found a hotel open and well lighted, with a porter at the door who spoke fluent English. A good supper and a good bed shook the mould off the heart—an incrustation which easily and quickly gathers in a strange land. I went to bed fully determined, for a season at least, to "take mine ease in mine inn."

This was last night. When I have found out what good thing Florence can afford to a "snapper up of unconditioned trifles," you shall hear from me again.

Affectionately yours, &c.

LETTER No. 17.

FLORENCE, OCTOBER, 1850.

TO MRS. S. M———.

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Expect not from me a carefully written letter, for my time is too much occupied to be either choice in diction or nice in chirography. I reached Florence five days since, having crossed the Apennines in one of those violent rain-storms which convert the usually dry and rocky furrows of the mountain sides into the beds of furious torrents. The passage was exceedingly difficult,—the carriage being many times fast in the middle of the streams, and only extricated by the aid of the peasantry and their yokes of fine, fawn-colored oxen. Many times, too, that was impossible, until the passengers had left the carriage; and, as the scene of the tragedy usually lay in the middle of the river, all, ladies as well as gentlemen, had to be borne to *terra firma* on the backs of the strapping mountaineers. As many of our company were English ladies, you may be sure that their submission to that necessity which knows no law, generally converted the tragedy into a comedy. I am pleasantly situated at an excellent hotel, and have my circle of acquaintances, as Florence is already half English and American.

You will find Florence, the capital of Tuscany, lying upon the river Arno, about sixty miles from its mouth. Upon the north and east, the Apennines rise in a vast chain. The most elevated of them, fifty miles distant, are covered with snow, while the lesser slopes near the city are green with the grape, the olive, and the orange. On the south, a range of the lesser Apennines rises in a similar manner, and between the two the Arno flows through the valley towards the Mediterranean.

Thus the city, intersected by the river, lies in an amphitheatre about twenty miles across, extending toward the Mediterranean, including within the basin so formed, the distant cities of Pisa, Lucca, and Leghorn. Contemplating this panorama, as I many times have done from the summit of the cathedral dome, or from the mountain sides, it is a little difficult to decide where the city ends and where the country begins, so insensibly does the city merge itself in the villas and palaces of the wealthy foreigners or native nobility that extend along the Arno, or cluster upon the sides of the mountains. To imagine the tranquil beauty of the scenery around Florence would be difficult. It can no where exist save under the sky of Italy. The construction of the palaces and houses is so peculiar to this region, that it has given rise to a distinct order of architecture, called the "Tuscan." The lower story of all the palaces and most of the larger houses is almost a fortress, so strong are the immense walls of which they are built. The next above this is sometimes adorned with handsome columns, and those above in the usual Italian style, which is at once plain and elegant. All the houses without exception, close with a strong pair of folding doors, and the absence of any sign of door-handle or latch gives the air of great inhospitability to the whole street, which is not far from a true index. The windows, also, are fortified with strong iron grates, so that an infinite number of prisons appear to meet the eye at every step in Florence. Italy can never show that beautiful picture of internal quiet and out door security which the eye sees through every window in a New-England evening in winter.

The inhabitants, I am informed, are as inhospitable and jealous towards each other as of foreigners. The "call" of friendship, or even of ceremony, is totally unknown. The gentlemen meet each other at the coffee-shop, and the ladies at morning mass in the church. Foreigners are almost the support of the city, and as such are treated with the greatest courtesy; and yet it may be questioned if it be not all merce-

nary. The oldest American resident has not a single acquaintance among the Italians, save such as are made in the ordinary transactions of business. Yet in another respect there is a liberality shown which is inexplicable.

Every church is, with two hours exception at noon, open to foreigners, to go in and examine the costly and elegant paintings, monumental sculpturing, &c., &c., without the smallest hindrance; and it is a sight of the very commonest occurrence, to see families and groups of visitors walking round among the throng of kneeling worshippers, examining the wonders of the altar, at the very moment when the priests are at service; a piece of impudent sacrilege which we should not tolerate for a moment in an American church. The galleries of paintings and statuary are shown with the same liberal policy. Besides the great "National Gallery of Art" in Florence, which is one of the largest and most extraordinary in the world, there are also four or five palaces, which are themselves mere museums of rare and costly paintings and statuary, which, being inalienable as family property, will always remain just as they are. These are even supplied with a catalogue for each room, printed in several different languages, and the only tax for the whole feast of taste which they afford, is the pittance usually given to the door-keeper, amounting, in each place, to about five cents.

With the exception of a small Episcopal church, made up of the English residents, no religion is tolerated but the Catholic, and the number of priests and the various orders of ecclesiastics is very wonderful.

In Switzerland and in Northern Italy, particularly at Milan and Venice, I was disposed to look pretty favorably on the priests, especially after visiting the University at Padua, and the Armenian Convent at Venice, where I saw displays of polished learning such as it would be difficult to find elsewhere. But at Florence, the priests seem to exhibit evidences of the same moral laxity that pervades all society. Still, there are some institutions that grow out of popery, which appear at first

sight, high commendations of that religion of which they are an offshoot. The society of "*Benfratelli*," of which branches exist in all the chief towns of Italy, and the "*Sisters of Charity*," who are equally distributed, are those of whom I have seen most, from their general presence at the hospitals. No one can witness the sincere and pious exercise of their benevolence without being moved, so utterly do they devote themselves to their deeds of mercy. Many of the former are evidently gentlemen, and they are usually intelligent.

There is another singular society, which I admire very much, the "*La Miseracordia.*" This is an ancient institution. I am unable to say how general it extends, but suspect that each large city may have one of its own.* The members are said to be all men of standing and character, including even noblemen. Their organization is, in some respects, analogous to our firemen, as they are summoned together by the signal of a bell of their own. Upon the occurrence of any accident, or at any known instance of distress, or in the event of any death among the poor, the members of this Society will always be seen moving towards the scene. They wear at such times over their common dress one of black that covers the whole figure, surmounted by a hood, or mask, of the same material, with holes for the eyes and mouth.

When bearing the sick to the hospital, they carry on their shoulders a sort of palanquin; and if they are performing funeral ceremonies, carry a bier covered with black cloth. They move with a quick, silent step, and, at their approach, every head is uncovered, from the general respect shown to their character and office. It is evident, from the repulsive nature of their duties, that, unless the character of the Society were sustained by the careful selection of its members, it would go down. Consequently, membership is made in the highest degree honora-

* This society must be peculiar to Tuscany. I saw nothing of it at Rome.

ble, the Grand Duke himself being a member, and, it is said, often found at his post of duty. I should suspect that such a society may have had its origin after some visit of the plague, when it was found that some strong incentive was necessary to secure for the dead proper sepulture. Religion, in Italy being the strongest obligation, secures this object, by making this singular brotherhood a branch of the Church. These, and many other benevolent societies which grow out of the Catholic faith, at first sight would give us favorable conceptions of the religion which led its members into deeds of self-denial, but a deeper reflection only shows us the rottenness of society where the ordinary charities much depend upon organized bands. How much better is that social state, where charity is the upspringing of every breast!

A prominent feature of the Catholic faith, is, you know, its constant appeal to its believers to exercise charity; and the commentary which Popery would append to this text, is, that the poor may rely upon the benevolence of the faithful. Therefore, notwithstanding the numerous and well-endowed hospitals which abound in all parts of the peninsula, there is an untold amount of mendicancy, of which the reports of travellers have not been exaggerated. Begging is professedly forbidden in Florence, yet it meets you in full force just without the city. Hordes of sturdy idlers and diseased objects of compassion there immediately beset you. Starvation sits upon the countenances of these wretches, from which many of them only seem to be saved by the casual bounty of passing Protestants.

I do not wonder that, to the person who understands and *fully believes* the religion of Rome, the church service should appear imposing. The senseless mummery of the religious worship excites pity, if nothing else, but the temple in which that worship is performed is a spectacle of majesty and beauty of which the eye is never tired, and of which admiration is ever fresh. If there is any moment of existence when the breath comes from the bosom in a convulsion, and the eye moistens at

the soul's inability to grasp the conception before it, it is when you draw aside the veil and find yourself standing at the entrance of one of these immense cathedrals! Your own identity becomes lost in the vastness which every where expands around and above you; and, as you stand at the base of one of the enormous pillars that support the vaulted roof, and look up among the springing arches, and into the wonderful dome above the altar, where the creations of the master painters of old have caused an ideal heaven to exist, a thousand thoughts come rushing on the mind, too thick to conceive,—too great to utter! How vast, how wonderful! Not so much the magnitude of the edifice, for the mountain of marble from which it was hewn is greater; not so much for its uncounted cost, for the wealth of this world could even build a loftier pile, but for those giant minds of Michael Angelo, and Bramanté, and Brunelleschi, who could conceive such a pile of immensity and architectural beauty! But alas! these minds and the spirit of the age which produced them have alike passed away.

Italy is a vast store-house of the beautiful and wonderful in the Arts. Painting, sculpture and architecture have all their purest treasures here. London and Paris probably abound in that which at first sight may appear more glowing, and is more ostentatious, but it is here that the exquisite in the fine arts had its home in all ages, and here alone it will be studied for many years at least.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER, 1850.

This is a Florentine holiday, or "*Festa*," it being the Catholic "*All Saints' Day.*"

Florence is in the streets and squares in its holiday attire. The bells are ringing their gayest and merriest peals, and the spirit of revelry has broken loose. This is a day when the ladies of Florence put on the disguise of the flower girls, and, with a basket of little bouquets on one arm, supply the button holes of passing strangers with their pretty favors. In a morn-

ing's walk I have had every button adorned, and the tumbler now before me is crowded with these redolent tokens. It is a coquettish freak, which I do not fully understand. How fine and clear these Italian bells ring out! But it is only in Italy that they know how to hang a bell in order to get its effect. The churches have no towers or turrets, being usually surmounted by a dome. By its side is built a "Campanile," or bell tower, which runs up slender and tall, and in the top the bells are hung, often several in each tower. Thus, there is not under the bells a mass of building to absorb the sound, but it is thrown abroad into the atmosphere in all its power and clearness. Then the family of bells is made up of members whose tones are differently pitched, and their united music is the harmony of vibration and the poetry of sound. It is the sweetest chorus that earth can produce.

To-day I have rambled up to Fiesolé, which is a famous place, three or four miles from the city. It lies far up the mountain side, and commands a fine view of Florence and its environs. It is an old Etruscan city, as old as Rome itself, although a few old walls are all that remains of its extreme antiquity. It has a monastery of Franciscans, who are very hospitable to visitors. I fear, however, that they fibbed a little in telling us they had no wine, for they said that they lived entirely on bread and water.

A little boy, who came down the hills with us, "blabbed" the secret, by saying that after every vintage many casks came down empty and went back full. I had thought as much, for I did not believe those jolly round faces were reflected back from the pure unadulterated element entirely. "But," you are ready to ask, "what business has a temperance man with wine?" He has no business with the stinging, fiery drink, which we drink at home as the first step down the declivity of drunkenness, but with the juice of the grape, just trodden from the purple fruit, the idea of intoxication no more exists than in the cluster itself. When the wine becomes a year old it is no

where seen, being probably converted into brandy, and the new vintage supplies its place. I see no reason why the grape should not do as well in America as in Germany, and I think an American drunkard would be as rare as a German or an Italian one, if wine were as accessible to him.

This may appear to you a strange doctrine, but it is sound philosophy, nevertheless. I saw the other day, in one of the palaces, a group of figures in a fine, large painting, representing the Virtues. Temperance was shown as a fair, rosy virgin, holding up a goblet, into which a Cupid was squeezing the juice of a bunch of grapes. With us, she would be christened anything but Temperance.

Fiesolé was a favorite retiring place of the poet Milton when he resided at Florence, and from this spot and from Vallombrosa he selected many of his fine ideas for the Paradise Lost. I too have visited the tower where Galileo studied the heavens, and where Milton was many times his guest. Is it an improbable supposition, that, while the one was tracing through his newly discovered telescope the compass of the skies, the other was conceiving those immortal thoughts of their shining inhabitants!

I must leave for another time a description of the fine works of art in Florence, for the subject would totally weary you, as it is one on which I should grow prolix and perhaps tedious. But one thing which I have gone again and again to see, is a tomb in the fine old church of "*Santa Croce.*" This church is perhaps the most remarkable in Italy, for the eminence of the persons whose remains have been honored with a tomb here. Michael Angelo, the architect; Alfieri, the tragic writer; Galileo, the astronomer; Machiavelli, the political writer, and some others, renowned in literature or other excellence, have striking monuments. But in one of the chapels of the church is a recumbent figure, lying in the attitude of approaching death, upon a couch. The drapery of the couch is very finely wrought, and so true to nature that you almost hear the silken counter-

pane rustle, although all is, of course, in the motionless marble, and the countenance of the lady is so exquisitely sweet that you read in it every gentleness and every virtue. There is an air of peace spread over it that volumes of biography could not tell of. It is the monument of a Polish princess, renowned for the virtues of her life, and the tomb is placed in Santa Croce because she was a native of Florence. I wish you could see it, for it is the only ideal approach to a scene in our mutual history equally sacred.

Perhaps you are ready to ask with, quite probably, many others, what can detain a person who is playing truant from sterner and higher duties, among objects which only charm the eye? My extenuation must be this: The eye is not long gratified, if the growth of taste does not proceed with each new spectacle. If taste makes no advances, objects soon pall upon the sense,—the desire to contemplate new scenes is satiated, and the traveller is glad to be rid of the vexations inseparable from his progress, and quietly find his way homeward. As I have by no means arrived at that point of satiety, I may safely infer that I am reaping and harvesting the highest reward that ever repays the traveller. All that we are mentally, and all the enjoyments which the world affords us, arise from our appreciation of the objects and impressions which the senses convey, and these impressions are refined and made acceptable to nature by a *cultivated* taste. With this refining instrument, each new feature of the world's beauty becomes a thing of memory and a joy forever; without it, our pilgrimage is through a desert land, that offers no living springs whatever.

The taste for the grand, the sublime, and the beautiful, has arrived, in two or three ages of the world, at a point far in advance, I think, of the present; and upon the surviving monuments of those times, the impressions, which we in vain look for now, may be found in all their freshness. This is the age of the *useful;* and, although the twelfth century could not build a "Britannia bridge," the nineteenth will not paint a

"Transfiguration" like Raphael. The useful, we find at home. The beautiful, we must seek for abroad. That I have found it thus far, I most fervently bear witness. I retrace my track in fancy through many sunny lands, by a pathway often beautiful, often sublime, always interesting. New forms of beauty have flocked in to people the mind, and I find in its chambers many ethereal guests, holding up to me their lovely but hitherto unknown faces.

I am extremely fortunate in my visit at Florence. The accidental acquaintance of two painters has afforded me the best of guidance through the various places of interest, to many of which the general traveller gains no entrance. This has led to other introductions, and I am now happy in the acquaintance, partial at least, of most of the painters, and all the American sculptors in Florence.

In my walk to Fiesolé to-day I plucked carelessly an olive leaf. It was a happy trifle, and I send it to you as the only thing Italian I can send in a letter. It is the emblem of the love of

Your affectionate brother.

LETTER No. 18.

FLORENCE, NOVEMBER, 1850.

TO DR. W. B. S———.

My last letter to you was from Milan, I think, and this cometh unto thee from "Firenze la Bella," or, "Florence the Beautiful," as its inhabitants are pleased to call it. It is the most refined city in Italy, and every thing about it is classical, so far as that term can any where extend. It is not a little curious to observe in Florence how mysteriously and yet how certainly models of taste infuse their spirit

through society. Specimens of the early Tuscan architecture are still the foundation of the design of the new portions of the city; and its appropriateness, instead of changing with the progress of time, is, with each new example, the more apparent. You cannot, too, help constantly thinking, that the refined taste which attracts the eye in the elegant costume of its people, has been insensibly caught from the flowing draperies that glow on the canvass of the old masters in the Galleries; and there is a suspicion, which smacks something of the physiological, that these fine living forms, exhibiting so much grace, and these countenances, so classical in contour that they appear as if Canova had chiselled them from the Parian marble, and then Flora shaken her roses over them, had all been hereditarily imprinted by ages of intense admiration of the Adonis, the Venus, and the Apollo, that have been snatched from the wreck of ages and are here for the world to admire.

I will try and interest you by a little description of the specimens of the Fine Arts in Florence. But first, a few words as to the extent of my subject. The Imperial Gallery has been erected about three hundred years, and its collection been going on still a hundred years longer. To speak of the wealth and power which commenced it, would lead me into the history of the family of the De Medici,—a history so voluminous and eventful, that, if taken out from the great book of mediæval record, all we know of Europe, from the fall of Constantinople to the discovery of America, would be an exceedingly meagre narrative.

If we can forget the atrocities committed by some of the family of the De Medici, which pollute the pages of their history, we must regard them as the great conservators of the Fine Arts, for it is to them that the world owes its greatest treasures of the Antique. The vast collection of this gallery occupies a building forming three sides of a parallelogram, and the multitude of its rooms would elude description. In this collection, and, indeed, in all the galleries of Florence and Rome,

every thing is genuine. You have not to ask the important question, if any given work is an original or a copy. You behold on every side the matchless productions of the Grecian chisel, which the world is striving in vain to imitate; the same works which Rome in her turn admired; the same precisely on which Cicero looked when he entered the Senate House; the same amidst which Hadrian lounged in the gardens of Tivoli. Then, here also may be found the earliest labors of the pencil, almost as imperishable as their sister gems in marble. Here are, in one room, three pictures by Raphael, each more than three hundred years old, yet all so finished, so perfect, so beautiful, that the eye rests with pain on the attempts that the modern artist, with all his improvements, is making, to copy their unattainable excellencies. Here are the Venuses that sprung into the canvass under the glowing touch of Titian,—the varied subjects of that Crichton of his age, Leonardo da Vinci,—the sweet faces of Carlo Dolci,—the giant conceptions of that Briareus of the Fine Arts, Michael Angelo, who, whether amusing himself over the canvass, or dashing off a "Last Judgment" in fresco, or calling out from the marble a group of Collossi, or piling up into the heavens the dome of St. Peter's, exhibits to us indubitably the greatest constructive mind of all time.

It would degrade my subject to reduce to numbers the phalanx of statues, or give in square yards the superficies of paintings. Extent, like value, seems to accord itself to the conception of the beholder. In such a maze of beauty and grandeur, the sense would soon become exhausted if an increasing capacity of conception did not stimulate and prepare the mind for still higher reaches.

There are, in this collection, many works which the whole world knows by heart. First among these is the "*Venus de Medici.*" I presume my experience of this statue had one feature in common with that of most who behold it. The first impression is that of total disappointment. There is not that ap-

parent perfection of form that meets the eye in the "Greek Slave" of Mr. Powers. The whole work is small,—the head is, for modern taste, disproportionately so. The arms appear faulty, and constrained in position. I felt pained that I could not admire it, for I had come to Italy to see it as a world's wonder. I mentioned my disappointment to a friend, (an artist,) who told me, so far as he could in politeness, that it was my fault. The next day I saw it again. I could *tolerate* it, but could not admire it. That day, I went also to see the Venus of Canova in the Pitti Palace, and on my return went again to the Imperial Gallery. I departed this time with new, strange, indescribable impressions. The sight of Canova's master-piece had furnished me with a point of conception, if I may be allowed the figure, from which the perfection of the Medician Venus began to unveil itself. I should now be ashamed of my first inappreciation of this embodiment of beauty, if I did not know that in real, as in still life, *true* beauty never carries the heart by storm. I should not dare to tell you how many successive days I have gone to gaze on this seraphic spectacle, and to catch the air of loveliness that seems shed all around it, for fear I might be called another Pygmalion. The spirit that hovers about it must be wooed and won like any mortal beauty; and when the mind has made the psychological conquest, the reward is richer than earthly smile can give.

It would be out of place to institute a comparison between the Venus and the "Greek Slave." Although closely similar in some respects, the wide difference is, that in the latter work a successful effort was made to represent abstract beauty, dissevered from the sentiment which beauty was created to inspire. The "Greek Slave" fills us with high emotions, but they spring from more of her attributes than her beauty. We love her as Scipio loved his fair captive—as knight errant might be supposed to love a rescued princess; we love her as a spotless being, who enlists our fealty by her birth, and our pity by her misfortunes.

The Venus, on the contrary, inspires more active, although less elevated emotions. She would win the apple from us as she did from Paris, and the marble is made to smile with the same marvellous witchery as its beautiful subject may be supposed to have done on Mount Ida.

In the room in which the Venus stands are four other works in statuary. The *Apollo* is a fine expression of the same style of Grecian beauty that marks the Venus. It is in a slightly leaning attitude, and one could almost go to sleep in looking on it, so perfect is its expression of grace and muscular repose. There is something almost more than human both in the Venus and the Apollo.

"The Dancing Faun," "The Wrestlers," and "The Slave grinding his knife," are all great achievements in sculpture. These figures are all action. In the Wrestlers there seems to be rather too much show of anatomy, for every muscle brought into play is in full relief. In the others, the figures appear as if they had stiffened into marble when action and expression sat full on limb and countenance.

These several works of the ancient chisel are in one octagonal room by themselves, called the Tribune. It is lighted from the top, and draped with scarlet cloth. It contains about forty paintings, selected from the thousands that compose the whole collection. The collection is one of the richest in the world, and the inference as to the value of forty thus selected, is plain.

In the collection of the Imperial Gallery are some groups of statuary, almost equally famed with those to which I have made allusion. "Laocoon and his Sons strangled by the Serpents;" "Niobe and her Children"—a group of ten or twelve figures; "Cupid and Psyche," with probably others that I now do not think of. There are, too, many single figures which I cannot pass without mention. "The Boy extracting the Thorn from his Foot;" the "Dying Adonis," and the "Bacchus and Faun," both by Michael Angelo. Then, what a galaxy of statuary my mind immediately runs over when I commence the

nomenclature of this one gallery. What a multitude of Apollos, Uranias, Cupids, Pomonas and Ganymedes, pass before my memory. What a crowd of busts of Roman emperors, Grecian philosophers, and Roman matrons; and if I were to get into a recital of the paintings, into what an inextricable maze I should find myself, consumable to paper, wearying to you, fatiguing to myself.

After the Imperial Gallery comes the Pitti Palace. This was built by a powerful rival of the family of the De Medici, and is now the residence of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. One wing is entirely devoted to works of the Fine Arts, and, for its *paintings*, surpasses the Imperial Gallery. With the exception of Canova's Venus, it contains nothing else. The elegance and magnificence of the apartments in which these paintings are kept, is worthy of all admiration. The ceilings are all frescoed with fine designs from the Iliad, and the polished floors of mosaic seem too nice to tread upon. However, you may enter without fear, for all sorts of faces will be met, both the trim and the unwashed, and slipper of satin and coarse brogan of peasant alike make the Pitti Palace a thoroughfare. Every thing is, nevertheless, in the highest state of order and polish, and a detachment of livered servants is in attendance. Catalogues in French and Italian lie upon the tables of each saloon, and the world seems specially invited to come here and enjoy this ever fresh and forever exhaustless feast.

Did time permit, you would long linger in each room; yes, long before many an individual one of these almost divine creations of old, until you would absolutely be drunken with the flowing draughts of its beauty. The number of paintings in this Palace, exclusive of its frescos, exceeds five hundred. The number at the Imperial Gallery is infinitely greater, but not so choice. How useless, then, to commence even the lightest allusion to individual works.

There are, in both of these places, specimens of one branch of the Fine Arts to be met with in perfection no where else.

The Florentine mosaics enter into the composition of tables, tombs, altars, &c., &c., having marble for their base or groundwork. But marble forms the basis only, as cloth is the basis of needle-work; for the figures, many of which are exceedingly elaborate, are all separately wrought out and set into the marble base by a nicety of junction that requires close observation to discover. No colors are used save such as are natural to the stone; so that stem, leaf, flower and shading, in a floral sketch, must all spring from the adaptation of varied materials. The wealth of material brought into the composition in many cases, seems incredible. Besides the various kinds and hues of marble and mother-of-pearl, which are the more ordinary material, they glitter all over with jasper, chalcedony, agate, lapis-lazuli, and other stones still more precious. There is one table which I have seen, whose construction cost the labor of twenty-two men for twenty-five years, having been begun in 1613 and completed in 1638. It is of octagonal shape, and about six feet across. It is estimated to have cost the modest sum of forty thousand sequins, (eighty-nine thousand six hundred dollars.) In the same room were three others, equally elaborate but not quite as large. In the mosaic works of the Grand Duke there are now being prepared some of this kind of work, for the decoration of the chapel of the entombment of his family, which, it is said, will excel all past excellence.

Having gone so far into a description of the galleries of Florence, I cannot dismiss the subject without allusion to the cabinets of gems which are found at both places.

The "Hall of the Gems," in the Imperial Gallery, rests on eight columns, four of them being alabaster, and four of verd-antique. Ranged around the room, in cabinets to correspond, are these rich treasures of long lines of princely virtuosos. Here are a long series of busts wrought out of gems, amethysts, chalcedonies, and turquoises; and vases and goblets cut and polished from jaspers, agates, sardonyces, and lapis-lazuli; one from the latter material being forty inches in diameter;

and rich caskets of rock-crystal, mounted in gold and absolutely coruscating with diamonds.

Then the portraits in cameo; the historical events and scriptural designs in the same material; the enamellings, the unique and wonderful chasings of the gold mounting of drinking-cups, hunting-horns, crucifixes, and coronals, would bewilder one even to enumerate. Gold becomes a baser metal beside these costlier gems, whose value must be, after all, suppositious.

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A day among the American Artists of Florence. How strange the idea conveyed in so short a sentence! When that wealthy, and literary, and idle Florentine gentleman, Amerigo Vesipucci, came home from his western travels, where he had been following the wayward track of the adventurous Genoese, and found Cosmo D'Medici building the palace of the Uffizi, how fabulous would have seemed the idea that three hundred years (a small period in the history of the Arts,) would bring from the land whose first description was then glowing under his pen, a crowd of young and ardent reapers, and that the corridors and saloons of Cosmo's palace would be the harvest-fields where their enthusiastic sickles would glisten. Yet here, among the statued group of Florence's distinguished sons, Amerigo stands, and beholds with marble eyes the daily incoming and outgoing of a knot of genial spirits, who never speak their own names save when coupled with his! Surely the womb of time never brought forth a train of sequences so prophetic, so pleasing!

No country sends to Italy artists of higher hopes or fairer promise than America. Among the competitors for the prize of eminence, her sons are in the first rank, and one of them is crowned, without dissent, a victor.

It is conceded among artists themselves that Mr. Powers is the first *bust* sculptor of the age. This is high praise, especially when it is remembered, that, however Italy may have declined

upon the canvass, she has lost none of her ancient skill with the chisel.

There are those who have denied his possession of originality and creative genius; who declare all his original works to be repetitions of one conception, from which he cannot depart. His fame is too secure to require defenders, but to all this one answer must be made. The range of sculpture is too extensive to secure an equal reputation in all its branches. Here, versatility is by no means evidence of genius. The intuitive knowledge of anatomy, that dictates the strivings of Laocoon, and the command of expression, which strews a smile on the face of a Venus, cannot coëxist. The homely couplet of Pope may apply—

> "For galligaskins, Slowshears is your man,
> But coats demand another artizan."

Those who look upon the exquisite truthfulness and high order of his busts, would not see him depart from a walk in art where he stands so unrivalled. His works by which he is known to the American public most generally, have been rather the recreations of the busy man than the labored *chefs d'œuvre* of the artist.

My visit to his studio was replete with interest. He is always accessible to his countrymen. He is the ever ready friend of the young artist, and to him is a ready helper, both in "cash and council." He is an enthusiastic lover of his country, and his country should never forget the son who sheds upon her name so much lustre.

Side by side with Mr. Powers, is Greenough; and the allusion to each in connection can never be invidious, for they walk, *pari passu*, in different paths. Greenough is hardly known for his busts. It is hardly his department. With a fine eye for unity; with a taste highly classic, for which careful education has laid every necessary foundation, he excels in the highest branches of his art. One group in his studio, now nearly completed, will form for his fame its crowning achievement.

As this production will arrive in America within a few months, you will have an opportunity of seeing it, and thus the more fully to appreciate it than by any description. It is decidedly American, having for the subject, "*The Settler defending his Family*," and is intended to occupy a vacant pediment at the entrance of the capitol at Washington.

The wife and mother, holding in her arms her infant, is shown shrinking from the uplifted axe of the Indian, who has approached her from behind. Just as the tomahawk is ready to fall upon her cowering figure, the savage is arrested in his purpose by the settler, who seizes him from behind by both wrists, with a grasp so powerful that you almost hear the joints crack as the swarthy victim writhes in the gripe of his conqueror. The shriek of the mother, the yell of baffled rage from the savage, and the cool determination of the settler, are all carried into the expression of the group with most striking effect.

Although this group is entirely symbolical, of course, yet the impression is in no way destroyed by any mythical attempts which require solution before the subject is understood. It speaks home to every American, for his mind immediately refers it to some actual scene of which nearly every neighborhood will furnish him an instance. Unless I much mistake, this group will become immediately and permanently a favorite with the American public. The marble will hold imperishably a record of history, which, there is too much reason to fear, is becoming effaced, and the gratitude of posterity will follow the labors of the artist. It is much to be wished that works of such merit from the hands of our own countrymen could take the place of some of the foreign rubbish that mars the entrance of our national capitol.

I was much pleased with a visit to the studio of Rogers, another American sculptor, whose genius entitles him to a mention in the same breath with those I have named, although his fame is less. He is just commencing a successful career, if his works are an index. He is, at this time, completing a fine

model for a statue of "Ruth among the Gleaners." It is, to borrow an expression from my English acquaintances, "a very *nice* thing."

Mr. Hart, a Kentuckian, and a very good artist, is preparing to send to his native State a statue of Hon. HENRY CLAY. His casts were lately, by sad misfortune, lost at sea, so that I could judge little of his genius.

But I must cut short my subject and my interminable letter together I have said nothing of American painters in Florence, although my individual obligation to them is great. The delicacy of the attention which these gentlemen extend to those at all interested in the Fine Arts, is very flattering. Mr. W., my Chocorua-mountain acquaintance, has been a very constant companion,—a fine critic,—a most superior artist,—a most perfect gentleman.

My most kind remembrances to all under your roof.

Yours truly.

LETTER No. 19.

FLORENCE, NOVEMBER, 1850.

TO DR. T. R. C———.

How shall I fill up a letter to you, which will serve as its own introduction; which shall come upon you, perhaps *mal-apropos*, and yet gain a hearing;—which may discourse at an untimely hour on a topic to which you may be disinclined;—which cannot, like its author, hold you by the button and gain your ear *perforce*, but which you can toss from you and yet wound no one's sensibility? A merry letter may find you in sober mood,—a serious letter may find you convi-

vial, and—sad thought—a letter of any kind may not find you at all.

A few years since, while among the mountains of our own State, I arrived, towards sunset, at a secluded cluster of farm houses, lying among the mountains; approachable only by a rough road, almost impassable for carriages. While making arrangement for a lodgement for the night, preparatory to ascending one of the most difficult summits in the morning, I learned that an artist had taken up his quarters in a house near by, for the purpose of taking sketches from the wild scenery of the vicinity. After supper I sought him out, and, although a stranger, I found access to him without ceremony. He had just returned from a jaunt among the mountain solitudes, and bore about his person some of the consequences of a painter's abstraction. His boots were plastered with mud, his coat rent in twain, and his hands and face bleeding from bramble-scratches and swollen with musquito-bites. He at once emptied his portfolio for my inspection. A bald, precipitous rock, an oak shivered by the lightning, with a few leaves still hanging about its gnarled trunk; a lake among the hills; any thing striking in the scenery, was seized on with rapture and went to swell the accumulation. He discoursed upon his art to a willing listener with all the enthusiasm which the subject begets. Although young, his productions exhibited, to my mind, rare talent, and a finished landscape which I obtained from his pencil some months subsequently, possesses much merit. He had at that time completed his mountain-sojourn, and left the following day. The next intelligence (obtained with the landscape just alluded to,) informed me that he had sailed for Europe.

I find him here in Florence. The scholar in the divine art has now become the finished master. That enthusiasm which led him to court nature among the mountains of New-Hampshire, has stood by him in years of careful study among the galleries of the old world, and fame has met him here before

he has set out in her search. Orders from all quarters keep his pencil perpetually busy, for there is no usury so certain as that which flows from an investment in the productions of the rising artist. This gentleman, with two or three years' acquaintance with what a traveller most wishes to see in Florence, has proved a guide as willing as he is invaluable.

"Come," said he, calling upon me at an early hour a few days since, "we will have a ramble among the innumerable sights of Florence." Then followed two or three days in the company of this gentleman, which I will attempt, as nearly as practicable, to retrace for your benefit.

We emerge from my hotel in the Piazza D'Trinita, and before us rises a magnificent shaft of polished granite, supposed to be of Egyptian origin, having been brought from the baths of Caracalla at Rome. This was, I think, a gift from a Pope to Cosmo D'Medici—he whose title, *pater patriæ*, was borrowed for the use, a few generations later, of our illustrious Washington. The Arno is just below us, and the square opens upon the Ponte D'Trinita, one of the finest specimens of enduring bridge-architecture in Europe. Colossal statues of the Seasons crown the parapets at each extremity, which have stood fit objects of admiration for three hundred years. Could other climate than this have kept the material from which they are wrought so beautiful? Could other people than Italians have had veneration enough, amid riot and revolution, to have kept them unmutilated? Witness, ye noseless and fingerless effigies of Westminster Abbey, No! Did ever a traveller from the Alps to Sicily see a statue defaced by any son of modern Italy? I trow not. Farther up the muddy Arno is the Ponte Vecchio, another bridge, covered, after the custom of the middle ages, with shops of jewellers and other small artizans. Close by where we now stand, at the end of the Ponte Trinita, in the stately house forming part of the block which looks upon the river, was the residence of Alfieri, the tragic poet,—the Italian Shakspeare. We shall shortly see in the

National Gallery his original portrait, side by side with that of her who chose rather to be a poet's mistress than the wife of one who was, *de jure*, King of England. A few rods farther down is the palace of the Prince Corsini, "the greatest blackguard in Florence," but a *virtuoso* of the first water. Enter the court through these enormous folding doors, which, when closed, have converted the palace into a fortress; hand your cane to a liveried servant, who stands expectant of a *paul* on our return, and then follow me up the massive marble stairway, on which stand, as guardian spirits, huge marble divinities, and enter these lengthened suites of apartments, glittering with splendid decorations, and adorned and enriched by the most rare and costly works of art, but chiefly for those inexpressibly sweet faces of Carlo Dolci! What gentleness, purity, and beauty, must have reigned in the soul of the painter, and infused their spirit into his pencil! But did you say that this abode of taste and elegance was the mansion of a blackguard? Indeed I did,—a very Benedict Arnold, who allowed his country to rest her hopes of liberty on him, and then basely sold her to the minions of Austria.

Let us now cross the Arno and thread one or two of the cross streets which lead to the Pitti Palace—a noble but gloomy specimen of Tuscan architecture—to the museum of Natural History, one of the best regulated in the world, but more especially distinguished for the superiority of its models and anatomical imitations in wax. What use in unshrouding the dead from his cerements, and robbing the worm of his spoil, when nerve and artery, gland and viscus, and every shape and mis-shape of mortality, can be so accurately exhibited in a material at which no sense revolts? But in an immense glass case is a sight most strange and horrible—the plague in Florence, done in wax. The dead, all "unhousled, disappointed, unaneled," are lying in the position in which death found them, in the most ghastly forms of corruption, the prey of loathsome vermin. Never was the hideous displayed

more artistically. As in the visit of the spectre-knight to the faithless Imogene:

> "The worms they crept in and the worms they crept out,
> And sported his eyes and his temples about."

But let us hurry on. We have now approached the more modest palace of the Guadagna family, now the property of the last of his line; a gibbering idiot, whom we may meet upon the stairway. Its gallery contains the two finest paintings by Salvator Rosa extant. They occupy a room remote and ill-lighted, and as they have not found their way into the guide books, they are but seldom seen by the tourist. All copying or sketching from them is, by a narrow family policy, forbidden. They are landscapes of great size and finish. Now that we are upon paintings, let us visit the till now lost portrait of Dante. It was traditionally known that Giotto had painted the portrait of his cotemporary for the palace of the Podesta. It was found in 1840, in a chapel long disused, and covered nearly an inch deep with successive coatings of whitewash. It shows the poet in his earlier years, and has been engraved and served as a vignette to some late editions of his works.

We are now near the church of Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Florence. The square before it, now deserted save by a few huckster women and dealers in old iron, was the theatre of the tournaments in the days of chivalry.

On the outside of the building, on the south, are some mythological subjects, painted in fresco, two hundred years old, yet singularly fresh and clear. Let us enter the church before us, the façade of which was never finished, but which still remains, as do most churches of northern Italy, a homely front of the roughest brick work. What a gloomy grandeur prevails within! Here repose, under monuments worthy the names of those they commemorate, Michael Angelo, Galileo, Alfieri and Machiavelli. What a quarto of immortal names, who might indeed "furnish forth creation." Dante has a monument here, grand and costly, but spiritless; his dust lies not

beneath it. The treasure which Florence in vain essays to win back, is entombed upon the shores of the Adriatic. Here is a neat monument to commemorate the Countess of Albany, who chose her hope of being remembered from an illicit connection with a poet, rather than an honorable one with the rightful heir of Britain's crown.*

Another chapel contains the dust of Bonapartes! Joseph lies here, with his wife, son and nephew. How little space is taken up by the dust of a king! A profitable object to look on is a monument of the Polish Countess Zamoiski, by Bartolini,—the best modern sculptor of Italy. It is a recumbent figure, with a countenance expressive of so much serenity as to almost hallow the marble.

A few steps beyond the church of Santa Croce is the house of Michael Angelo. In these modest rooms, still in the possession of his descendants, he lived till called to Rome by Pope Julius II., to succeed as architect of St. Peter's church. In the room shown as his studio is his portrait,—that of a hard-faced looking man, with nothing expressive in the countenance. Contrary to his known characteristics, (for he was one of the most charitable of men,) it looks like the portrait of one whose happiness rose and fell with the rate of interest.

In this square, now enlivened by the drilling of a squad of Croatian soldiers by their Austrian officers, stands the eques-

* Prince Charles Edward, known in England as the Pretender, of whom mention is made in p. 45, of this book, bore, when his hopes of succeeding to the throne of his ancestors became faint, the title of Duke of Albany. At the age of 52, already a victim to sottish habits, the Duke married the Princess Louisa, of Stolburg, a girl of 20. "This union," says Lord Mahon, "proved as unhappy as it was ill-assorted. The Count and Countess of Albany lived together during several years at Florence; a harsh husband and a faithless wife; until at length, in 1780, weary of constraint, she eloped with her lover, Alfieri."

For a further and more lengthened account of the joint lives of the poet and his noble mistress, see Lester's translation of the "Autobiography of Alfieri."

trian statue of Ferdinand D'Medici, whom history declares to have been a gifted villain, a luxurious and tasteful imp of darkness—in whom patronage of the fine arts formed an interlude between scenes of black-hearted crime; who encouraged artists and men of letters, and strangled dangerous rivals; who enslaved his country, while he filled the museums of Florence with the spoils of ancient Italy. He was one of that precious line of princely ruffians whom Mr. Roscoe, in his lives of the D'Medici, treats much too leniently, and in whose courts Machiavelli studied and brought out his system of political philosophy.*

In the cloister of an adjacent convent is the admired painting of the Madonna, by Andrea Del Sarto, originally painted it is said for the monks of the convent, "for and in consideration of" one sack of corn.

Thus ends a day among the sights of Florence, under the guidance of my friend, the painter. To labor all day with spade and mattock is mere amusement, compared with the toil of a day spent in admiring the admirable.

WALK THE SECOND.

There is a delight and freshness in rambling about a city like Florence, catching description "by word of mouth," quite unknown to those who depend on the instruction of the "Hand-Book." Yet, all praise be due to the compilers of that excellent series of red-covered acquaintances, so necessary to the traveller's progress, familiarly styled, "The Gospel, according to John Murray." It is the light-house of the traveller and the terror of exorbitant landlords. In the smallest town in Italy, do you wish a cup of good coffee? Inquire of John

* Machiavelli drew his maxims of political economy from a corrupt source, yet his endorsement of all that is selfish, wily, and deceptive in government, is a misconstruction of his true principles, as given in the "Prince"—the only objectionable one of his works. His doctrines were thoroughly liberal, and his political wisdom profound.

Murray. He is infallible in things great and small. The fortune of hotel or shop is made, that gets the favoring breath of John Murray, and the best counsel for the ill-starred liver on the traveller's grace who has his censure would be,—"prithee, hang thyself."

We meet by appointment at the "*Cafè Doney*"—the gathering place for artists, soldiers and travellers. A room is assigned in this unique establishment for each kindred and tongue, where you may hear, for the moderate price of a cup of coffee, the welcome music of your own language. There is an agreeable novelty in standing in one of the doors separating the various saloons, and allow the stately Anglo Saxon to enter one ear and the rattling Gallic the other; and then, by a change in your position, hear the contrast of the effeminate Italian with the harsh Teutonic of his Austrian enslaver.

It may fatigue you to follow a description, "dragging its slow length" through a maze of galleries, churches and palaces; it may excite a natural wonder that all travellers, when the atmosphere of Italy fills their nostrils, so naturally fall into discourse of painters, painting, sculpture, and sculptors, as if infected with a perfect "March madness;" yet so it is. It is a subject which immediately forces itself constantly before the eye, and absorbes attention in all. Had we the "faculty divine" to hold discourse with Nature in her plain and simple garb, we had no need to seek her here, at such a distance and at second-hand. To look at any thing beautiful from her workshop—a sky, a landscape, a noble man, a beautiful woman, is the highest gratification of the most exalted taste; but alas, in her usual homely guise she leaves the plodding sense unmoved, and we must find her clothed by the hand of art in the galleries of decayed greatness.

Passing the Palace of the Strozzi, a stern pile, built as if for eternity, with huge iron rings hanging from eyes sunk into the stones, in which were set the staves of flaunting banners and knightly oriflamme, we are in the square of the Cathedral.

This edifice, from which Michael Angelo drew largely for the style of St. Peter's, with the Campanele and Baptistry, rise in enduring and stately majesty, each peculiar and unexcelled in its kind. The world cannot equal the bronze gates of the Baptistry—huge valves they are, swinging their enormous weight, "on brazen hinges turning." Basso relievos, rich and elaborate almost beyond compare, stand out upon their panelled fronts, on which the unlettered thousands who throng the dusty square silently imbibe the high teachings of inspiration. The sight of the "fair white walls" of the "Etruscan Athens," seen from the summit of the Campanele, fully repays the *pokerish* ascent of the blind stone stair-case. The sober dignity of the sombre interior of the cathedral is perhaps equally impressive with the gayer and richer style of that at Milan.

The church of St. Lorenzo,—the favored place of sepulture of the Medici,—we visit to see the splendor of the sacristy, and the chapel designed by one of the family in anticipation of the success of a scheme to remove the holiest relic of the church from Jerusalem. It is octagonal, each side having upon its lower half the arms of the several Tuscan cities, inlaid with Florentine mosaic in a manner almost to bewilder the sense. The ceiling is frescoed in the highest style of modern Italian art.

This chapel was begun two hundred and fifty years since. The frescoing of the vault above was done within ten or twelve years, and some of the mosaics are now being prepared in the works of the Grand Duke, so that we have an earnest that this richest of all sepulchres may yet be finished. Its diameter is ninety feet, and the height, to the centre of the vault, about two hundred. Sarcophagi of porphory, and a literal lining of jasper, agate, lapis-lazuli, onyx, and emeralds, compose this contemplated shrine of Him who had not on earth "where to lay his head."

Six pieces of statuary in the adjoining sacristy form the great basis upon which, (next to St. Peter's church,) the fame

of Michael Angelo rests. Four of these,—recumbent allegorical figures of Day and Night, and Morning and Evening,—remain, like very many of his sculptural designs, not quite finished. The great master, starting from his midnight couch full of sublime thoughts, with lamp placed in the front of his night cap, could follow blow on blow with mallet and chisel; but the slow after-progress of rasp, file, and emery, was drudgery he postponed to a time which never came. The stern, meditative, gloomy effigy of Lorenzo, sitting in thoughtful attitude, is enough of itself to confer immortality on its author. It subdues, *frightens* one to look at it. A child—the truest judge of artistic power or beauty—would shrink away from it in terror. I drew from my pocket a miniature edition of Rogers—next to Childe Harold the most invaluable book to carry into Italy—and read:

> "Nor then forget the chamber of the dead,
> Where the gigantic forms of Night and Day,
> Turn'd into stone, rest everlastingly,
> Yet stil are breathing, and shed round at noon
> A two-fold influence—only to be felt;
> A light, a darkness, mingling each with each;
> Both, and yet neither. There, from age to age,
> Two ghosts are sitting on their sepulchres.
> That is the Duke Lorenzo. Mark him well:
> He meditates, his head upon his hand.
> What scowls beneath his broad and helm-like bonnet?
> Is it a face, or but an eyeless skull?
> 'Tis hid in shade; yet, like the basilisk,
> It fascinates and is intolerable;
> His mein is noble, most majestical!"

Unfortunate is it for the world that the most splendid constructive talents should so often be desecrated "to blazon evil deeds and consecrate a crime." There are no higher instances of perversion of such minds to base uses, than the profanation of Ariosto's pen to the memory, and Michael Angelo's chisel to the tomb of this illustrious profligate.

Lorenzo was nephew of Pope Leo X. and father, by a

French princess, of that Catharine D'Medici, who, as wife of Henry II. and queen of France, is infamous in history as prime mover in the massacre of St. Bartholomew's. She varnished her guilt, as was usual with her family, by encouraging the Fine Arts, and building the now barrack-palace of the Tuilleries, which seems ever since to have been haunted by her evil genius.

It is lamentable that Ranke, D'Aubigne and Roscoe, are almost the only authors through whom we are introduced to this "golden age," so fascinating for the splendor and so instructive from the guilt of those whose names and deeds are almost eternized in the monuments of Florence.

And how shall I pass thee unnoted, O Santa Maria Novella! whose air even now seems hallowed by the strains of Boccacio, and whose alcoves almost continue to echo the voices of those high-born dames and gallants, who set off from thy threshold, to recite in romantic retirement "The Hundred Tales of Love.*

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Tomorrow I must leave Florence. I have just returned from a visit to the *Cascino;* the chief and perhaps only park to which the citizens have access. The paths follow for a mile and a half the course of the Arno, contrasting their bright green borders with its turbid flood.

The crowd thickened, till, at the hour of sunset, when the band were playing in front of the Grand Duke's farm, the whole city seemed to have been abandoned. Such music! bursting with such power and harmony from a hundred instru-

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* During the prevalence of the plague in Florence, in the fourteenth century, some young ladies met in this church, and conceived the romantic idea of escaping with their chosen gallants to a secluded place in the country for safety. As recreation in their exile, each gave in succession a story which together compose the Decameron. This tradition of course is a delicate fiction of Boccacio, to form a thread on which to string the "Hundred Tales of Love."

ments from a perfectly drilled Austrian band. Countless carriages centreing from all parts of the park, formed a barrier several tiers deep, filled with gaily-dressed and bonnetless ladies and their attendant cavaliers.

When the *finale* was played they filed from the ground, and in an hour the busy scene was changed to a solitude.

I returned to my hotel by a walk continued along the Arno to the arcade of the Palace of the Uffizzi, through a silent file of the statued worthies of Florence, emerging into the Piazza Gran' Duca. The silent moon looked softly down upon the grim tower, which seems so dangerously balanced upon the parapets of the Pallazzo Vecchio, and fell with a light reflected with double lustre from the marble colossi which give this celebrated place such distinction.

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Another day unexpectedly in Florence. Dr. K——, who divides his professional labors between Florence and the *Eternal City*, bears me company, at the price of a day's delay. I had designed to go by Siena and Perugia, but this can only be done through much night-riding by diligence; and those troublesome vermin, the banditti, have become, since the downfall of the Roman Republic, quite abundant and uncomfortably *solicitous*. Recently established military courts, composed of the band of the patrol which makes the arrest, are creating quite a sensation by the summary manner in which justice in their hands is administered. As prisons are not frequent, the case is briefly summed up, and the "extreme penalty of the law" follows pretty certainly in the footsteps of the capture. Instances of "Jedwood justice," where the criminal is first executed and his case tried afterwards, may occasionally happen; "yet what matters," said a young carbinier at Bologna, a few days since, "the shooting of a few scurvy, cut-throat-looking loons, who may never have actually taken purses, compared with the security and repose of the dominions of His Holiness?" Three were shot in the public square at Padua a few

days before my arrival there, and rumors are rife of robberies, arrests, and executions, more numerous than have been experienced for the last twenty years. So we depart by Leghorn and the blue Mediterranean.

Today I have again wandered through the labyrinths and halls of the National Gallery, and daguerreotyped anew upon memory the forms of beauty which tenant its interminable saloons, until they have become fixed denizens of the imagination. What may be the effect upon diffident misses, "just out," or on modest matrons, to gaze upon the undraped beauties of Titian's Venus, or the nude and glowing form of the mistress of the Duke D'Urbino, I leave better casuists to say; but there is certainly much truth in the growl of a crabbed Englishman, uttered a few days since, who remarked that he "*thought we might as well walk about before each other naked, as through these galleries.*"

But the La Fornarina of Raphael! the mistress of such a painter as the world never before or since has produced, caught from the life by the love-sick artist, while "soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again"—while painter and sitter were each emulous, the one to throw into his pencil the glowing of the passion which fired his breast, the other more tenderly beautiful, from the mingled emotions of pride, gratitude, and answering love which gush forth together! The picture is every way worthy of the master and the circumstances. Yet it is, in every respect, modest. It is altogether unlike the blowzy, *winey* voluptuousness of the beauties of Titian. There is, in another part of the gallery, a Flora, unjustly exiled from the Tribune, from the hand of a master whom I do not now recollect—perhaps Guerchino—which to my mind is not second to any picture in Florence. It is drawn in a style of easy dishabille, at once modest and ravishingly beautiful. If angels entertained any of their antediluvian weakness, living beauty like this would assuredly win them from the skies. It is now being very successfully copied by Mr. P——, a Virginia painter. A

young Philadelphian is copying at the same time a Holy Family in the Tribune. An anecdote of the last named artist is just going the rounds, which is pretty good. In his dress and manner of wearing his beard he very successfully affects the Italian style, and any one observing him at work in his singular costume would not doubt his being a Tuscan, "to the manor born." It was a few days ago his humor to copy a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which, by some accident, has a place in this collection; and while at work, an English woman on the wrong side of forty, full of fat and flippancy, looking over his shoulder, exclaimed, in her idea of his presumed ignorance of her language,—"If there is anything I *do* abominate, it is to see these vulgar fellows try to copy after the *divine* Sir Joshua." The nettled artist, turning on his heel, quickly replied with corresponding scorn,—"If there is anything *I* do abominate, it's a vulgar English woman!" Imagine the effect of such a repartee. She has not been seen since.

Two apartments of this gallery are devoted to the reception of portraits of all painters of distinction, both native and foreign. Several English artists are represented in the galaxy, but I saw no Americans except perhaps West. I looked in vain for Allston, Stuart, Trumbull and Peale. Yet how few of the multitude "have a name to live." These rooms might appropriately be christened the *camera lachrymosa*, or weeping chambers of the painter.

A walk to the beautiful heights of Fiesolé, for the second time, gave me opportunity to bestow a parting look upon the Val D'Arno, as it lay basking in the light of an autumnal sunset.

From the corridors of a Franciscan convent, which crowns the brow of the hill, I drank in the beauty of the picture which lay spread at my feet. It is deservedly celebrated as having hardly its superior in Europe. The city in the centre, with the Arno appearing among its huge square palaces and domes, with villas, convents, dismantled and ivy-wreathed towers, and

the far-stretching vineyards and olive-groves, leave little wanting to make another Eden.

The agricultural population of Tuscany are said to be industrious, frugal, and generally contented with their lot. The government of the Grand Duke, Leopold I., was eminently liberal, and his policy conducive to the welfare of his subjects. Under him more real liberty was enjoyed than during the much vaunted republics of the middle ages.

Leopold I., justly styled "Leopold the Reformer," was the second son of the celebrated Maria Theresa. He was born May 5, 1747, and succeeded to the Grand Duchy of Tuscany in right of his father, the Duke of Lorrain, to whom, on the extinction of the family of the D'Medici, it fell in a partition treaty among the leading continental powers.

The rival claim of Spain to the same sovereignty was quashed by the early marriage of Leopold with the Spanish Infanta, one of the conditions of the marriage being that Tuscany should never become an Austrian dependency.

Immediately on his marriage, being then in his nineteenth year, he set out for his dominions, of which he immediately assumed absolute sovereignty. He proclaimed a general amnesty for political offences, and endeavored to win back all emigrants. He strictly examined the finances of the State, and set on foot measures to augment its traffic, foster its industry, and reform its abuses. He visited every portion of his dominions; he removed the commercial restrictions at Leghorn, thereby making it a free port; he laid out roads from the seaboard to the centre of his dominions; he broke down the odious monopolies of corn, silk and tobacco, which had been a curse to his country, and established a safe and equitable currency. He employed the well-known philosopher Torricelli to devise a system to drain and make habitable the immense marshy wastes of the Maremma, which he effected by enclosing them with dykes, and alternately flooding and draining them, until the earth brought down from the Apennines raised the surface by

its deposits. He made agriculture the favored pursuit of his people. He regulated the import and export of grain by a sliding scale of duties, recently adopted in England in the hands of Sir Robert Peel, exempting, however, corn grown on the renovated lands of the Maremma from any restriction whatever. To set the example, he rented all the royal possessions upon the *mezzajuolo* system. Premiums were awarded for the best essays on agriculture.

He now commenced a course of thorough investigation into the state of civil and ecclesiastical law. He enacted a law of *mortmain*, by which colleges and bands of ecclesiastics were incapacitated from holding lands or other possessions as trustees or administrators. He checked the multiplication of churches, sweeping away useless ones, and consolidating their revenues into a smaller number; ecclesiastical tithes were abolished, and taxes equally levied on colleges, convents, and individuals. He expelled from his dominions the Jesuits, *who have never since regained a footing.* He confiscated their property, and gave each brother of the order twenty scudi, to purchase a new habit, befitting the ordinary priesthood.

Gambling, the bane of Italy, was put down; burials were regulated by edict, and justice was made accessible by establishing courts in the various provinces. Police offices were set up in all quarters of Florence, and the admirable municipal regulations framed which are to this day the pride of the city.

He wisely ordered that female children should not be sent from home to the schools, (convents, almost universally,) till ten years of age, and should never assume the nun's habit till the age of twenty, and not professed till they had absented themselves from the convent for six months, and even not then, till examined by a commission to ascertain their personal inclinations. Men were not to assume the habit of the monk till twenty-four years of age. All forms, ceremonies, and pomp were prohibited in convents upon the profession of the novices, and it was ordained that a civil judge should always be present,

that the will of the novice should be under no constraint. Protestant America is not so watchful as this! No confessor of a convent could deliver any discourse, sermon, or heated appeal whatever to the communicants. All foreign priests were interdicted from the exercise of their office while in the State. Thus no emissary of Rome could ever preach in Florence—*an exclusion still in force.*

Hospitals and dispensaries were multiplied, and farther checks put upon the priesthood, by carefully subjecting all ecclesiastical authorities to the civil tribunals. There is nothing more admirable in the character of Leopold than the cool determination with which he curbed the authority of the Church of Rome in his dominions, and the firmness by which he repressed the monastic orders, which, under the last of the Medici, like locusts overspread and exhausted the country. A high state of prison discipline was instituted, by which debtors were separated from ordinary criminals, and the advance of the age was anticipated in his sagacious views upon the treatment of insanity.

Having in these, and numberless other ways, promoted the happiness of his subjects, added to the wealth of the State by making the useful arts flourishing in every corner of Tuscany, and filling Leghorn with the ships of all nations, he proceeded to throw off from his subjects all signs of subjection, by totally disbanding the garrison of Florence, with all his troops, and organizing four companies of national guards. Of the boldness of this measure, we have feeble conceptions. It was a thing then unequalled in the history of Europe. It came naturally to Leopold to reform abuses—to recal his subjects to their duties—to abolish laziness in the followers of the sanctuary, and introduce purity and liberal views into ecclesiastical discipline. He was a zealous Catholic, and yet reformed Church abuses. He was a genius, and yet the father of his people.

One of the last reforms of this enlightened and energetic sovereign was the abolition of the hateful Inquisition, which,

although long contemplated, was finally hurried by this incident. An unhappy youth, imprisoned by the Inquisitors, and doomed, under their execrable system, to the torture, contrived to despatch a letter to Leopold, informing him of his condition. It was late, yet the sovereign, muffling himself, and attended by a few of his retinue, proceeded direct to the prison of the Inquisition. At midnight he found the cruel Dominicans about to apply the torture to their unhappy victim. The guilty monks were abashed at the sight of their monarch. Their tribunals were abolished throughout Tuscany. Leopold next commanded all sacred images in the churches to be uncovered, and those that were silly or profane to be removed. Priests were stripped of all privileges, and subjected like laymen to the civil tribunals. This decisive stroke of enlightened policy occurred in 1785.

But the crowning glory of the life of Leopold was his criminal code, which was the wonder and amazement of all Europe. The sovereign, comprehending that the existing criminal legislation was too severe, and suitable only to a barbarous people, reformed the entire system in a laudable spirit of piety and justice. All the articles of this code were wise, just, and equitable; crimes were regarded in their true aspect, and punishments were meted out with a regard to the frailties of human nature. The whole code breathed justice and moderation. No praise can be exaggerated when bestowed on a prince who found his country a desolate wilderness and left it a blooming garden. When his system has been adhered to, Tuscany has flourished; when disregarded, she has retrograded. The traveller in Tuscany has looked in vain among the monuments which perpetuate the memory of her sovereigns for those of her greatest benefactor. The reason is obvious. He wisely chose that his deeds alone should be the basis of his fame. When the criminal code was enacted, the Florentine people besought his permission to erect a grand equestrian statue in his honor. This Leopold refused, declaring that he would prefer some work

of public utility to a useless expense, which would only minister to pride and ostentation. Since his decease, however, a colossal marble statue, well worthy the subject, has been placed in the principal public square in the city of Leghorn, into the panelled pedestal of which, slabs, richly sculptured in basso-relievo, representing the prominent distinguishing acts of his life, are now being placed.

Such is a very brief summary of some of the actions of Leopold the Reformer. It remains only to add that he succeeded to the empire of Austria in February, 1790, and died February, 1792, aged forty-five years.

The late revolution hardly affected the people of Tuscany, as they had few grievances of which to complain. Those revolutionists who are now contemplating the regeneration of Italy and the consolidation of all the governments of the peninsula, declare the Tuscan State as corrupt as the dominions of the Pope, yet bearing lightly on the people, from the paternal mildness of Leopold II. When the reforms effected by the first-named sovereign are taken into the account, it would seem that little could remain for revolution to effect; yet such is the pressure from without of *paternal* Austria upon the one side, and *maternal* Rome on the other, that Tuscany now boasts of few of the essentials of a liberal government.

The land about Florence is owned mainly by large proprietors, and is carried on by a *mezzajuolo* system, which differs little from the one common all over New-England of cultivating "to the halves." The same tenant, however, often holds his lease for a lifetime, and the lease itself becomes almost a matter of inheritance. This system has raised Tuscan agriculture to a degree of excellence hardly known elsewhere. It is now a matter of serious discussion among English political economists whether the mezzajuolo, or halfing system, would not bear introduction into the British islands. It is a little curious that these wiseacres should draw all they know of so plain a system from a land whose inhabitants and agricultural pro-

ducts differ entirely from their own, and remain in wilful ignorance that in their own latitude, with similarity of population, soil and products, the plan has long worked successfully. But this experiment would make the English serf at once a freeman.

Spade husbandry is most commonly practised, although the plough is not uncommon. The cattle are finely shaped, and universally of a light fawn-color, looking sleek and pampered as if fed on comfits. It is said that foreign cattle introduced, assume the same color. The yoke is small and nearly strait. Instead of the wooden bow, common with us, the draft is by a cord encircling the neck of the animal, the throttling effect of which is prevented by two lateral slips of wood, of the depth of the neck, over or through which the cord passes. The tongue of the cart projects far before the team, forming a handle, by which the driver, walking in advance of the oxen, directs its course, the gentle brutes following him by a kind of trustful instinct.

But I forget that I came to Fiesolé to enjoy the unrivalled beauty of its situation, and not to discourse of Tuscan history, politics and husbandry.

The monks declare that Genoa is visible from Fiesolé. It is a little too much to believe. Fiesolé is gained in an hour's walk from the gates of Florence. From the foot of the mountain the approach is winding and steep. With a companion or two I scrambled around the hills, and discovered, with the help of a little imagination, the half-buried walls and gates of ancient Fæsolæ, a city which was crumbling in decay while Romulus and Remus were "out at nurse" upon the banks of the Tiber. Choked-up foundations of palaces and an amphitheatre, are all now left to mark the existence of the first city of a people whose example gave Rome its impetus toward greatness.

Modern Fiesolé, dilapidated as it is, has always been favored of genius. Hazlett admired its salubrity and beauty, and on a slope some way down the mountain is the tasteful villa of the

once celebrated *cantatrice*, Madame Catalini. Walter Savage Landor enjoys a green old age in an elegant retreat at some little distance.

As we came down the mountain from Fiesolé the sun was emerging from a vast purple cloud which veiled the heavens, and, for half an hour before setting, poured a glorious swell of sunlight along the vale of the Arno. The white villas, towers and hamlets which besprinkle the landscape, borrowed enough of the passing flood of splendor to cover themselves with gilding, while the dome of the cathedral glowed like a ball of living fire. To those who have been accustomed to a northern climate, there is something exhilarating in the atmosphere of Italy, where, besides natural beauties of scenery, the landscape is mellowed with tints and colors of which in colder climes there can be little conception. There was a delicious stillness in the evening air, and the city lay before us, fading yet beautiful, as twilight deepened into evening.

> But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,
> Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
> A softer feeling for her fairy halls;
> Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps
> Her corn, and wine, and oil, and plenty leaps
> To laughing life, with her redundant horn.
> Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps
> Was modern luxury of commerce born,
> And buried learning rose, redeemed to a new morn.

Very truly yours, &c.

LETTER No. 20.

LEGHORN—CIVITA VECCHIA—ROME:
NOVEMBER, 1850.

TO DR. P———.

"The luggage is all here—eh, Pietro?" "*Si Signore.*" "And the passport all right, and the cabriolet paid?" "*Si Signore.*" "Well, good bye, Pietro, 'thou'rt an honest fellow as ever broke bread,' and well deservest this extra *paul*, which is more than thy wont." "*Addio!*"

With the usual farewell of a traveller, of which the above is a liberal translation, I was, early of a misty morning, properly fortified with a cup of coffee from Doney's, *en route* for the dominions of the Successor of St. Peter. The passport having been, since my arrival in the city, in the hands of the police, was again in its case in my pocket, and things were, to appearance at least, "all right." Not so the result. On reaching the gate of the city, outside of which the railway station is situated, the gens d'armes were seized with scruples about my exit, which the inspection of the passport only increased. By dint of much gesticulating, the mystery was explained. The passport, filed with the police on reaching the city, contained a stipulation for *ten* days residence; and on comparing dates, it was found that I had actually remained *eleven!* There was no alternative, in view of such a discrepancy of design and fulfilment, but to return to the police office and explain away the odd day with the covert treasons which lurked under it.

I hastened to the hotel, to berate Pietro, who had been servant, interpreter, and general *factotum*, and to whom on reaching the city the passport had been committed. Poor Pietro was at first thunderstruck, but, quickly recovering his equanimity, jumped into the vehicle beside me, for the purpose, as I supposed, of proceeding to the police office. Dashing down

the Lung' Arno and driving hastily toward the Porta Al Prato, the carriage suddenly stopped at a cross street, when Pietro, disdaining all explanation, with a mysterious air bade me dismount and follow him, while the driver with the luggage turned in an opposite direction. Still, not doubting that our destination was the police office, I followed the lead of my guide. There was, pretty soon, evidence that something was in the wind which I had not at first comprehended Pietro suddenly became mysteriously composed in his manner, affected a leisure gait, and walking past a body of the patrol stationed at a small gate, followed a footpath leading into the Cascine, which is just without the city walls.

The secret was out;—*risum teneatis*—suspend your laughter—Pietro was smuggling me out of the city like an advertised felon, or a bale of contraband goods! Expostulation was useless—Pietro was absolute, and there was no alternative but to follow. It was the hour for morning drill, and the Cascine was thronged by a detachment of the Grand Duke's horse-guards. What if their attention should be arrested by a sight so suspicious! Pietro's *ruse*, however, was successful. We reached the railway station just as the cabriolet with the luggage made its appearance in the opposite direction, having passed out at the Porta San Gallo, effecting a junction within sight of the soldiers who had opposed my *exodus* half an hour before. The last bell was already ringing, and leaving Pietro chuckling with delight at having duped the "powers that be," I rapidly left Florence behind.

The railroad from Florence to Leghorn is one of the best I have seen. The engine-drivers are apparently English, and the cars and locomotives of English manufacture. For the first time out of England the employees refused to accept extra fees for much extra civility in the care of my luggage. I remained part of the day at Pisa, and lingered away the time in the Cathedral and around and upon the Leaning Tower.

Upon a level, grassy green, far away from what little noise

disturbs the quiet of the deserted streets, are three buildings which resemble monstrous toys, dropt by wealth and power when they fled from Pisa. These are, the Campanele, or Leaning Tower, the Cathedral, and the Baptistry. The former is a much more splendid structure than I had anticipated. It is a cylinder, gradually tapering, ascending to the height of one hundred and eighty feet, being fifty feet in diameter. A spiral gallery, sustained by finely wrought pillars, winds about the outside. The top is gained by a spiral staircase within the inner wall. The aspect of this tower, separately viewed from a distance, is novel and not ungraceful. Its material is beautiful —a rich, yellowish marble, with just enough of dark shading to be venerable. But the great celebrity of this edifice is its inclination, being fourteen feet out of the perpendicular. It looks just ready to fall, and when you see a group passing beneath the overhanging mass, you are ready in your alarm to cry out, "Stand from under!" Yet don't be frightened. It has cast the same oblique shadow upon the grassy plain for six hundred years. It would be a curious scrap of history which would narrate the events of the moment when it took its jump from the perpendicular, and yet was so suddenly arrested in its fall! It was obviously during the progress of its erection, for the undiscouraged architect continued his work, changing its upward inclination, so as to preserve its centre of gravity. Did it topple over at night, when no eye witnessed it, or were a crowd of builders busy at their tasks? Did the graver drop his chisel, and the mason his trowel, and did a loud shriek of agony go up at the prospect of such a death? History is silent. The porous earth sunk beneath such an immense weight on so small a base, and when the balancing point was just being passed, some subterranean obstacle interposed, and thus it hangs. Storms have whirled about it; the earthquake has shaken it, and time has been many ages tapping its base; yet its chance is good for a dozen centuries to come. Its bells—seven in number, one of them weighing six tons—are said to be the best in Italy.

The prospect from the summit is indescribably fine. Pisa, old, deserted, yet lordly, like power and wealth gone to seed, with the Arno flowing languidly through its waste and deserted palaces, was below us; a sleepy looking plain, luxuriant yet neglected, lay without the walls; and in the distance the blue line of the Mediterranean was discernible, with an island or two just descried in the horizon. What an Eden, yet what a desolation! Why cannot the power which piled up this marble splendor—which filled this deserted port with shipping—which sent abroad fleets of discovery, conquest and traffic, be again reïnstated! Why cannot the banished myriads who once peopled these solitudes, be recalled? Why cannot happy faces, and the firm, erect step of enterprise, take the place of these throngs of squalid beggars who make Pisa a reproach and a bye-word? Alas! the answer itself is before me, as obvious as the inquiry. The monuments thou beholdest, whose sight produces such astonishment and admiration, are the remains of a prosperous Republic. These temples are the fanes to which the proud Pisan pointed as the glory of his age and his country, and these palaces were where merchant princes vied with each other in splendor:

> "For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date,
> When commerce proudly flourished through the State;
> At her command the palace learned to rise,
> Again the long-fallen column sought the skies;
> The canvass glowed beyond e'en nature warm,
> The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form,
> Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
> Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
> While nought remained of all that riches gave,
> But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave."

Goldsmith, true poet though he was to draw so perfect a picture of splendid decay, was not statesman enough to discover that a deeper disease than the inglorious rust of commerce lay at the bottom of the case which he may have contemplated from this same point of observation. *Individual liberty* made

Pisa great—its departure has made her a feeble satellite in the circle of an Austrian despot. Will the traveller ever pause in the deserted solitudes of *my* country, and search for that first point of decay, where the popularity of the individual, however well earned, shall win from the masses the abandonment of a *principle ;*—where the *man* shall unreservedly yield the priceless gift of freedom of opinion to the keeping of an oligarchy, however constituted ; where names and titles shall veil the fair goddess to which we have bowed for four-score years? Forbid it, Destiny!—forbid it, Heaven!

Such tenacious beggars as throng the streets of Pisa I never encountered. A phalanx of them guarded the steps of the Cathedral—dirty, impudent and lazy. I threw into my countenance and manner all the expressions of shame and derision I could muster, and at last succeeded in making one of them a stout woman of forty, hang down her head with some signs of shame-facedness. It was probably the first time she had ever thought it disgraceful to beg.

The Cathedral and the Baptistry are both strange, half-Saracenic piles, of which I now have no time to write. The group made up of these several buildings is one of the most singular architectural displays which Europe affords. The same defect of base that set the Leaning Tower askew, has affected both the others, although in a less degree. There is not a vertical line which will bear the plumb in any of them. Taken together, the whole group looks, most laughably, like architecture on a "spree." Could they, like midnight revellers, break out in a catch, its burden would be—

"We're all nodding," &c.

I strolled along the Lung' Arno, entered a church of an ancient order of knights, and saw suspended on its walls some of the trophies of the crusades, and took the evening train for Leghorn. Two odious extortions meet the traveller in Leghorn, which have not even the show of justice. They are a barefaced tax upon travellers. One comes upon you in the

shape of a "privileged porter," who is empowered to take your luggage from the carriage into your hotel, and then charge you his own price, which he graduates according to his ideas of your flexibility. If you stoutly resist the leeches, they will discount seventy-five per cent. of their demand, and yet be well paid. The other is a direct tax of three pauls (about thirty cents,) on every one who embarks at the port. The pretended purpose of this tax is to build an alms-house for the swarms of beggars who hedge the traveller's steps at every turn. Murray says that the tax has been levied these thirty years, and the hospital is as near completion now as then. A *valet-de-place*, however, assured me that it was in progress of erection. Much of the commercial prosperity of Leghorn is due to the far-seeing sagacity of Leopold the Reformer, although the Medici had previously done much to promote its advance. The harbor is good, being protected by moles, to break the swell from the westward. Did not the city itself occupy so low a site, the prospect would be almost unrivalled. The swarms of beggars, and the ferocious aspect of the chain-gangs, working about the harbor under the charge of soldiers with fixed bayonets, give one who only lands for an hour from a steam-boat a disagreeable idea, which, however, is dissipated on seeing the clean streets and business aspect of the opposite side of the city. There is an English air to the shops, which is accounted for by the fact that it is a free port of entry, and English and French goods are almost as cheap as in London and Paris. After the slovenly aspect of inland Italian cities, it was a relief to wander about the broad, comfortable streets of Leghorn, where the public taste admitted the existence of an ample side-walk.

After a day spent not altogether without interest in Leghorn, I embarked at sunset in the Neapolitan steamer Vesuvio for Civita Vecchia. The boat, though small was well manned and provisioned, but in one respect its recollection makes me "crawl all over." Its berths sustained a *population* which would have alarmed Mr. Malthus. To borrow Curran's declaration—"If

the fleas had been *unanimous* they would have rolled me out of bed." It was a fine evening as we were leaving the harbor. Gorgona lay on our right, more darkly blue as it faded in the twilight, while on the left the picturesque shores of the mainland could be indistinctly seen as long as it was prudent to remain on deck.

The fortifications of Civita Vecchia were frowning around us when I went above in the morning. Rows of grim cannon looked ferociously down on us, with our total annihilation in their stomachs. The warlike aspect of this port would well befit the temperament of Frederick or the Swedish Charles, but is an awkward comment on the spiritual sway of the Head of the Church. Yet I do recollect that Saint Peter himself was somewhat pugnacious, and rash with carnal weapons. Passports were inspected as narrowly as if the Vesuvio contained a load of Carbonari; trunks were searched for *pistols* and *books*, both being combustibles in the estimation of His Holiness, and dangerous to the well being of the Patrimony. Of fire-arms I was guiltless, but had some books, which all passed readily save a prayer-book obtained at the Armenian Convent in Venice, printed in twenty or thirty different languages. The young wiseacre who examines the books took it up, opening it first at a page in Syriac, which he very knowingly commenced silently reading, following the lines with his eye *from left to right*, and after reading half a page with an air of great wisdom, laid it back with a nod of unqualified approbation. It was nine o'clock in the evening before conveyance could be obtained for Rome. A few sharpers had evidently secured all the means of travel the place afforded. By the bye, if you are ever commissioned to look up the greatest rascal "out," spend no time in vainly searching elsewhere, but come immediately to Leghorn or Civita Vecchia. Knavery seems here fully indigenous. Such rascals could only be produced by many ages of careful and unmixed breeding. I framed a theory which, by a proof *a posteriori*, explains some of the local mystery of Virgil. I think

his Strophades, which later mutilations of his text place in the "Ionian Main," was this same sea-coast, and in his rage at the extortions practised upon him and his fellow-navigators, he drew a picture of its inhabitants, the features of which are perceptible to this day.

> "Those isles are compassed by the Ionian Main,
> The dire abode where the foul Harpies reign;
> Monsters more fierce offended heaven ne'er sent
> From hell's abyss for human punishment."

With an English gentleman and a Russian count, (as I afterwards learned at Rome, for I did not suspect a title under such a threadbare exterior,) as companions in the carriage, I commenced, at nine o'clock in the evening, the dreary passage of the waste which encircles, as with an area of desolation, the Eternal City.

The dreary howling of the night wind, and the dashing of the surf—for the road clings for several miles to the seashore—were fit music for a march over such a desert. At a village whose desolation was in keeping with its situation, we came to a full stop. The vetturino refused to proceed without extra buonamano. Here was a dilemma which no scolding or coaxing would overcome. The knave was of a Harpy bred, by a Harpy begot, although himself but a fledgling. Budge another inch he would not till he had "touched the tin." There was no alternative—we purchased a truce, and proceeded.

Again a full stop. The pole of the carriage had broken short at the axletree. This was the climax of vexation. An hour spent in splicing and pulling again set us right. At sunrise we were on the brow of one of the undulations which, like the swell of ocean, distinguish the Campagna, and saw rising in the distance the dome of St. Peter's!

There are some natural objects of such undoubted preëminence that SUBLIMITY stands written upon the first impression of them which we catch, however distant and imperfect. The first view of the summits of the Bernese Alps, as they rise

just above the horizon, bespeaks their immensity. The beasts of the desert tremble at the low, scarce heard, and distant roar of the desert's monarch, which they have never yet beheld, but whose power is felt in the howl which fills every inhabitant of the waste with terror. Impressions of similar force and character accompany the first view of this mightiest earthly temple. You behold it afar, as you gain a slight ascent—dim from its distance, yet standing with awe-inspiring majesty in full relief upon the heavens; you descend into the valley, and yet above the slope which hides every thing else, this still remains visible.

At eleven o'clock, having bribed the Cerberus at the gate with a sop in the form of a five franc piece, into oblivion of our luggage, we were skirting the colonnade of St. Peter's. The fountains were throwing up their watery masses; carriages were dashing through the vast area, and groups of priests, with a plentiful sprinkling of beggars, made this centralizing point of Catholicism teem with a kind of life peculiar to itself. The last extortion of the vetturino is paid; the swarms of officious *facchioni*, who proffer their aid, are expelled; the necessary preliminaries are arranged with the *maitre d'hôtel*, and—I am in the Eternal City.

Forever yours, &c.

LETTER No. 21.

Rome, November, 1850.

TO MRS. G———.

The considerate archer in discharging his arrows will always measure their distribution by the number and situation of his birds. He would be foolish to scatter the whole quiver at one;

so he throws them singly, but if, peradventure, he espy a whole covey, he lets fly a whole bundle of shafts, and thus warily fills his bag; and when he again binds his arrows in the quiver, he is assured that each has done its part. In shooting into the flock at home, my arrows fly in couplets and triplets. You, being a distant and solitary bird, must be despatched with a single shaft. I fear that those who get my letters, in their despair at wading through their length and deciphering their meaning, will carry out the above figure, by exclaiming, with even more truth and pathos than did Dr. Young—

> "Insatiate archer! could not *one* suffice?
> Thy shafts flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain."

Now the meaning of the above allegorical preface and poeti- I conclusion, is this. I cannot afford the labor of recapitula- on, in writing to my kind friends at home. Twice told tales ould be irksome, and if all the pages of manuscript that I am d espatching across the Atlantic are worth the tape which will hold them together, their perusal will be as welcome to you as the single sheet that forms your part of the volume.

My letter to you comes from no unimportant place. I feel the magnitude of Rome even more here than ever, which is not usual where the anticipation has been so highly wrought as mine. If Rome was wonderful in the days of the Empire, it is almost as wonderful in these days of the Popes; and I hardly know when I am most impressed with this great wonder of all past and present time, when wandering among the desolations of the Palatine Hill, amid the ruins of the palaces of the Cæsars, or ascending the steps of earth's greatest marvel, Saint Peter's.

I have been in Rome one week, and my time, thus far, has been consumed among the wonderful things of old. The years of later manhood seem to have faded from memory and I am a school boy again; or, rather, I should reverse that sentiment, and say, that I have passed from the domain of the present into the vast realms of the mighty past, and am here a wanderer

amid the decaying remnants of a race of Titans. The whole air and sentiment of the place drenches my spirits into a state of almost mental intoxication. Whether it is the charming atmosphere that hangs suspended over the *Eternal City*, or whether it be the strange and silent ghost of departed greatness which sits brooding amid the huge ruins, I cannot tell; but I pursue my studies among the seven hills of old Rome with an infatuation which I fear nothing will cure save the stern call of duty at home. With the early morning, I am at the foot of Trajan's column, studying the historic volume that stands in imperishable bas relief circling around its lofty and beautiful shaft;—then, I am again building up in fancy the architectural grandeur of the Forum;—then, from the fragments of a temple, I am creating in the workshop of imagination a classical whole with the picture of column, and arch, and dome, and architrave fully depicted in the mind's eye;—then, I am in the Coliseum;—then, passing under the Arch of Constantine, I am away down in the Circus Maximus, or among the more distant and vast ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, or admiring the beautiful and imperishable pyramid of Caius Cestius. Night finds me exhausted by such a circuit, for Rome is a city of most "magnificent distances," and the returning morning again finds me running a similar round of exploration in another quarter. It seems like the changes of a dream, and I seriously expect to find myself, after some rubbing of the eyes, lying upon the sofa beside my library at home some of these afternoons, and discover that sleep has surprised me over a volume of Horace's translations.

You will enter more into my feelings when aware, that my journey through Italy has been by a way strictly calculated to give a traveller vivid ideas of Roman greatness, and instructive ones of the manner in which those who speak the English language have received the wisdom of the world's ancient mistress. Milan, Verona, Padua, and many other cities through which I have passed, contain important Roman remains, and every

statue gallery in Europe is more or less enriched by treasures of Art, gathered among these ruins which I am daily exploring. But you must not suppose that I have so little versatility of observation as to confine my researches totally to things of old in Italy. That would be an extreme of antiquarian madness which I trust I have not yet reached. No; if I am decyphering a half obliterated Etruscan inscription upon a sarcophagus, I am not so abstracted that I cannot the next moment catch the style of a new mantilla, or appreciate the elegance of a novel head-dress;—if I have grown somewhat learned in ancient architecture, and can tell at a glance whether an arch is of the age of Augustus or the later times of Domitian, I am equally observant of the form and shape of a copper sauce-pan. I can tell you how Trajan crossed the Danube upon his bridge of boats, and how the modern Italian cooper hoops a wine cask. Whether I have filled up the great field that lies between two such extremes of knowledge, I am not vain glorious enough to say.

The Italian climate I cannot sufficiently admire. To-day, the air is as balmy as June, the birds are singing in the gardens, and I sit by the open window, coatless and cravatless. Beneath me runs an arched trellis, to which the orange trees, loaded with fruit, are nailed. The grape harvest has passed and the vintage is over; a penny will load my table with delicious grapes, and four-pence would buy a family feast of grapes, figs, pears, &c., &c., to which I would very gladly invite you——if you were here.

This abundance makes the common people extremely indolent. So many idlers the world cannot any where else produce. Totally regardless of the morrow, the Italian will not work, save for the small pittance which buys him maccaroni, bread, and grapes enough to ward off starvation. Contrary to common observation, I am of the belief that the Italian is not a thief. He may lack the resolution or the shrewdness necessary, in some degree, to that kind of accomplishment; or, it

may be the dread which religion imposes, that deters him, for few can be so abandoned that they totally desert the confessional. But in all the arts of begging, he owns no master. In begging, he assumes more forms than ever did Proteus. He is a jolly beggar, or a whining beggar, just as his quick eye discovers your inclination to turn. The slightest show of benevolence on your countenance gathers around you a group of these wretches, who stick like the shirt of Nissus.

In speaking of beggars, I must make the most kindly exception in favor of a poor, half-palsied wretch, who meets me in the morning when half way to my favorite *cafè* in the Piazza D'Spagna. There is real suffering depicted on his wan face, and real gratitude in the "Grazia Signore," with which he receives the pittance which makes up its proportion of his pitiful daily income. I have a growing regard for the poor outcast in the thought, that, in a short month, he alone, of all the thousands in Rome, will miss me!

The Italian peasant has two suits. The best, which he wears to church or to the "festa," is of black velvet. This consists of round jacket and breeches, with white cotton stockings, which tie above his knees with a red ribbon. His whole figure is surmounted by a sugar loaf hat. This dress, with a vest of some showy color, gives him quite a jaunty air. The female costume is showy, and she wears in her hair and around her arms a profusion of colored ribbons. She wears no bonnet, for that would hide her jetty black hair, which is a universal feature in all, both high and low. Those who deem black hair and black eyes features of beauty, may here find plenty of paragons. I think female beauty, notwithstanding all that has been said and sung, does not more abound in Italy than in other countries less favored in climate, but in that kind of beauty that lies in the graceful figure, they excel, and in that peculiar kind of grace that is best expressed as *flexibility*. I have never witnessed a gesture that embodies in it so much of expression, as the obeisance which the Italian lady pays in passing the

shrine of a saint. As her visit to the church is almost her only appearance in public, she concentrates in her worship all the graces of her nature, and throws into the bending attitude of devotion all the virtues of humanity, and possibly some of its weaknesses.

I thought, in hearing the Italian language spoken at Milan and Venice, that it was too harsh to please the ear, and did not see reason to change the opinion until reaching Florence, where, either because the ear was accustomed to the sound, or from a greater euphony of the language itself, it began to please. I am inclined to the belief that the language of Lombardy is not so pleasing as the Tuscan. The endings of the words are all harmonious, being pleasingly rounded off with vowels. We have at our daily dining table a family of children, who speak Italian and German with equal facility; their father being a Bavarian and their mother an Italian. When they speak the latter language, it seems like the chirruping of goldfinches. I think the language cannot have the concentration about it which distinguishes the harsher dialects, and that, in promoting its harmony, articles and prepositions are lavishly introduced, at the expense of brevity. I order my breakfast of the waiter in half a dozen words, yet, when he goes to the kitchen-door to reïterate the order to the cook, he makes a speech half as long as the Lord's prayer.

But lo! the night cometh, and I must choose another hour to conclude my letter.

* * * * * * * * * *

I informed you at the commencement of my letter, that I had resolved to explore Roman antiquities to my extremest limits, before entering upon the myriad of fine things which the modern city holds up for the traveller's entertainment. Or, rather, I *should have* informed you of this, for I find, on turning back to the beginning, that I *have* informed you of no such thing. In passing this morning, however, from the Baths of Diocletian to the Capitol, my way laid across the ancient Quirinal, which is now termed "Monte Cavallo," and is crowned

by the Pope's palace and one of those strange old palaces occupied by the Roman nobility of the middle ages. While stopping in the middle of the square, to admire, for at least the tenth time, the colossal Grecian statues of Castor and Pollux, which are placed over the fountain, I remembered that the Rospigliosi palace on my left contained Guido's celebrated fresco of "Aurora," which I had down in my list of "Pictures to be seen." This palace was built by the Borghese family upon the ruins of the Baths of Constantine, and much of the statuary which adorns the saloons and garden of the palace has been at various times excavated from the ancient ruins. Cardinal Mazarin then owned it, and from him it passed into the hands of its present possessors. The picture and statue gallery is all occupied in three halls, which together form a very pretty building, bounding the garden on one side. The collection of paintings, although small, is very select. The palace is only opened on two afternoons of the week, and my call was out of season. However, an extra paul to the kind old custodian gained me admittance, and I had a picture gallery, with all its beauty, to myself.

It is an endless chapter which begins a description of pictures, and almost an unpardonable one, but the "Aurora" of Guido is too lovely a creation of genius to pass without notice and I seize a moment when the impression upon the mind is still fresh.

The Sun is represented in the picture as a glowing youth drawn by dappled horses, in a golden chariot, resting upon the clouds. His fine Apollo-like figure is clothed in a rich, yellow light, which is shed on every thing about him, and beside his chariot the Hours are shown as rosy virgins, advancing hand in hand. Before the horses, Aurora herself appears, a virgin like the rest, but more mature and full in figure. Her floating form, half lighted by the Sun, and slightly shaded by retreating Night, is touched with the happiest outlines and tints of the master; and, although no more finished or lovely than the rest, it is, from its prominence in the group, the one which first seizes

upon the fancy. She is scattering flowers in profusion before her, and the hill tops, far below, are smiling with all the freshness of morning. There is a joy and an animation about the whole group most indescribable and most exquisite. The air of triumphant gladness on every countenance of the rosy throng, and the light and well chosen drapery of each form, that obeys the least whisperings of the "wanton wind," diffuses about the picture an influence so in harmony with nature that I could almost feel the breath of morning upon my forehead, and the glory of sunrise in my heart. After seeing such a multitude of galleries of paintings, and such myriads of pictures as lie in the traveller's way, I have become fastidious in taste in regard to jingks of art, but there are some creations like this, so celestial in conception, and so faultless in execution, that the terms of admiration can never be too high, for true taste never ceases to dwell on them with delight. "I would not enter on my list of friends" the person who turned away from so charming a picture as this, without being as much better as the finest embodiment of the ideal is calculated to make all men better. Would that the owls and bats of sordid and unholy impressions were all swept from the chambers of my own mind, and they were re-peopled with forms like these!

Few know the charm and the utility of *solitude* in contemplating those things calculated to take forcible hold on the imagination. At such times, I would not hear a human voice. The teachings of Plato and Socrates would be as the babble of children. In the present instance, my inclination was gratified to the full, and I had no sharer of my pleasure, save the old man whose pleasing duty it is to hold the keys of such a treasure. That he felt gratified in my delight, I did not doubt, for the heartiness with which he acknowledged the gift which I dropped into his hand was too sincere to have been purchased with money.

But there are several very obvious things which prompt me that I have written enough.

19 * Affectionately yours, &c.

LETTER No. 22.

ROME, NOVEMBER, 1850.

TO MR. S. W———.

If the stern, matter-of-fact teachings of a world which buys, and sells, and takes a practical view of things, has not swept from your remembrance the pleasing fictions of Alma Mater,—if the well worn *toga* of College has not been exchanged for the dreadnaught doublet of the forum and the market,—if you still tarry lovingly on the heights of Parnassus, and descend unwillingly into the vales where mortals do congregate, I query claim you for a fellow-rambler amongst the charming scenery and the melancholy ruins of the "Eternal City."

Whatever may be the kind of anticipation with which the exploration of these ruins be approached, all must be astonished at their extent, their construction and their durability; and grow er in each step of their progress new and more forcible impressions of the greatness of the Roman people. When the scroll of history is for a moment unrolled, and the successive ravages of Goth and Vandal noted; when the convulsions of nature and the rage of contending faction,—assault from without and contention within, considered; and we turn to what is left, after all this desolating tide has swept by, Rome is still a greater wonder than before. If the same storms were poured out upon London which for a thousand years burst unsparingly upon Rome, its very site would soon be matter of conjecture.

As I wish to make plain to you the position and nature of these interesting remains, I shall take you with me again over the ground which I have been for several days exploring, giving you this assurance, that however much you may complain of fatigue in the exploration, your leg-weariness shall not exceed mine.

We will suppose ourselves standing upon the lofty Campanile

Tower which rises upon the Capitoline Hill; this being the point from which I first caught my topographical outline of the city, and from which point my ramblings commenced. It is probable that the Capitol was very nearly in the centre of the city, although the first settlement was upon the Palatine Hill. Please face directly to the east, and, with a plan before you, mark down upon a minor scale the localities as I give them to you, and I will endeavor to furnish you some plan, however rude, of the city before us.

There is no part of the pile of buildings immediately beneath us that deserves mention for antiquity, except the basement upon which the Senator's Palace rests, over which we are standing. There is no doubt that this is as old as the earliest days of the Roman Republic, or that it was the work of the earliest kings. In the same range with this basement, but now forming the substructure of a church, are the Mammertine Prisons. These, too, are among the earliest remains of Rome, having been built by Ancus Martius. These prisons were used for state-offenders for some centuries. In them Jugurtha was doubtless starved to death by order of the Senate, and in them also the accomplices of Cataline were strangled at the instigation of the timid Cicero. The Catholics have some traditions respecting the confinement of Saint Peter and Saint Paul here, which, if it were not improper to make a religious faith a subject of ridicule, would be ridiculous enough. Immediately at our feet lies the Roman Forum. It occupies a space of perhaps ten or twelve acres, being nearly in the form of a parallelogram. An accumulation of earth fills the forum to the depth of from ten to twenty feet, or even more, and here excavations are still being constantly pursued. Two triumphal arches stand at the extremities of the Forum, and the remnants of several temples exhibit themselves among the ruins, which, from the chaste specimens of Corinthian which their columns manifest, must have been buildings of the golden age of Rome. About a thousand feet from us, bounding the Forum upon the south,

rises the Palatine Hill, now almost entirely covered by the ruins of Cæsar's Palace. Immediately over the Palatine Hill, a little south of east, is the Celian Hill, with nothing upon it worth staying to notice. Directly east, and lying in the same line with the Forum, and about half a mile distant, is the Coliseum, decidedly the greatest fabric, save the Pyramids, ever reared by human hands. To reach the Coliseum from the Forum I should pass under the triumphal arch of Titus, which bounds the Forum on the east. When standing at the Coliseum and facing the south, I look under the Arch of Constantine.

Directly over the Coliseum, and perhaps two miles distant, at the extreme limit of the city, is the great and extraordinarily rich church of Saint John Lateran, founded by Constantine the Great. It is consequently much more ancient than St. Peter's. This is a great pile, having both a church, a convent and a palace in the same cluster of buildings. Half a mile to the north is the Quirinal Hill, crowned by the Pope's Palace. A mile on the north-east is the Viminale, most prominent from the Baths of Diocletian, which occupy quite a space upon its surface. Bearing still more toward the east, and about one and a half miles from us, is the Esquiline, having upon its eastern slope the Baths of Titus. Facing to the south the eye will rest at half a mile distant upon the Aventine, and in the valley between the Palatine and Aventine was the Circus Maximus.

These are the seven hills on which ancient Rome was built. The Pincian Hill, frequently mentioned in history, is two miles to the north-west, and the Vatican as far directly west, and upon it St. Peter's Church and the Palace of the Vatican are built. The Capitoline Hill, on which we stand, was in the earliest days of Rome a fortress, and here the geese saved the city by their timely cackle when the citadel was near being surprised by the Gauls.

Just below us, upon the right, forming in fact the southern declivity of Monte Capitolino, is the Tarpeian Rock, around the

base of which Tarpeia perfidiously conducted the Sabines who rewarded her treachery by making her the fatal gift of their shields. Should Miss Tarpeia, or any other Roman maiden, now pass beneath it, she would carefully gather up her skirts, for its abominable filthiness is anything but classic.

Now, having pointed to you the main features of Roman topography, I will designate some individual objects, selecting only the most prominent.

About a bowshot to the north-west, is the Column of Trajan, one of the finest of the Roman remains. Its base is five or six feet below the present street-level, but it has been excavated down to the old pavement, and is surrounded by some broken temple-columns and remains which indicate the former magnificence of the Forum of Trajan, of which the column known as his was one of the ornaments. The bas-reliefs which circle around the finely proportioned shaft are in the best preservation, and are a sculptured history of Trajan's wars and conquests. All the incidents of a campaign;—marches, battles, sieges, negotiations, triumphs, &c., &c., are finely wrought in the marble. It contains it is said 2500 human figures, and for ancient styles of armor, warlike implements, pontoons, and the material of war, is among the best authority we possess. The column in fact is a perfect study of antiquities, and I have seen a large folio volume alone devoted to the explanation of its meaning. It was anciently surmounted by a colossal statue of the emperor himself. Two or three centuries since, one of the Popes reared upon the top of it a statue of St. Peter, and at that time the feet of the ancient occupant of the elevation were to be seen. In this instance, the apostle literally stepped into the pagan's shoes.

Half a mile directly west, in what was anciently the Campus Martius, and now in the midst of a population of the lowest class, is the PANTHEON; a structure which no traveller looks on save with the most unqualified admiration. We can forgive almost all that the spoiler has swept away of old Rome, in the

preservation of this. Its safety is in some degree owing to its having been early dedicated to the service of the church, and thus it was sacred during the strifes of the middle ages. This, however, did not prevent that sacerdotal vandal, Urban VIII., from robbing it of its bronze roof to decorate the church of St. Peter's, and found cannon for the castle of Saint Angelo.

The architectural beauty of the Pantheon has absolutely no equal on earth, notwithstanding it has stood here twenty centuries for the world to copy. The portico through which the temple was entered, is 110 feet long, or wide, and 44 feet deep, and the roof is sustained by sixteen Corinthian columns of polished granite, with capitals and bases of marble; the workmanship of the capitals being in the most chaste Greek style. Having been erected by Agrippa when the finest models of Greece were the prototypes for Roman temples, it may be received as the best existent example of chaste architecture. The world possesses a multitude of attempts to imitate this portico, and I think I have seen the most successful, yet from all of them the eye seeks relief in the faultlessness of this. How strange it is that in so simple a matter as the well proportioned column, absolute perfection is so difficult—so almost impossible in attainment. It is that last and almost imperceptible step which lies between excellence and perfection, which so many arrive at, in both the world of mind and matter, but which to take implies the "gift and faculty divine." Within, all is as faultless as without. On reaching the vestibule, at the first view of the interior criticism becomes dumb and admiration is led captive at the display of its fine proportions. An elevation of feeling comes over you, as the eye, sweeping around the expanse measures with intuitive correctness the inimitable dome above.

There is something a little singular in the mathematical measurement within, as some authorities have given it. The temple is said to be just 143 feet in diameter, and the same in height from the pavement to the zenith of the dome, and the

dome is of the same height with the walls which sustain it. The Pantheon is now a church, and if the ugly red tiles of its roof could give place to something worthy of it, I see no reason why it may not remain many centuries to come. Seen over the Pantheon, is the Temple of Vesta; a gem lying upon a dunghill, for, like the Pantheon, it is in the Campus Martius. It is a circular building, with a roof sustained by twenty Corinthian columns. Saving in a diminutive size, and a polygonal shape, the little temple in the grove at the Asylum is an unconscious copy of it.

About a mile west of the tower of the Capitol, on which we are supposed to stand, are the Mausoleums of Augustus and of Hadrian. The former is nearly obscured by modern buildings, but the latter forms the now imposing Castle of Saint Angelo. These are heavy structures, in the Egyptian style of architecture; but previous to their spoliation and adaptation to present uses, were richly adorned with works of taste, some of which are the pride of modern statue-galleries. The modern name, Saint Angelo, applied to the papal fortress, is derived from a bronze statue of the archangel Michael upon the summit. You will look on this with no pleasure, in the thought that the bronze of the angel, as well as of the cannon on the walls, are from the spoils of the roof of the Pantheon.

A prominent decoration which meets the eye in many squares of modern Rome, are the Egyptian obelisks, brought from the land of the Pharoahs in the various expeditions of the later emperors. They are wisely and tastefully distributed; and, as far as the incongruity of such a style will allow, are pleasing in their effect. I have noticed more particularly the one in front of St. Peter's, as it is the only one which stands in the same position in which it was placed by Caligula. It was thrown down in the general sack of Rome, and when one of the Pope wished to replace it upon its pedestal, it required the aid of six hundred men, forty horses, and a variety of machinery, to effect it.

Side by side with the obelisks, are the fountains for which Rome has always been celebrated. There appears to be no such thing as a general distribution of water in the houses, as with us, but in the squares it is poured out with a most lavish profusion, and hither the common people of the city and the water-carriers assemble. Presiding over the fountains, there is usually a water deity of some kind; a Neptune, a Triton, or a Naiad, some of which are good specimens of sculpture. The water is still brought to the city by the aqueducts constructed by the ancients;—one having been built by Agrippa and one by Augustus.

But of all the works of the Romans, none can excite more just admiration than the famed Cloacus Maximus, constructed by Tarquin to drain the lower portions of the city, about the Forum. When it is remembered that he was king of Rome before the time of the Commonwealth; indeed, the very one whose precipitate vices opened the way for Roman popular freedom, we obtain an impression of the antiquity of this work, which we have the best authority for believing was constructed by him. I have examined it from two points, viz., from where it discharges into the Tiber, and at a place not far distant from the Forum, where a branch is exposed by removing part of the arch. There is no appearance of the slightest displacement of any portion of it, and I see no reason why it should not as well perform its function of draining Rome for twenty-five hundred years to come, as for that length of time past. The arch is laid with large blocks of stone, evidently without cement, and its perfect action as a drain is maintained by its slight fall, and the contraction in its calibre said to exist toward its mouth. Where it enters the river, too, it is at an angle where the velocity of the Tiber assists in cleansing its channel. No one, even in this utilitarian age, can ask the pertinent question which so frequently arises in examining ancient remains, '*Cui bono?*' Whoever executed this piece of masonry certainly fulfilled the terms of his contract, and when it falls in he will be a very ill-used man if called upon to pay the forfeiture.

The triumphal arches of Constantine, Titus, and Septimus Severus, are very beautiful and imposing structures. These, with the Coliseum, from their enduring materials and colossal size, will remain for ages. There are more arches than those I have mentioned, but these deserve most notice from the historic bas-reliefs that decorate them; which, with Trajan's column, and the similar one of Marcus Aurelius, are perfect historical records. It is very gratifying to the biblical student to observe how exactly the sacred vessels of the Temple, as shown on the arch of Titus, correspond with the descriptions of Josephus.

The last Roman antiquities I shall mention are the ruins of the baths. The Coliseum I have not sufficiently caught the inspiration of to speak of it as I wish. It is strange, although I think a fact, that all eastern conquerors return from their expeditions with a sort of hydromania, and the same may apply in some degree to travellers. Bonaparte, after his Egyptian campaign had a love for the bath, very noticeable to those who have paid attention to his more minute biography. The same fact is recorded of Bishop Heber, Lamartine, and many others.

The enormous ruins of the baths of Rome date subsequently to the passage of Roman arms into the east. Agrippa, Titus, Diocletian, Caracalla, Paulus Emelius, and other emperors, erected baths, all vast edifices. Those of Diocletian and Caracalla are best calculated to study, because, being rather more removed from the city, they have been favored in the general destruction of its buildings. The baths of Caracalla are still, with all their destruction, a mile in circuit, and those of Diocletian yet larger, but less defined, all being lofty and massive in proportion. The enormous arches and vast halls which still meet the eye, cause astonishment and wonder. The body of the building is constructed of thin but wide bricks, laid up in very heavy masses. This work was evidently faced with marbles. The tenacity of the brick work is unaccountable, for the cement appears as solid as the brick itself. So

ponderous are these edifices that it is said when a part of the roof of the baths of Caracalla fell in, the concussion was mistaken in Rome for the shock of an earthquake. Stupendous and beautiful are these Titan halls, when imagination has brought back the columns of marble and granite that once upheld their huge roofs, and from which spring those expanding arches, and again set in the niches the creations of the sculptor's chisel, which now must be sought in distant and strange lands, whence they have been borne by the relentless despoiler.

Yours truly, &c.

LETTER No. 23.

ROME, NOVEMBER, 1850.

TO REV. H. E. P———.

I should do my feelings injustice if I allowed an occasion to pass in which I failed to signify my appreciation of the worth of your friendship.

Perhaps I can no better testify it at this moment than by inscribing your name upon this—one of the fugitive tablets upon which my impressions of Italy are noted. Please do me the kindness to preserve the trifle, that I may, when impressions are growing dim, use its shadowy outlines as clues to substantial recollections.

Of all the objects which interest travellers in Italy, none are so immediately and constantly striking, as those which grow out of the prominence of the Church; and as in Rome all power, all government, and all the moving springs of society lie in the hands of the Pope and the Priesthood, in whom also are vested the control of a large proportion of the wealth, this ecclesiastical prominence the more completely fills the scope of observation.

From no other point can the vastness of the power wielded by the Church be seen. At every step some monument exists of the subserviency of powerful and distant sovereigns to this priestly hierarchy; and while we in America are too far removed from this centre of a great and wide-spread faith, to feel the influences which emanate from it, we forget that by far the largest portion of the world which we deem enlightened still looks to Rome as the great mother of its religious belief, and regard the Papal ban or blessing long after the voices of rulers are unheeded.

Those who suppose the spiritual functions of the Pope impaired by the recent revolutionary movements in Italy, are laboring under a grievous mistake. The wildest propagandist of liberty never aimed at anything else than to shear off the temporal fardels that cling to his priestly garments. All respected his holy character and reverenced his person. His position as head of the church is just as distinctly recognized now as at the first dawn of the Reformation.

It is customary with the priesthood, in countries where the Protestant faith largely prevails, to dispense with those outward insignia, such as peculiarities in dress, &c., which, in Catholic Europe, and especially at Rome, mark the incumbents of the church as a recognizable class. Hence one is astonished on reaching Italy at the multitude of ecclesiastics of all grades,—priests, monks, friars, nuns, &c., who, from their distinguishing costume, compose so large a number in every group.

I have amused myself, so far as the examination of a serious subject can be termed amusement, in drawing up a fanciful table of the number of ecclesiastics brought within a sweep of the eye in different quarters of Rome. It is curious to observe from such a table, deduced, as we say in scientific phrase, "from a series of observations," how the per centage of priestly hats and monkish gabardines changes with the proximity of the spot made the scene of observation, to Saint Peter's, the College of the Propaganda, the Jesuits' College, or the many

monasteries of the different orders of friars, and how astonishingly great the proportion to the whole population. Of the power wielded by this enormous preponderance of the priesthood, it becomes a mere traveller like myself to speak with hesitation, for as few travellers have ever fully fathomed the intricacies of the government, few are qualified to judge.

The power resides in the College of Cardinals, much centralized to be sure in the person of the Pope, who, you are aware, holds office for life, and is elected from their own body. Vacancies in the College of Cardinals are filled by the Pope, who, by a careful policy, always keeps many vacancies unfilled, that he may gather about himself in times of emergency from the high nobility the aid the occasion may require. "To obtain a cardinal's hat," as the phrase goes, is the end of all Italian ambition, as laymen are eligible to the envied distinction. The cardinals all receive salaries, independent of the accidental emoluments of civil office or the handsome perquisites of power, the intricate management of which none so well understand as they. The libraries, galleries of art, museums, &c., which have been gathered by these officials, in their extent and magnificence put at defiance all description.

Some of the most powerful of the modern Roman nobility date their origin from those dignitaries of the church; and it is very much to be suspected that an examination of the family arms would show the "bend sinister" passing across the shield. The cardinal is known by his scarlet robes, his square cap, and, better, by his showy coach and its gaudy trappings, which puts into the shade the splendid "set out" of the Roman noblemen. The various departments of finance, law and diplomacy, are presided over by cardinals, aided by the prelates; a subordinate grade, made up from the higher priesthood or the nobility, and from whose ranks the College of Cardinals is, in ordinary cases, recruited. As all offices, civil, military and municipal, are equally in the gift of this hierarchy, you will perceive how completely the people are bound up in such a

network, the strings of which are grasped by the papal fingers. These toils are so strong that the Polyphemus of Revolution cannot break them down, and so finely inwoven that the smallest offence against the church cannot creep through their meshes. Each unavailing struggle only gathers the folds around the prostrate and paralyzed form of society with a more throttling clasp, and we can, I fear, only look for complete Italian emancipation in that dreadful deluge of blood which some far-seeing politicians apprehend for all continental Europe. I am sure I shall always love my own dear America better in the remembrance of a country whose beauty is the golden tissue which covers corruption, and whose grandeur has been fed from those juices which would have saved a now utterly exhausted society.

The wealth which the Church of Rome controls is more an object of conjecture than its power. It is said that the revenues of the States of the Church are small even to poverty. The currency is in an alarming state, being composed largely of depreciated paper, the issue of the late abortive Republic. A new expedient has been devised recently, to increase the revenue by a tax upon trades, which the people are preparing to meet by resistance. No disturbance of the public peace will follow, for the city of Rome is holden by eight or ten thousand French troops, who will check any popular outbreak. The goods of those who resist the payment of the tax will be seized and offered for sale, but will find no purchasers.

But if the revenues and immediate resources of the Papal government are small, the wealth which lies garnered up in the churches, monasteries, and museums, is utterly incalculable; and, to judge from the costly structures still in progress of erection, the streams which supply these astonishing fountains are kept by some mysterious source constantly full.

The great church of Saint Paul's, built over the alleged site of the Apostle's tomb, by Theodosius, one of the earliest Christian emperors, and which for fifteen hundred years was

among the most remarkable of the monuments of the early christians, was destroyed by fire in 1824. It should then have been abandoned, as it is situated two miles from the city, in a malarious spot, absolutely uninhabitable during the summer. But as it would have been a violation of a Catholic principle to abandon the shrine of a saint, it was resolved to rebuild it in a style commensurate with the standing of the saint upon the calendar.

I went to this church on Saturday afternoon, as the crowd of workmen were being paid for their week's service. Copper coin and depreciated paper were the only tender in payment, and much angry altercation was going on at the small amount of the former which they received. It must be many years before it is completed. All the Catholic sovereigns have made common cause with the Pope, and are now rearing a most gorgeous pile, which will stand the monument of a religion which exhausts itself to sustain an obsolete principle.

Like the great church of St. Peter, it would be impossible to convey in words an idea of the magnificence of this edifice, which will exceed that, if not in size, in the chasteness of its design and the superior richness of many of its decorations. The nave is separated from the aisles by forty columns of whitish granite, quarried in the extreme north of Italy, and brought to a degree of fine working and polish of which, with all my acquaintance with granite, I had no previous conception. By an order of the present Pope, a collection of the likenesses of all his predecessors, two hundred and fifty-eight in number, is being made from existing portraits, coins, medals, &c. which are to be wrought into mosaic, and set in large medallions over the entablature.

The late Pasha of Egypt presented to the Pope for this edifice six columns and as many pilasters of alabaster, to sustain the vault over the high altar. These massive columns are the admiration of every beholder. So precious are they deemed, that a *custode* is always on guard at the building in which they

are enclosed, and to be admitted to behold them requires an order from a foreign ambassador. I am indebted for the necessary order to the ever-ready courtesy of Mr. Cass.

These columns must be forty feet in height and four feet in diameter at the base. No one who beholds them, polished as they are to a glassy smoothness, and of such rarity and costliness, would accuse me of irreverence in saying that they are worthy to sustain the paradisal portals of the New Jerusalem. Certainly a material which Revelation ever enumerates in describing the celestial abode of Deity, should never be applied to other than sacred purposes. Yet the splendor of these columns is not out of keeping with the magnificence which presides over all portions of this great temple. Gold and religion are calling upon the three divine sisters, Architecture, Sculpture and Painting, to rear and adorn a Holy of Holies worthy to be peopled by the Eternal Presence!

To get upon the subject of the churches of Rome would bring me to an inexhaustible topic. To gain an idea of such edifices as are here called churches, one must dismiss from the mind all ideas of what we are accustomed to consider fit temples for God's worship at home, and build in imagination such a combination of splendors as will take the reason a prisoner, and carry the senses as it were upon the wings of ecstacy into a state of translated existence. Such was the evident purpose in their erection.

One of the first considerations about them is their antiquity. Many of the Roman temples remain to us changed into churches, and thus have been spared the wreck which buried the rest; for without doubt the greatest despoilers of the remains of antiquity have been the early Christians and the Popes. It was a lucky affection which led a Pope to admire a falling temple, and displace Jupiter and Bacchus to make room for Peter and Paul. The Pantheon, the vestibule of the Baths of Diocletian, the Temple of Remus, the Temple of Antonius and Faustiana, and many others I might mention, are thus preserved.

If, on the contrary, its spoils were more valuable than the temple itself, the progress of demolition went ruthlessly on, and the decorations of Pagan become, with small change, the ornaments of Pope.

The church of St. Paul, of which I have just been writing, contained one hundred and thirty-eight marble columns, taken from the spoils of ancient temples, and their loss can never be made up. They were totally calcined in the fire of 1824. There are, however, many churches standing which contain similar remains. Several were built during the time of Constantine with great splendor, and still remain, with more or less occasional renovation. Wherever a martyrdom was suffered or a miracle wrought, a church was subsequently erected, and hence only can the strange situation of some of the most interesting be accounted for. During the height of papal supremacy, particular churches were taken under the patronage and protection of various Catholic princes. The king of England was, previous to the Reformation, patron of St. Paul's, as the ruling powers of Spain, France and Austria now are of various others, which they may, perhaps, in a measure sustain. The general features of construction in these churches are similar, much as they differ in detail. Far up from the front entrance is the high altar; if the church has a dome, the altar rests beneath it, crowned by a canopy. Along the sides of the church are chapels, with the usual appurtenances of worship. The chapel may be dedicated to some saint, and above the altar are often suspended the votive offerings of the devout, usually in the form of silver amulets. Some of the saints have a supposed power of intercession in cases of disease, and about them may be seen the prostrate forms of suppliants for that relief which the Great Physician may send through the patron saint. At such a shrine may usually be seen the crutches of those who have been cured of lameness and palsy, which have been brought as truthful evidences of the saint's intercession. Some of the saints whose shrines may be in the church, have a power

of arresting by miracle accidents fatal without such intervention; and around such shrines will be found rude paintings, depicting all manner of casualties, with the saint, generally accompanied by the Virgin Mary, appearing in the clouds extending the hand of rescue. The multitude of relics and scenes of miracles to be shown at Rome, has absolutely no limit whatever. They show us the stairs down which the Saviour walked in coming from the judgment hall of Pilate, the spear which pierced his side, and the handkerchief held to his face upon the cross, which received upon its folds the imprint of the divine countenance. Alas for the truth of the last, for several saucy Catholic princes possess the same thing, of which it is hard to believe the existence of duplicates.

I saw in the Mammertine prison the impression made by the face of St. Peter when thrown by his jailer against the rock of the cell, which became soft at the touch of the apostle's nose, and left in the stone the imprint of his countenance. In the same cell is also shown the spring which miraculously burst through the stone floor of the cell, for the baptism of the jailer, whose conversion followed the last miracle. Few of course honor these drafts upon credulity, and the surprise is that those who show them should not be aware that by so doing they only shake the pillars of their own faith. That instinct of the human breast which leads to the recognition of Deity, is always to be respected, under whatever form of faith it may appear; and it is happily so grounded in the heart as to be proof against the sneer of the scornful; but no mercy should be shown to the hand which turns the orisons of the devout breast into the mere service of tables; that robs Heaven of its most acceptable incense, and offers in its stead the ashes of burnt out traditions.

Closely connected with the churches of Rome are the several confraternities of Jesuits, Dominicans, Carmelites, Capuchins, &c. &c., which form so large a part in the great fabric of Papacy.

There are in the Roman States, with a population of three millions, about two thousand monasteries and six hundred convents, with about twenty thousand occupants exclusive of the priesthood. Of the higher and middle classes in society, many of the males and most of the females are educated in these establishments. Only a small number of these institutions can of course exist in Rome, although the General of each order usually and perhaps always resides here. From the connection of some of these brotherhoods with hospitals and other charitable institutions, I have been led into some knowledge of them. The Superiors of the Order are usually learned men, while the lay brothers are as commonly ignorant. And how should it be otherwise? What can be more benumbing to all which distinguishes man from the brute than the monastic life? What can make up in the monk that awful calendar whose every day's annotation should be a record of the mind's approach to Divinity, and the soul's increasing fitness for Heaven; of that account current with the severe steward, Time, where great deeds should stand in the balance-sheet against the golden hours! Alas, what a beggarly summing up! So many *paters*, so many *aves*, so many prayers mumbled, so many days' fast;—a pitiful sum total to return to Him who gave the great boon of life!

I visited yesterday the church and monastery of the Capuchins, mainly to see one of the master-pieces of the greatest painter of his age, Guido—the Triumph of the Archangel Michael. After gratifying the eye by the sight of this most sublime conception of the great master, I was shown the several parts of the monastery, and among others the cemetery of the brothers of the order. This occupies four vaulted chambers below, the earth of which was brought from Jerusalem. This earth is said to decompose rapidly all the perishable parts of the body, and at each death in the fraternity the inhabitant of the oldest grave is disinterred to give room to the new comer. The bones so taken up are separated and added to the accumulating thousands that now crowd the chambers. These ghastly

relics of mortality are fancifully made up into crosses, altars, wreaths, candelabra, &c. and festooned about the walls in every variety of form. Some skeletons are preserved entire, clothed in monkish dresses, and like Burns's dead of Alloway kirk—

> "Coffins stood round like open presses,
> There stood the dead in their last dresses,
> And by some cursed cantrip slight,
> Each in his cold hand held a light."

I have seen some hundreds, perhaps thousands of the dead, whose remains have been decorously used and preserved to promote the purposes of science, but I could not look upon these relics, thus forced to "revisit the glimpses of the moon," without horror.

The monk who shew me the chambers took snuff and eyed the grim piles of "reeky shanks and yellow, chapless skulls," with a most stoical indifference, well knowing that his own bones would sooner or later go to make up the swelling number of this vast, visible congregation of the dead. I could with double force visit upon him the execration of Hamlet—

> "This fellow hath no feeling of his business."

This is, however, but a commentary upon, and perhaps a studied carrying out of the doctrines of the Church. Regarding the *man*, be he monk or priest, but an individual who is of no importance distinct from the church—as a deciduous leaf, that must live its appointed time, and fall and rot, never hoping to be more than a leaf—it admits not the possibility that the germ may fall from the bough, and, in the bosom of the great quickener of all thought, grow into an independent luxuriance.

Not like those I have mentioned are the Jesuits, whose colleges and churches form a prominent feature among the objects which meet the eye at Rome. Loyola is none the less a saint now than when the Order which he founded was the right arm of the Church. However much we may deprecate a system which, under the guise of religion, blindly yielded the service of the sword and the intellect to the mandate of a power not al-

ways scrupulous in the use of its means, we cannot too much admire the self-sacrificing valor of men to whom we owe large advancements in the arts and sciences, and much of our knowledge of physical geography. There is nothing in the whole range of biography more heroic than the shining career of discovery, conversion and civilization, pursued by Loyola, Xavier, Gonzaga, and the early Jesuits, not to mention Las Casas, La Salle, Marquette and Rasles, whom we know better from their having made North America the theatre of their more humble operations. Religion has few such servitors now. There are few who can look martyrdom serenely in the face, and say with Father Jogues, when advancing to conscious destruction in the prosecution of his mission, "*Ibo et non redibo:*" (I go and I will not return.")*

The churches more particularly known as those of the Jesuits are the most gorgeous in Rome, being literally lined with gilding and ornamental work in lapis-lazuli, in crystals, gilded bronzes, and marbles of the costliest description. Wherever space is left in all this crowd of statuary, gilded stucco and scarlet drapery, the pencils of the ablest masters have been invoked to fill the void with artistic splendor.

The whole vault of the nave in the Church of St. Ignatius is absolutely resplendent with an enormous and elaborate fresco, representing the saint's apotheosis. From the pictured interior of a temple whose thousand columns seem hung in air, the saint ascends to glory wafted upon the prayers of saints, attended by angels, whose myriads are lost as the vision vainly attempts to follow the throng into illimitability. The fine incidence of light produced by the artist's touch, upon the scene, the airiness of the figures, the intermingling yet harmonious grouping of the heavenly choir, and the already half celestial figure of the saint in the foreground, make up a scene a little too gorgeous to be chaste, yet certainly imposing.

In the other chief church of the Jesuits I frequently hear preaching during the afternoon from some one of the fraternity.

* Steinmetz's History of the Jesuits.

Without understanding the subject, I am still repaid for frequent attendance by the smoothness, flexibility and harmony of the language, when spoken with such purity as in the church of Jesus.

The cast of physiognomy found beneath the chapeaus that pass in and out of these colleges and churches, is far different from the vacuity that tenants the cowl of the Capuchin and the Carthusian. Here are the firm and hasty step of enterprise, and the severe facial lines of hard and earnest thought. Whoever enters the theological lists with these drilled champions, must be desperate of thrust and skillful in fence. Albeit the old weapons of conflict are condemned by the better spirit of the times, and the old battle-fields are changed by the progress of nations, yet Rome looks undauntedly toward the battle which must ensue on the field of controversy, in view of her well prepared resources for this strife of the pulpit and the press.

In her late gift of a cardinal's hat to an English bishop she sees the first tremor of the fabric that Luther erected, and is awaiting with grim satisfaction the return of the whole wandering fold to her embraces.

Most sincerely yours, &c.

LETTER No. 24.

ROME, NOVEMBER, 1850.

TO REV. D. L. F———.

While enjoying, during the summer, the charming scenery of the English Lakes, I presumed so far on your interest as to write you of what I there felt and saw. I am aware that if my impressions, inspirited by the romantic loveliness of Winder-

mere and Grasmere—a beauty which lives forever in the strains of Wordsworth—were acceptable, they may be no less so when rising from the melancholy ruins of the world's ancient minstrels.

The sacred debt of early and constant friendship impels me to seize the most prominent points in my pathway on which to elevate the signal of its acknowledgement; and when can this banner float more gracefully than when Heaven sees its beauty reflected from the sylvan waters, and where the sombre spirit of the past broods silently amid the Palace of the Cæsars!

Another consideration adds its influence, which is, that as we color the thought and frame its expression somewhat to the known tenor and capacity of the mind which is to receive it, I shall find my letter, should it by your generosity return to me again, an infinitely more chaste and classic record of my passing impressions of Rome, than if entered in the dead pages of a common-place book.

Next to Roman antiquities, the subjects which engage the traveller's attention are wonderful buildings, such as only a faith like the Roman Catholic can erect. It is much a matter of doubt if there is now in that church faith or ability enough to restore any one of the score of cathedrals in Italy, if destroyed. They remain striking evidences of the accumulation of wealth and power in the hands of the priesthood prior to the Reformation.

Next to the buildings themselves, their internal decorations, especially their altar pieces, which are pictured representations of some sacred subject, attract attention. Their superior excellence as works of art undoubtedly arises from the ingrafting of great genius in the painters of that age upon strong religious faith, and a high conception of the object to be represented. The perfection in the art of design, that arose to meet this great demand, extended itself into other subjects. Notwithstanding the strong motives which the present age holds up for excellence, and the reward paid for it, this reward is still less than

that which stimulated the painter of old, who deemed himself to be doing a pious work.

Another primary object of attention, closely allied to this, are the remains of antique art, which particularly distinguish the collections at Florence, Rome and Naples. Few have an idea of the vast multitude of works in sculpture which meet the eye in these places; and as Rome was the great harvest-field from which they have been gathered up, they abound here in the greatest profusion. So vast is the collection of the antiques in the Vatican, that if all else of the kind which the world possesses were lost, their multitude would still be great, so principal a part does this large accumulation form.

The Palace of the Vatican, as I copy from a printed account before me, is "eleven hundred and fifty feet long and seven hundred and sixty-seven feet wide. It is a common saying that it is as large as the city of Turin. It has eight grand stair cases, two hundred smaller stair cases, twenty courts, and four thousand four hundred and twenty-two apartments." Some of these apartments are galleries, many hundred feet in length. I dislike, in writing of these things, to give measurements, for to do so savors of a wish to bring the marvellous strongly into view, which is unnecessary. In attempting to give you an idea of this immense collection, numbering so many works in hundreds, I should utterly fail, for every god and goddess here has its reputed representative, and every human attribute is symbolicised in marble. One gallery, several hundred feet in length, has its walls on each side built up with monumental tablets, gathered from ancient tombs, commencing with the early days of Rome, and bringing us down far into the times of the early Christians. The floor has on each side of you in passing, rows of sarcophagi, many of which are very finely wrought. So common, by the way, are antique sarcophagi in Rome, that in many parts they become basins for smaller fountains. From this almost interminable hall you enter another, quite as long, lined with Apollos, Dianas, Fauns and Satyrs, Proserpines and

Plutos, Graces and Virtues, the mere enumeration of which, like all similar attempts, would only beggar the subject. Then another door shows you into another maze of similar works, slightly differing in their general character. Subjects of mythology expressed in groups,—Leda and the Swan; Europa borne across the Hellespont; Cupid and Psyche; Apollo and Diana; deifications of Ocean, the Nile, the Seasons, &c., &c. There are a great multitude of objects in these galleries of sculpture, which one would tarry long to examine, but where such a multitude exists a few only can receive attention. There is one statue of Minerva closely draped, where so exquisite has been the touch of the chisel that the arm almost shows through its envelope, and you can form an imaginative judgment of the fineness of the linen robe by the delicacy of the folds, the sharpness of the outline, and the grace with which it falls over the figure. Yet this piece of marble, seeming as if just long enough from the artist's hands to gain the slight yellow hue that a few years gives, must be as old at least as the Christian Era. So well established is the antiquity of some of these works in the Vatican, and so unquestionable the estimation in which they were anciently as well as at present held, that Philostratus is said to have described a certain work by Praxiteles, and Pliny another by Lysippus, both of which are here, and justify their encomiums. Pliny, too, described accurately the group of the Laocoon, and ascertained its having been placed in the Palace of Titus, near the ruins of which it was found in 1506.

Virgil, you will recollect, describes the tragedy; and the expression of anguish, despair, terror and horror of the dreadful death which awaits each victim, is finely effected.

I wish, then, I could convey to you an idea of that most pleasing and chaste statue—"Ariadne sleeping." It looks as if petrefaction had stolen upon the slumbers of the fair Cretan, that we mortals of degenerate age might know how much grace existed in the daughters of Minos.

Who could attempt any account of that immortal work, the

Apollo Belvidere. The world almost knows it by heart, for travellers have so often dwelt on its excellence; yet as I stood entranced before it, I felt how imperfectly all language had expressed its absolutely inconceivable beauty. "The lord of the unerring bow" is represented as having just sped a shaft, perhaps at one of the sons of Niobe, and the half advancing attitude by which he follows its effect, is the highest conception of manly grace. The haughty majesty of the brow; the beautifully disdainful cast of the delicate lip; the triumph that almost makes manifest to the sense the eye's dilatation, must enchain any one before it, the unresisting slave of genius. The severest criticism detects nothing forced, nothing meretricious. It is the exhaustless feast of a fastidious taste—the repletion of beauty. No gathering of separate excellencies from assembled models, ever gave us this as their laborious aggregate. It was an extatic idea, springing from a breast that found a divine ideal in its own recesses.

> "Or view the lord of the unerring bow,
> The god of life, and poesy, and light;
> The sun in human limbs array'd, and brow
> All radiant from his triumph in the fight;
> The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
> With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
> And nostril beautiful disdain, and might,
> And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
> Developing in that one glance the Deity.
>
> But in his delicate form—a dream of love,
> Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
> Long'd for a deathless lover from above,
> And madden'd in that vision are exprest
> All that ideal beauty ever bless'd.
> The mind within its most unearthly mood,
> When each conception was a heavenly guest;
> A ray of immortality—and stood
> Starlike around, until they gathered to a god."

In this collection are the two sarcophagi which once contained the ashes of the wife and daughter of the emperor Constan-

tine. They are of porphyry, of great size and beautiful finish, and adorned with bas-reliefs of much excellence.

Here also is a sarcophagus of the Scipios, of still greater antiquity but of equal preservation. No ancient remains are preserved to us so unimpaired as these, having from an early period been held inviolably sacred, or concealed beneath tumuli, or buried under the ruins of temples. The sarcophagus of the Scipios, now in the Vatican, was only discovered in 1780, after lying undisturbed twenty-one centuries. Scipio Africanus was not buried here, having died in voluntary banishment, where, stung by the ingratitude of his country, he forbade his remains being taken to Rome. This sarcophagus, as its inscription informs us, contained the ashes of his grandfather.

Having written you at so much length respecting the statuary of the Vatican, I hardly have room to say much of its paintings, which are yet no less celebrated. It would be utterly impossible for me to have written you so much, and yet say nothing of such works as the "Last Judgment," by Michael Angelo, and "The Transfiguration," by Raphael. These are works into which all the power of the great painters was thrown, and on which they staked their fame. The "Last Judgment" was commenced in Michael Angelo's 60th year, and the "Transfiguration" was just finished at the time of Raphael's death, and served as the canopy over his body. All the force which painting can give, seems concentrated in these works. The Saviour in the latter is seen floating in the air above Mount Tabor, with the Apostles stricken down by the effulgence of the spectacle, while below the remainder of the disciples are pointing the attention of a demoniac boy to the scene. Nothing can exceed the high conception which the great master has achieved of the divine countenance.

The Last Judgment is the most terrible composition mind can conceive. Its great size, (sixty feet high by thirty wide,) has given full field for the giant mind of the painter to embody all its details; and although he has allowed his pencil to run

riot in the subject, and blend pagan mythology with revelation, and bring St. Peter and Charon, the Virgin Mary and Midas, all upon the stage at once, yet he has made them all subordinate to his great purpose.

The Great Judge, as the centralizing figure in the tableau, is seen literally coming in a whirlwind, with his right hand extended in wrath toward the guilty. The descent of the wicked into hell, at the almighty sentence, with the wildest passions portrayed upon each countenance,—remorse, despair, diabolic rage and defiance; the meeting of devils and damned; the contortions of souls in hell, and the fiendish triumphs of Satan, were subjects suited to the genius of Michael Angelo.

On the other side, the angels and beatific spirits are spectators of this horrid ending of all time; the righteous are meeting their Judge with shining countenances; the graves are pouring forth their spectral tenants, and the artist on this side, no less than on the other, has delighted in showing us much

> "Of the horrible and awful,
> Which e'en to name would be unlawful."

There is nothing in this picture, which is perhaps the most extraordinary one in the world, that gives delight in its study, save its incomparable excellence as a work of art. It is like the representation of a fearful tragedy, or a torch-light descent into a charnal house. It is a little difficult to say where the artist obtained most of his ideas; whether from Homer, Dante, Saint John or Thomas Aquinas. He has not scrupled to borrow ideas from each.

The strange suggestions of popes and cardinals, which the painters of that age were made per force to heed, must explain the introduction of many figures into their sacred pieces that either destroy their effect or produce a smile. In the "Transfiguration," for instance, two of the pope's personal friends seem to have been indulged with snug side seats on Mount Tabor, and are viewing the representation with a degree of coolness that ill contrasts with the glory-smitten figures of the prostrate

apostles; and in the "Last Judgment" the Virgin Mary reminds you of a boarding-school girl amid the dust and smoke of a charge of cavalry. However, these are trifles which in no way impair the stupendous impressions produced by these bequests to time of those mighty men of old. How large a space in the mind such powerfully conceived and executed works occupy, and the huge vision with the lapse of time looms up with increasing force, while others, whose original difference seemed small, fade into forgetfulness!

I have said in a letter to some other friend that I would look on these undying creations of the old masters in solitude and silence. I would change that sentiment in one particular. I would look on them alone; but could fitting music lend its aid I would invoke it. I would gaze on the "Aurora" of Guido with soul attuned to the melodies of morning—the carol of the birds, the song of the reaper, and the chorus of the distant hunting horn; I would behold "The Transfiguration" by an organ's peal, when swept by a hand like yours; but in presence of the "Last Judgment" I would be appalled by the fiercest artillery of heaven.

I remain, my dear friend,

Yours ever.

LETTER No. 25.

ROME, NOVEMBER, 1850.

TO MRS. M———.

My last letter to you was, I think, sent after I reached Florence, although I recollect that it was chiefly written at Bologna. I hardly dare think how my letters read when they reach you. They are dashed off at a moment's notice, and generally refer

ENGRAVED BY J. SARTAIN.

PIUS IX.

to something I have just seen; so that they may be considered fresh impressions when they go from my hand, yet when they reach yours may be like jokes at second-hand, or have the flatness of long uncorked soda-water.

* * * * Today I have seen one of the great, imposing spectacles of Rome. The Pope heard high mass in St. Peter's church, and as he had not been in St. Peter's since his flight from the city, two years since, the spectacle was of great interest. I reached the church an hour before the time, in order to gain all the advantage possible from position; and, as the ceremonies did not commence till an hour after the appointed time, I had two hours to wait. However, two hours are never lost in St. Peter's church. The chanting in the choir commenced at nine, A. M. and about half past nine the band of Swiss guards made their appearance, ushering in the cardinal who was to officiate. The Swiss guards are the Pope's especial escort, and may always be seen about the papal palaces. They wear a helmet of polished steel and brass, with doublet, breeches, and stockings composed of strips of cloth colored black, orange, yellow and scarlet.* They are armed with a long halberd, or battle-axe, made of polished steel. The cardinal came in with an escort of priests, clad in purple robes, each wearing the lace mantle, with a cape of ermine over all. His own suit was a scarlet robe, with the square cardinal's hat. On the arrival of the cardinal in the chapel in which mass was to be said, a ceremonious process of robing, preparatory to his duties, was gone through with, in which he was arrayed by the attending officials with the various collars, robes, crosses, finger rings, &c. neces-

* The Pope's Swiss Guard wear a dress designed, it is said, by Michael Angelo. This origin of such a singular costume I have never heard disputed, although it sounds like one of the merry conceits of Pasquin,—a hit at the fashion of attributing not only the grand but the singular to the architect of St. Peter's. If the dress worn by this body of mercenaries be M. Angelo's invention, he surely was in a quizzical humor to so contrive it that the Pope should always appear to be attended by a body of harlequins.

sary in the ceremony, each of which was previously sprinkled with a profusion of holy water and incense. When fully attired, he wore a robe of figured cloth of gold, with the mitre, and was seated in state, to await the commencement of his functions. This description, given in so few words, took about an hour, requiring all the prostrations, crossings and chantings which those only know who have witnessed the high Catholic ceremonies.

The Pope entered from the palace of the Vatican, (which joins the church,) by a private entrance through one of the side chapels. Beside him marched in single file another detachment of the Swiss guards. He was preceded by two or three gentlemen, clothed in very rich suits, such as are seen in old Spanish paintings as the costume of cavaliers three hundred years ago, composed of black velvet, with ruff, breeches and doublet, black silk stockings, gold shoe buckles, and sword. These may have been state attendants, or Roman noblemen, or the ambassadors of Catholic powers,—I cannot say which. Next followed four younger gentlemen, in suits of figured scarlet silk, whom I took to be some of the body attendants. Then came the Pope, attended by four other gentlemen in purple robes, two of whom upheld his own robe, which was very similar to the cardinal's, but covered by a flowing collar of cloth of gold, very nicely wrought. I omit in naming the procession, the cardinals, bishops and other dignitaries who helped swell the imposing cortege. This train marched across the church to the chapel where the ceremony was to be performed. The Pope, on entering the chapel, knelt for a moment before the altar, and was then conducted to the papal throne. I omit saying any thing about the mass, for it differed in no manner from the ordinary ceremonies, the Pope being a mere listener, joining in the prayers and chants like any of the priests. The singing during the ceremony was very fine. The organ of this chapel, although small, is the most exquisitely toned I ever heard. On the conclusion of the ceremony, the Pope came out of the chapel into the body of the

church, similarly attended as he went in. He marched up the centre of the vast edifice attended by only the four purple attired body attendants I have named, the rest of the cortege forming two lines widely apart, between which spectators were excluded. When about fifty feet from the high altar he knelt at a smaller one, prepared for the purpose, when he repeated in a very low voice a Latin prayer. This was the most pleasing part of the whole ceremony, his manner of performing it was so graceful and unaffected. After the conclusion of this prayer he rose and went slowly out as he entered, distributing his blessings on all around him as he departed. During much of the ceremony I was very near him and heard all he said.

I have seldom seen a man whose appearance more fully prepossessed me than Pope Pius. His countenance is expressive of great dignity and benevolence, with all the indications of good nature and good sense.* He would attract immediate attention as one of nature's noblemen if stripped of all the marks of his exalted station. In his youth he must have been handsome. How strange must have been his feelings on entering once more this great temple of the religion of which he is the head. Since last beneath its dome he has seen the populace of his dominions ungratefully armed against him, his prime minister stabbed to the heart almost before his face, and himself an exile in a foreign State. He is again on his throne, but, alas, only through the suffrage of French bayonets!

After the conclusion of the ceremonies, in company with several English gentlemen, I went to the top of the dome. The ascent is easy, more so than to the cupola of the State-House at Concord, notwithstanding the immense difference in altitude. The ascent at St. Peter's is by an inclined plane, and not by steps; you could easily reach the roof on horseback. The roof is an enormous area, upon which an army might perform their

* The mezzotint of Pope Pius which accompanies this volume, although correct in most particulars, is defective in expression.

evolutions. The statues on the balustrades are found to be coarsely hewn from great blocks of stone, fineness of material and workmanship being of no consequence at such a height from the ground, from which they are supposed to be seen. The dome is double, and the passage to the top is between the two, sometimes by an inclined plane circling about it, and at others by zigzag flights of stairs, similar to the path up the steeps of the Alps. At two different points within the dome, you may pass round it by a platform protected by an iron railing.

The effect of such a sight is almost indescribable.

> "Stand still. How fearful
> And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eye so low.
> * * * * * * *
> I'll look no more
> Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
> Topple down headlong."

The people beneath you upon the pavement of the church look like flies, and the great squares and figures into which the marble floor is wrought, resemble the small figures in a patchwork quilt.

The day has been one of the finest of the season, and the view from the balustrade beneath the ball has no equal. The city, with the ruins of old Rome intermingled with the splendor of the new, lay at our feet. Arches and aqueducts, temples, columns, tombs and amphitheatres stood in proud array amidst the towers and domes of its proud successor. Surveying Rome from this point, where the eras of its history are portrayed in its ruins, it is difficult to conceive the moment in the lapse of twenty-five centuries, saving in that dark hour when she reeled beneath the blow of the Goth, when Rome could not claim her proud precedence in the van of nations. The Orsini, the Colonni, the Gætani, and the many other lordly families who made the city the theatre of their strife during the middle ages, have left monuments hardly less proud than the almost eternal footsteps of the Emperors. Beyond the city walls, which, broken as they are at intervals by their massive gates, are a grand fea-

ture in the scene, the désolation of the Campagna is unbroken, save by the few villas that hover about the city until the eye catches the Sabine and Alban hills in the distance, whose salubrious slopes afford refuge against the fell malaria that breathes death upon the plains below. The solitary mount which breaks the prospect on the north, is Soracte. Towards the east, Mount Cimino and its attendant Sabine hills meet the eye, to be again arrested in its southward sweep by Mount Albano, with its crowning ruins of the temple of Jupiter, to where the "gelidus Algidus" of Horace stands, a snow-clad sentinel over the far-stretching Pontine marshes.

All around was classic. On one side of the Tiber, which now rolls its turbid stream through the plain at our feet, was Latium, on the other Eutruria. Here was Alba Longa, a little farther to another point Tusculum, and between those two mountain summits, Præneste. Where Tivoli now exhibits itself on the mountain side, Horace retired to enjoy learned ease, and Hadrian displayed his magnificence. Here Camillus came to his country's rescue, and, where the solitary rock stands as a monument, routed the half-victorious Gaul; and there Hannibal daily awaited the surrender of Rome, when astounded by the intelligence that Scipio was thundering at the gates of Carthage. At this gate at our left Alaric entered the city, and the ruins spread around us tell the rest.

After viewing this scenery as long as time admitted, beautiful in itself and vast in the association, we ascended into the copper ball, in which a dozen might have dined with some little elbowing. On reaching the ground, it was impossible to conceive this of the tiny thing that looked, in its airy height, like a lady's pin-ball.

After thus gaining the highest point, we had opportunity to view the crypts and vaults below the church,—a place held especially sacred, as containing the tomb of St. Peter himself. To make this subject clear, I should perhaps say that in the year 90 of the Christian era, a chapel was erected over the spot

where the body of St. Peter was deposited by one who had received ordination at his hands. This was removed by Constantine the Great, the first Christian emperor, to give place to a church which for a thousand years was the great centre of Christendom. On the decay of this, the present church of St. Peter was built. It was raised higher than the basement on which the church erected by Constantine stood, and in doing this the pavement and tombs of that were preserved in their situation. As this is all matter of at least connected and plausible history, I think we have no great reason to doubt that we here behold all that imagination can suppose to remain of the lion-hearted apostle. Many of the early Christian Emperors and Popes are here entombed. No resting place for the dead can carry the imagination so far back as this, and few of the world's historic theatres have borne witness to more imposing spectacles than this mosaic pavement beneath our feet. Here Constantine and Honorius dared avow themselves the followers of the obscure Bethlehemite, when such an avowal was life-peril. Along these marbles strode Tancred, Godfrey of Bouillon, and the lion-hearted Richard, to gain from the great fountain of their faith new enthusiasm to cope with the Saracen. Here Charlemagne and Otho dedicated their swords to the service of the church, in that backward track of time where history almost confesses herself at fault.

Perhaps the limits of my letter will allow me to give you an account of my yesterday's excursion on foot without the city walls. A rain the night previous had left the atmosphere clear and rather cold. The mountains to the east were robed in snow, so that quick walking was necessary. My way lay over the Capitoline Hill, through the Roman Forum, under the arch of Titus and that of Constantine, beneath the walls of the Coliseum, and by the ruins of Caracalla's baths. Staying for a few moments in a vineyard by the wayside, to view the empty tomb of the Scipios, the magnificent sarcophagus of which was removed a few years since into the halls of the Vatican, after laying hid-

den two thousand years, I went under the arch of Drusus and out at the lofty turretted gate of St. Sebastian. These arches that I mention were erected by the Roman people in honor of those whose names they bear, provided the person did not waive the matter of delicacy, and thus honor himself. About two miles from the gate is the church of St. Sebastian. It is erected upon the place where, as tradition says, that saint suffered martyrdom by being transfixed with javelins.

But the greater interest of this church to travellers is, that it lies at the entrance of a labyrinth of catacombs, the existence of which dates far into antiquity, having been alluded to even by Cicero. They were, originally, quarries from which puzzuolani was taken. It is said that the galleries have been explored for a distance of twenty miles, although the distant ones have been walled up to prevent a repetition of the dreadful calamities which have occurred to some who never returned from their inextricable mazes.

These catacombs were the chief places of concealment for the early Christians, and in niches formed in the side of the soft rock their remains were deposited. Some chapels and oratories are now shown, in one of which is a marble block, on which one or more were decapitated.

My guide was a Dominican friar from the monastery, who reserves himself to the especial duty of satisfying the curiosity of travellers to the place. He was a fit attendant to such a subterranean city of the dead. His coarse woolen frock and cowl, with no tie or ornament except a rope around his waist, and his face unvisited by razor, when lighted by the blazing torch which he bore made him appear a fit dweller in these habitations of gloom, solitude and silence. Looking at him as he preceded me, with his uncouth figure shadowed on the wall, descending into the different tiers of galleries that wind above and beneath each other, with nothing to break the leaden silence but the clatter of his wooden sandals, and the monotony of his sepulchral voice, and it seemed like a descent into Hades.

We are not informed where Virgil or Dante obtained their ideas of the infernal regions, but these catacombs would furnish to the vivid imagination just such a picture of the walks of the dead and disembodied as their pages have given us.

The Circus of Romulus, the son of Maxentius, the tomb of Cecilia Metella and the fountain of Egeria, are objects of interest, lying not far distant from the church St. Sebastian. The former is an area of many acres in extent, with enough of its towers and walls remaining to indicate its ancient use as a theatre for the chariot races of the Romans.

The tomb of Cecilia Metella is an edifice sufficiently large and strong to serve as a fortress for a large body of men, and sustain the assault of besiegers. It is a circular tower, perhaps fifty feet in height and as many in diameter. From the battlements upon its walls it would be taken for a fortress, although the pains taken in its construction, and the inscriptions upon it, well establish its character, and indeed many of the finest specimens of sculpture were taken from it. The inscriptions declare it to have been the tomb of the wife of Crassus and the daughter of Quintus Metellus. As the best preserved monument about Rome, notwithstanding the robbing of all its interior statuary, inscriptions and decorations, it is still an object of much interest and resort. What tomb, save the pyramids of Egypt, ever stood so unimpaired for nineteen centuries, and what virtues in the dead must have existed to have called for so proud a mausoleum?

At a little distance from this place, enshrined in a valley in which Calypso and her nymphs would have rejoiced, is a small grotto, with a fountain from time immemorial called the Fountain of Egeria. Classical authorities are divided as to who Egeria was, but she is known from her connection with Numa Pompilius, the royal philosopher. Whether she had merely a mythical existence, and his pretended consultations with her were a device to give his laws the force of oracles, or whether the grotto was erected by him as the shrine of some mortal beauty,

both history and song have left us equally in darkness. Classical fable informs us that Egeria was neither a naiad nor a creature of the imagination, but a Roman maiden, who was changed by Diana into a fountain, in reward for her grief at Numa's death. It is, however, no supposed sanctity of origin which has preserved inviolate this little trysting place of the imagination. It lies in the bosom of a valley, where nature seems to have obeyed the voice of beauty, and thrown herself into a form where taste might build a cell for the habitation of retirement, silence and meditation. There, in a nook hollowed by the winding uplands, some hand many centuries ago built this little nymphæum, and filled its niches with statues expressive of the genius of the place. All these are gone, save one, much broken and defaced, beneath whose recumbent figure the fountain gushes, breaking by its fall the silence of the place, and then disappearing through a subterranean channel. The pendent branches above have thrown a veil half over the face of the grotto, and thus completed a picture so modestly fair that the spoiler has passed it in his work of devastation.

> "Here didst thou dwell in this enchanted cover,
> Egeria! thy all heavenly bosom beating
> For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover;
> The purple midnight veiled that mystic meeting
> With her most starry canopy."

As I came up from the valley the sun was fast disappearing, revealing in his decline the glory of an Italian sunset. From the zenith to the horizon all was one glow of splendor, growing more intense to where the sunset-clouds hang their purple fleeces in a sea of molten gold, and when the sun stepped in majesty from beneath this Tyrian canopy and threw his departing glances across the Campagna, distant Soracte caught up the signal, and his snowy forehead answered back to the dying day the good-night benison of slumbering nature.

I hurried back to the city, avoiding by a brisk pace the effect of the miasmatic chill which night brings up from the Pontine

marshes. The moon was already gilding the broken arches of the Coliseum, and I reached my hotel just in season to meet the servant on the stairs, with the announcement, "*Franzione, Signore,*" (Dinner, Sir.")

Affectionately yours, &c.

LETTER No. 26.

ROME, NOVEMBER, 1850.

TO HON. W. P———.

I very much fear that your warm and classic college remembrances will be sadly cooled in any description I may give you of existing Roman antiquities. I have made a diligent exploration of such as are down in the guide-books,—a very hackneyed source of information, you will say, but yet it unfortunately happens that it is the only one on which you can rely,—and have gained an idea of *ancient* Rome, which fully satisfies me; indeed, I think if I had pursued the subject any farther, the satisfaction would have been infinitely less. The best way to view the fading splendors of the Rome of Cicero and Augustus, is to glance over it and pass on. If you bring to the examination of what remains to us, some knowledge of and taste for antiquarian researches, with a few classic reminiscences, you will get on, but without them Roman antiquities must be spiritless and shadowy indeed. With these essentials, no other city is so calculated to raise and keep up the finer feelings of the mind, make us forget the lapse of ages, and teach the sublime instructions which flow from the decay of human greatness. At Rome the modern are almost as valuable as the ancient classics;—Shakspeare is as necessary as Horace, and the fictions of Madame de Stäel will help us along much better than those of Virgil.

All the enthusiasm to be used in Rome must be brought here. It may be added to on the spot, but will never spring up here *de novo*. Recollection will increase the enjoyment on first viewing mutilated fragments, but recollection will not bear a too severe draft. There must be something intrinsically beautiful or admirable; else the unsatisfied traveller turns to the exhaustless feast which the collected treasures of ancient and modern art afford, of which admiration is forever fresh.

The Roman Forum, with the remains of the temples adjacent to it,—for in the palmy days of the Empire sacrificial ceremonies ever preceded the deliberations of the State,—is the first place which attracts the attention of him who seeks the Rome of the Cæsars. The pious may tread with deeper emotions places hallowed by the footsteps of the Redeemer of mankind; yet there is no other in the wide universe which calls forth in the historian, the scholar, and the politician, sensations so overpowering. I saw the Forum beneath my feet from the tower of the modern Capitol, but in visiting it I had passed from Trajan's Column through the gloomy Via Di Marforio.

At my right, just at the entrance, is the still entire arch of Septimus Severus, with its base far below the surface, which the decay of so many ages has raised fifteen or twenty feet above the ancient pavement of the Forum. Just beyond this, and still close at hand, are the massive foundations of the Tabularium, or Record Office, which anciently contained the archives of the Empire and the still more precious Sybilline books. These foundations, laid in the very infancy of the city, were, with the Cloacus Maximus and the Mammertine Prisons, constructed of such enduring materials as to bid defiance to time and the barbarian. The three columns just beyond, which stand in such stateliness, are the sole representatives of that marvellous colonnade which adorned the Temple of Jupiter Tonans. Eight granite pillars, connected and upheld by their ruined entablature, mark the site of the Temple of Concord. Across the vacant area are three Corinthian columns, composed

of marble of such fineness as is now hardly to be found; long considered, too, among architects and antiquarians, as models of a pure Grecian style, which formed the corner of the far famed Temple of Jupiter Stator.

I turn from the direction in which I entered the Forum, toward the east, and a few deserted churches denote the sites of the Temple of Saturn, the Basilica of Paulus Emelius, the Arch of Fabius, and the temple erected by Antonius Pius to his wife Faustiana. These have all disappeared save the latter, which is now converted into a modern church, and the portico, projecting into the desolation of the vacant area, is conspicuous. He was a goodly architect who laid these ponderous blocks one above another, and it was sterling masonry which based these pillars so firmly that they have stood witnesses of so many ages of change and decay. But what are these enormous masses of brick-work that stand facing the Forum, which, if they composed a human temple, must have had ministering priests from the sons of Anak? The three huge arches of this nondescript edifice which yet stand, with faint traces of stucco yet upon them, are the remnants of a Christian church, erected by Constantine to shame into insignificance the pagan temples of his predecessors. There was a good deal of selfishness in the questionable Christianity of Constantine. His motive in erecting this monument of his pride, seems to have cursed it, for a fire ruined its splendor after a very brief existence. A riding-school of the French cuirassiers has made a hoof-marked circle in the nave, and a group of peasants, leaving their donkeys at bait in the Forum, are enjoying luncheon and a promiscuous siesta under the shadow of its arches.

Below is the Arch of Titus, under the shadow of which the way leads us to that enduring monument of Vespasian and Titus —the Coliseum. This is ground on which we will not yet trespass, but return on the other side of the Forum, and what a spectacle here meets the eye! At our left is the Palatine Hill, once the nursery, then the seat of splendor, and now the

most impressive feature in the desolation of Rome. Many acres of buried foundations, ruined walls and crumbling arches, alone indicate the ancient existence of those buildings which in their time eclipsed all coeval splendor. The temples, the porticoes, the libraries and the baths, then the admiration of the universe, exist now only in these shapeless masses of brick-work, so confused and scattered that architect and antiquary are both at fault in allotting a local habitation to the Palace of Augustus or the Golden House of Nero. A set of nearly entire arches, now converted into stables, overlook the Forum and face the Capitol. If we can pass the beggars who keep a vigilant guard over the ascent, we shall find a collection of small oratories by the side of the way, each with a painting of the martyrdom of some saint, and terminated by the retired convent of Saint Gregario, nestling among the ruins.

As if to surprise us by a violation of all that is consistent in the fitness of things, an Englishman has attempted to enliven the dreariness of the Palatine Hill by erecting upon its highest part a gaudy villa, every way worthy the centre of Cockneydom. If Mark Antony had dreamed of this when he bewailed the death of the once imperial possessor of the Palatine, he would have exclaimed with ten-fold pathos—

"Oh! what a fall was there, my countrymen!"

But, on the other hand, why not? Why has not John Mills, esquire, as perfect a right to a home on the Palatine Hill as Mr. Julius or Mr. Augustus Cæsar? If comparisons be made, I much fear the latter would suffer. With them, *might* and *right* were probably words of the same meaning, while John Mills bought and paid for his lot in good current coin of the realm. But I sadden to record, that the nobleness of the foundation of John Mills's house has been the ruin of his peace; for after enduring the pasquinades of Rome for a few years, he sold the "Villa Mills," in absolute brokenness of spirit, to his countryman, Colonel Smith, who, if he endures the disquiets which the situation entails, must be made of no "penetrable stuff."

After wandering for a while amid the gardens and the choked-up ruins of the Palatine, I again emerged into the Forum. In looking down upon the Forum from the Palatine Hill, or from the Capitol, we seem to have deserted the habitations of living men. A strange spell seems to hang over it, which prevents its being profaned by the occupations of inhabited cities. Without repeopling by the force of imagination the scene here spread out, it would be a place from which one would gladly escape; and yet when the gates of fancy are thrown open, how thickly the forms of the past come trooping in, to fill and enliven the desolate void!

Around the elevation from which I survey these broken monuments of a dead empire, Romulus drew the furrow which in the infancy of the city was the boundary of his mimic realm. There the rustic games were celebrated, which were so unceremoniously disturbed by the seizure of the half-willing Sabine dames by the young Roman Lotharios. In this place, according to classic fable, the heroic Curtius, armed and mounted, plunged into the gaping gulf, with a prayer to the immortal gods on his lips for the welfare of his country. Here the thousands of Rome stood horror-struck at the sacrifice of the fair Virginia by the hand of a father. How rang these fallen temples with the imprecations of Brutus, as, running the length of the Forum, holding aloft the dagger just reeking from the bosom of the self-sacrificed Lucretia, he swore the expulsion of the perfidious house of Tarquin! Here Coriolanus, stung by the ingratitude of his countrymen, tore open his vest, and, showing his breast all scarred with wounds received in the service of Rome, renounced his country and joined her enemies. Here Titus Quintius exhorted his countrymen, in those strains of eloquence still preserved to us, to heal their internal dissentions and join in the defeat of the Volscians. Here Cicero hurled his anathemas against the guilty Catiline; and Brutus, Cassius, and Mark Antony swayed with alternate passions the fickle multitude of Rome over the body

of the mighty Cæsar; and here the augurs and haruspices, in the presence of the Senate and people of Rome, delivered the omens derived from the sacrifices and the oracular teachings of the Sybilline Books.

Imagination may be allowed for a time to put on the guise of reality—these solitudes again resound with the hum of myriads of voices, and these architectural desolations teem with the renovated splendor of the times of the Cæsars.

Instead of standing, as a moment since, on the slopes of the ruin-spread Palatine, I am, with a change of time of almost two thousand years, in the portico of the palace of Augustus. For a thousand feet beyond me I survey the portico of this wondrous pile, supported on its front alone by a hundred Corinthian columns, wrought from the finest marble of Paros. Upon the balustrades are standing colossal statues of the immortal gods. Sustained upon an equal number of Doric shafts, a portico of equal dimensions is above me, called the Upper, or Portico of the Women. This is decorated in like manner with an equal number of statues, representing the Virtues, Graces, Muses, and the lesser deities. Gilding the most profuse adorns this wondrous pile, and within it the wealth and taste of a Cæsar have gathered every luxury and the means of every gratification.

Within a bow-shot is the just-now-erected temple of Jupiter Stator. Its base is far below me, and round it are eighty columns, sustaining the enormous projecting roof. It is a reproduction of the Grecian temple of Theseus. Over its roof I recognize the classic outline of the citadel of the Capitol, with the Tarpeian rock at its base—a frightful precipice, with a parapet of the fortress extending to its verge, down which traitors to Rome are mercilessly hurled.

Upon the Arx Capitolinus, or the other crest of the Capitoline Hill, is the proudest temple of Rome—that of Jupiter Capitolinus. It is a double edifice, also in the Greek style, which the taste of Augustus has introduced with little variation.

This, too, boasts its magnificent portico, and its summit is crowned with the tutelar divinities of Rome. The temples of Fortune and of Concord, of which the ruins just now afforded theme for so much admiration, amid the restored glories of the Forum are most diminutive, compared with the proud fane of Jove which towers in such imperial grandeur above them.

Opposite me upon the north, in the severest style of Doric art, is the Temple of Saturn. Upon the south is the Temple of Janus. In the centre of the area thus bounded is the Rostrum, and a little way removed, the Comitium. The boast of Augustus is realized. Rome came under his sway a city of brick, and he has made her a city of marble.

Grecian literature and Grecian styles of architecture have changed the severe Roman taste. The builders of Athens have covered the Forum and the Capitol with the beauties of the Acropolis, and in the palace of Augustus a bard of Mantua is fancifully deducing the Roman origin from the gods, in strains closely copied from the Iliad. It is the golden age of Rome. Horace, philosophic and witty, delights the populace with the sparklings of his fancy, and Sallust claims respect for the learning and virtues of his age, which were forfeited by the dissoluteness and debaucheries of his youth.

A few ages pass me, and the Forum is again changed. The wars of Galba and Vitellus have poured destruction upon the city, and the vices of Nero have laid the fairest portion of it in ashes, and among the rest the magnificent palace of the Cæsars. Upon its site the tyrant has erected an edifice unparalleled for its splendor, not inaptly termed the Golden House of Nero.* Its gorgeous front, adorned by the highest skill of

* "Nero's Palace was a structure of such extraordinary extent and magnificence, that were not the descriptions of it, which have been transmitted to us, too well authenticated to admit a doubt, they would be received rather as the fiction of an Eastern tale than the records of a reality. The enclosure extended from the Palatine to the Esquiline mount; it was more than a mile in breadth, and was entirely surrounded by a spacious portico em-

the age, extends from the Palatine to the Esquiline Hill. The Forum has become more magnificent, yet the style has changed from the severe simplicity of the former age, and—significant omen—the Rostrum has disappeared entirely: Rome is now the unquestioned spoil of the tyrant. Instead of temples erected to the gods, gaudy triumphal arches and self-erected statues denote the rapid progress of internal corruption and the decay of national virtue. The temple of Antonius and Faustiana, erected by an uxorious emperor to a profligate woman, has now been built, and the Arch of Septimus Severus, whose bare and ruined majesty we have just noticed, is covered with exaggerated bas-reliefs of the triumphs of the Emperor, and bears on its summit a colossal statue of Victory, standing in a car drawn by six fiery horses. The earth of the Forum is profaned by sustaining statues of such scourges to humanity as Domitian, Commodus and Caracalla, although of such durability and perfection of workmanship, that the curious traveller of the nineteenth century is astonished at the marvellous perfection of that of Marcus Aurelius, which adorns the square of the modern Campigdolio. Vespasian and Titus have left monuments whose massiveness and bulk are their protection. A thousand years of pillage have not sufficed to lay in the dust the Arch of Titus and the Coliseum.

The splendor of Rome is now at its full. Her temples, her

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bellished with a profusion of sculpture and statuary, among which stood the colossal statue of Nero himself, one hundred and twenty feet high.

"The gardens contained every variety of hill and dale, wood and water, interspersed with temples and pleasure-houses, and the baths were supplied from a great distance both with sea and mineral waters. The apartments were lined with marble, enriched with jasper, topaz, and other precious gems. The timber works and ceilings were inlaid with gold, ivory, and mother-of-pearl, and the resplendent elegance of its furniture procured it the appellation of the Golden House. But it was not destined to remain long, a monument either of the grandeur or folly of its founder. It was destroyed by Vespasian, as being too gorgeous for the residence even of a Roman emperor."—*Vicissitudes of the Eternal City.*

palaces, her monuments, are spread before us, and in the varying style of the whole, and the degree of splendor of each, the scholar may establish their ages and their builders.

Profligacy the most unbounded and tyranny the most complete has full possession of the inheritance of the Cæsars, and a gross polytheism is the religion of the State. But yet, in a far off dependency of the Empire, a new religion has arisen, the few converts to which are as yet gathered from the most despised of mankind, and it is rumored that some may even be found in Rome, making their habitations, with other traitors, among the catacombs of the Appian, who are chiefly known to the populace as dangerous schismatics, who are only worthy to fight lions in the Amphitheatre.

But what now pours into the Forum before me such a throng of the Roman populace, already satiated with sights of magnificence, and glutted with the blood of the vanquished? Aurelian approaches in triumph, having brought another empire under the sway of Rome. His coming is heralded from the throats of a hundred trumpets, the glad notes of the cymbal, and the acclamations of the blackening throng who give way upon the approach of the chariot of the conqueror. Before him are spoils of his victory. Twenty elephants, leashes of leopards and tigers, with a multitude of curious animals from the east, the north, and the south, lead the van of the lengthened cavalcade. To these succeed sixteen hundred gladiators, devoted like the animals to the cruel sports of the arena.

The wealth of Asia, the arms and ensigns of so many conquered nations, and the glittering plate and showy wardrobe of the Syrian queen, either disposed in exact symmetry, or thrown in artful disorder, follow in an extended train drawn by stately horses, richly caparisoned. To these succeed ambassadors from the most remote quarters of the earth,—of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, Bactriana, India and China,—all remarkable for their rich and singular dresses. These bear the offerings of grateful cities, the emblems of submission or the price of ransom,

crowns of gold and suits of rich apparel. Then follows the train of captives, made up from a hundred vanquished districts, bearing names till now unheard by Romans. Closing the rear of this melancholy cortege are the chariots of captive princes, distinguished for their unparalleled splendor, and the rank of these victims to the dread adversities of war. But the glory and pride of Aurelian's triumph is Zenobia, the beautiful and gifted queen of Palmyra, who, with downcast eyes and hands bound by golden fetters, walks before the chariot of the conqueror, wearing, as if in mockery of her rank, a crown of gold oppressively heavy with dazzling jewels.

The car of Aurelian is drawn by elephants, and is equal in magnificence to the barge which bore the luxurious queen of Egypt down the Cydnus.

The senators of Rome, the most illustrious patricians, and the soothsayers, succeed the emperor, while the army of conquest, with the people of Rome, make up the rear.*

This is but one of the pageants of Rome. How often since Aurelian triumphed, has a multitude equally great, swayed by emotions equally intense, and stirring into commotion a similar sea of angry passions, swept through the Forum! How fearful the hate of the destroyers who have left, of all the splendor which once rose here, hardly one stone upon another!

> "Once more we look, and all is still as night,
> All desolate! Groves, temples, palaces,
> Swept from the sight and nothing visible
> Amid the sulphurous vapors that exhale
> As from a land accurst, save here and there
> An empty tomb, a fragment, like the limb
> Of some dismembered giant. In the midst
> A city stands, her domes and turrets crown'd
> With many a cross! but they that issue forth,
> Wander like strangers who had built among

* The triumph of Aurelian is here described, with little change, from the language of the author of the "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

The mighty ruins, silent, spiritless;
And on the road where once we might have met
Cæsar and Cato, and men more than kings,
We meet—none else—the pilgrim and the beggar."

What a place in which to bid the flight of ages be again retraced in the swift-changing camera of the imagination, and how strange thus to stand—a puny thing, whose allotted life-verge is but three score years and ten, with one hand upon the present, and the other grasping the fading garments of twenty departed centuries!

Very sincerely yours, &c.

LETTER No. 27.

ROME, NOVEMBER, 1850.

TO MR. A. M———.

The poor, long-eared victim of indecision, who starved between two bundles of hay, unable to decide on the comparative merits of either, is no bad picture of the traveller, who, within a brief time for their inspection, has presented to him the interesting wrecks of twenty centuries, or the still more fascinating displays of art and architecture produced by those who, in comparatively modern times, have contributed to the adornment of the Imperial City.

Ancient Roman architecture always needs the aid of Roman history to give it, in imagination, its finishing touches. It is rarely intrinsically beautiful. The Pantheon was not, in its design even, a Roman work. Although paid for from the purse of an Agrippa, and located on Roman soil, it is obviously the production of Grecian chisels. The Coliseum and the Baths were built by the later emperors, when excellence was sacrificed to haste in construction, and taste was marred by

magnificence. Besides, Rome had no Pentelicus and no Paros. The marbles for her temples were brought from a distance. In the corrupt ages, in which most of what we behold remaining was erected, the wearer of the purple, who had gained his seat by a crime, and whose sovereignty was

> " A barren sceptre in his gripe,
> Thence to be wrenched by an unlineal hand,
> No son of his succeeding,"

had need of splendor to retain his hold of the unstable favor of the populace, to be made as profuse as his amount of spoil would admit, but which had its full use in the day of its builder. He had few inducements to give valuable inheritances to posterity. Hence, from the time of Agrippa to the fifteenth century, Rome affords us nothing but enormous masses of brick work, thrown together with little exactness. The builders of the Baths of Caracalla, Diocletian and Titus, and the Circus of Romulus, had little idea of the durability of the edifices they were huddling together, but which, owing to their massiveness and the favor of a singularly forbearing climate, remain to us. The Coliseum needed a shell of more stable material, or it would have toppled down about the spectators' ears; yet where a kind of cobble-work would answer, it was lavishly introduced.

But with the restoration of the Arts of Design—of Painting and Architecture—dawned the era of Roman splendor. The journey of Michael Angelo to Rome, at the invitation of Pope Julius II., was a great event in the world, as we now behold it. Then were erected those monuments of superhuman majesty; then sprung into being those things of beauty, which it is almost impossible to believe came not from the skies, and which tarry long in the memory of the beholder. Whenever a genius like that of Michael Angelo bursts, as a new luminary, upon the world's firmament, it is always attended with its accompanying satellites. To that age, yet to a multitude of minds which were kindled into new being by the lustre of this great master, we

are indebted for that which places Rome far in advance in interest of any place upon the globe.

In writing to a mutual friend yesterday, I remarked that we must "give Roman antiquities but a cursory glance, and pass on;" but this would be most cruel advice if applied in relation to the great church of St. Peter. This edifice can never live in description. You may describe a storm at sea, and yet your words are idle sounds to your hearer. If he has an idea of your meaning, it is gathered from his knowledge of the elements in their comparatively quiescent state, to which he superadds something, as due to the evident impressions which he perceives remain on your mind, as a witness of what he has not seen. Could you convey to a total stranger to the war of elements an idea of a thunder-storm among the Alps? If so, you might venture to try your hand at St. Peter's; yet I much fear me your account would be most bald, and the whole conclusion most "lame and impotent."

I saw St. Peter's on the afternoon of my second day in Rome. On reaching the extremity of the double colonnade, whose encircling arms embrace the area in front of the edifice, I seemed to be near its portals, yet I still found the walk a long one, and was glad to rest beneath the obelisk which stands half way up. From the flights of steps which commence a short distance from the obelisk, (which, however, should hardly be called steps, being little else than an inclined plane slightly ribbed,) it was still a tax upon the limbs to reach the vestibule. I was then standing beneath a row of pillars one hundred feet high! I turned round, and looked down the area toward the city, and what a noble expanse! The area, or *door-yard*, of St. Peter's will contain, literally, its myriads. When the Pope at Easter gives his benediction to the multitude from the balcony under which I was then standing, this marvellous space is filled with a blackening mass of human beings, who kneel at a given signal, and the solemn stillness of death reigns over the voiceless multitude, while the chosen delegate of God on earth gives the

prostrate throng, countless as the forest leaves, his benediction. It is the most imposing religious spectacle in Christendom, and never was it more imposing than in the middle of the nineteenth century.

There is something in the Catholic faith, as seen at Rome, when the symbols of its worship are explained, which must anchor it in the human breast as deep as the inmost fountains of passion. It is the most tangible faith under the sun. No wonder the supreme Pontiff feels his position secure, when Rome is annually becoming more and more the general rendezvous for all travellers who are upon the wing in Europe at the time of the ceremonies of Easter.

The doors of St. Peter's Church are never closed at any hour of the day. The stone threshold is deeply worn—the heavy veil, requiring no small strength of arm to lift it, is perpetually rising and falling;—there are no officious beadles, with their odious sign of office, perpetually before your eyes; the whole thing seems in charge of nobody. The quiet looking individual who keeps the lamps burning night and day before the altar, is the only official you see in ordinary hours; and yet, near a small side door hangs the tassel of a bell, which will summon into your presence a young priest, the master of several languages, who will conduct you to the crypts and the adjoining sacristies, without having seen which you can hardly be said to have seen St. Peter's. Yet there is no *ciceroning* about the matter; your conductor modestly shows you what you wish to see, making no effort to tax your credulity.

The pitifully wretched method of measuring out sublimity to you by the shilling's worth, so repulsive at St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, has no existence here. You feel at once as if St. Peter's was a world's temple, built for the great family of man, and you would as soon lop a limb from the household tree as mar any part of its most perishable furniture.

From the point at which I stand on entering the church, to its farther extremity, is something more than six hundred feet,

or about thirty-seven rods! I turn to one of the pillars which support its interior, and find it fifty-two paces in circumference. Two cupids beside one of the pillars are holding a scallop shell of holy water. Approach them, and they prove baby-giants six feet high! Walk far up the immense vista before you, and suddenly a new heaven seems to burst upon your vision. You are beneath the inimitable dome—a vaulting—a miniature sky, expanding in beauty four hundred feet above! It seems too glorious to be real—more like the fairy palace of Kubla Khan, which grew up in the ecstatic opium-dream of Coleridge, than a creation of mortal hands. The impassioned language of the Evangelist is no where else so strongly felt:

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away, and there was no more sea.

"And I John saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

"And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying: Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people."

The keeping of things in and about St. Peter's is unimpaired. The same genius that hung the dome in the heavens, presided over all its minor decorations. The nice critic bewails the gorgeousness of the interior;—that its load of ornament detracts from the majesty of so sublime an edifice. I never could open my lips in criticism, but only admire and be silent. Yet if the form of the Greek cross, as it is technically called, could have been adopted instead of the Latin, thus throwing the dome more over the centre, its effect would have been infinitely finer both from without and within.

St. Peter's has been described until the subject is perfectly hackneyed, and in mercy to you I forbear. The statues may be numbered by scores, and are generally so large as to make excellence difficult; and their subjects—saints and apostles—

have an austerity of expression and a baldness of execution, which make them repulsive. Those which sprung into existence under the touch of Bernini, Michael Angelo, Canova and Thorwaldsen, are strong exceptions, which their genius has rescued from the great conclave of mediocrity. Of all things of the kind, the tomb of Pope Clement XIII. by Canova is most excellent. High above the tomb is a kneeling statue of the Pope, with a female figure, denoting Religion, standing beside him, holding the cross. Opposite her reclines in most graceful attitude the Genius of Death,—a male figure, more than life-size, holding a torch inverted. The last figure, although only one of a group, is, by a happy conception of the artist, absolute perfection. With the exception of the Apollo Belvidere, it is the most beautiful male figure in Europe, and is infinitely the most *lovable* of the two. It wins the same regard from the eyes of the sex who are the best judges of manly beauty, which the Venus of the Florentine gallery does from the opposite. There is forever about it a group of fair worshippers, whose unbroken abstraction betrays the kind of interest it creates; and yet, like its Florentine counterpart, it is too perfect to produce an unchaste emotion.

Who would think one could be in love with a thing of marble! Yet I fully believe the fable of Pygmalion not altogether an unreality. It is the *idea* which hangs suspended about it —the spirit which peoples it, and which claims affiliation with the spirit of the beholder, and the subtle bond may indeed be interwoven between a being of life and a thing of marble. A chapter of mystery and metaphysics, however, grows out of the subject, which I must leave Mesmer's disciples to solve.

The entrance to the tomb to which I have alluded, is guarded by two immense lions, one asleep, and the other aroused into a half-springing attitude. They are certainly the perfection of animal sculpture. The repose of the one is perfectly lifelike; the expression of muscular relaxation is absolutely soporific, were the sight not arrested by the gathering action, glaring eye,

and bristling mane of the other. They are not surpassed by any thing of their kind; and the wonder is that the chisel of Canova, which seemed only at home in things softly beautiful, could have executed such majestic and terrible lions.

There is another tomb, modestly hid in one of the side aisles of St. Peter's, whose melancholy interest appeals directly to Englishmen; indirectly to all who speak the English language, or repose, like us, under the ægis of laws and institutions of English origin; and remotely to all Christendom, whether Catholic or Protestant. This is the tomb of *the last of the Stuarts.*

I cannot better allude to this monument, for which Canova is said to have been paid by the present reigning family of Great Britain, than by a quotation from the works of that most elegant of all modern English historians, Lord Mahon.

"Beneath the unrivalled dome," says he, "lie mouldering the remains of what was once a brave and gallant heart, and a stately monument has since arisen to the memory of James the third, Charles the third, and Henry the ninth, kings of England; names which an Englishman can hardly read without a smile or a sigh. Often at the present day does the British traveller turn from the sunny crest of the Pincian, or the carnival throng of the Corso, to gaze in thoughtful silence on that mockery of human greatness, and that last record of ruined hopes. The tomb before him is of a race justly expelled; the magnificent temple which enshrines it is of a faith wisely reformed; yet who at such a moment would remember the errors of either, and might not join in the prayer even of the erring church for the departed, '*Requiescat in pace.*'"

I should not intrude this most instructive lesson of history here, were it not for my favorite conviction that to this family Mr. Macaulay, to whose fascinating pen we owe much of our knowledge of their follies and their fate, has done signal injustice. It is a curious question whether the conviction does not sometimes force itself upon the "British traveller," whether, in

exchanging the amiable and refined house of Stuart for a family whose whole history is a record of intense selfishness, wrong-headed obstinacy, and social outrage, England is not paying pretty dear for the quibble of "privilege," and whether the untold millions of public debt which the foreign Hanoverian alliances have cost, is not a large price for the mint, the annis, and the cummin of a religious difference, for which relief would have come under the mild but certain provisions of the British Constitution.

But I close my long digression from the subject, and my discourse on St. Peter's together. No one can leave this church, however often, without stopping to gaze on the fountains which play in the great area, as unceasingly as the succession of the hours. They receive the unqualified admiration of every beholder; ever in action and forever beautiful. They are beautiful by moonlight, when from the inconceivable depth of such a sky as canopies the Eternal City, the soft rays falling upon the waving myriads of watery particles, transmutes each globule into a gleaming crystal, and makes the whole swaying and sparkling mass appear like a shower of diamonds in the fairy halls of a magician's palace. They are beautiful at noon, when Iris shakes the drops from her many-hued mantle, or weaves her changeable woof in the glittering tissue. They are beautiful when the area which they ornament is black with the countless thousands, who, with one consent, bow in the silence of death while the voice of the august Head of the Church is faintly heard from the far-off balcony, uttering Heaven's benediction;—they are still more beautiful, more impressive, when no footstep disturbs the drowsy ear of night; when the innumerable statues of the mighty colonnade seem like giants who have thronged to the parapets of some Titanic amphitheatre, to view in the deserted arena the vaulting and gambolling waters;—they are *ever* beautiful!

And how shall I speak in befitting terms of the lofty obelisk which lifts its point heavenward, as it did forty centuries ago

from the sands of Egypt? Imagination, even, almost fails in transporting us back to the time when the Theban maiden, bearing her water-jar from the Nile, stayed to gaze upon this mystic monument of the exploits of Rhamses and Sesostris, and when she again lifted her pitcher upon her head, and threaded her way through the avenue of sphynxes to the hundred-gated city, an expression of wonder stole over her olive features as she pensively exclaimed, "how *very* old!" Many centuries later came to its base the future lawgiver of Israel, not yet dreaming of his high destiny, but only studious to do his royal master's will. He, too, looked upon it with face all lighted with God's holy truth, and walked away, ponderingly repeating, "how old!" Still many centuries later came the earliest iconoclast of all time, and wonder-smitten at its stateliness, and obedient to the voice whose teachings came from such wondrous depths, he wheeled his legions by the unharmed column, and each of the mighty throng again repeated—"how old!" Many ages later came the mighty Cæsar, blackening the desert with his cohorts, bearing aloft the eagles which had waved triumphantly at Pharsalia and Actium, and beheld in the representative of all time before him a past and a future so limitless that on its field the fame of a Cæsar was but a point; he too exclaimed with a sigh—"how old!" Augustus bore the shaft to Rome, as the highest trophy of victory, and when its point looked upwards from the monuments of the Eternal City, the heralds proclaimed its history and its meaning to the assembled multitude, and the voices of thousands went up like the sound of many waters — "how old!" Then Cæsar has passed away, and his palaces and his trophies have gone down beneath the flood which Time, the Goth, and the Christian have alike poured over the ill-fated city. The principles of an obscure Bethlehemite have overturned all the mythology of old Rome, and the proudest temple of the age has arisen over the tomb of a humble fisherman of Galilee. To this shrine a band of Saxon pilgrims from a distant and almost unknown isle of the north wend their way, and they

too, pause before the column which extends its huge length amid the ruins, and each repeats the exclamation of ages—"how old!"

And yet a thousand years pass, and in the distant sun-setting a new world has arisen. A solitary pilgrim, from a land whose most remote history is here but of yesterday, pauses before the now again erect shaft, which has awoke the wonder of Moses and the admiration of Cæsar, and which has stayed the wrath of Cambyses, and he, with new wonder, and a tear at his own evanescence, can only repeat the exclamation of the Theban maiden—"how *very* old!" *How very old!* The words themselves come up to us again from the caverns of the future, at whose awful abyss imagination may listen, and catch, ever and anon, at some new epoch, the echo repeated—*how very old!* O, what a lesson! In such a life, measured upon the scroll borne by this messenger of the past, what room for the rage of faction, the asperity of party, the bickering of sect! What room for envy, malice, contention! What room for aught else than a high ambition that some point may remain, upon the lengthening record of time, to mark that here lived one who loved and deserved well of his fellow men!

Let us turn again, before leaving the dwelling-place of so much splendor, and behold the inimitable dome, always sublime as the heavenly idea which gave it existence. It enchants the eye, it expands the soul. But O! could the divinely-inspired idea of Michael Angelo have been enshrined in the chaste keeping of *marble!* Could the same wealth, the same expansion, have been wrought into the Greek instead of the Latin cross, what a colossus of mingled beauty and sublimity would have crowned the Vatican Hill! How the world would have bent before it—the *eidolon* of architecture—the triumph of the modern over the antique—of the age of Leo over the age of Augustus! How it would have illumined Christendom with its idea, so glorious without, so celestial within! But what could be expected from the taste of forty-three successive popes?

Michael Angelo died, his design was abandoned, and the consequence is that the beautiful Genius of Architecture must still be worshipped beneath the dome of the Pantheon.

Your affectionate brother.

LETTER No. 28.

ROME, NOVEMBER, 1850.

TO DR. W. B. S———.

"When you're at Rome, do as the Romans do," has been current advice ever since the days of Horace. Without qualification or abatement, I declare such a piece of counsel much better "honored in the breach than the observance." In the first place, you are a *decent* man, and, if you sustain your fair fame, you will not do as the Romans do, whose detestable habits demand a hundred *cloacæ maximi* instead of one. You are a *tasteful* man, and therefore will always prefer a convenient habitation, of moderate dimensions, to the gloomy solitude of a Roman palace, which has not the first element of comfort, save abundant elbow-room and plenty of air,—which last is not always of the purest sort. Lastly, you are an *ingenuous* man, and therefore will never manifest the subtlety and insincerity of the Roman heart.

Although the city of the Cæsars deserves the same line of description which Mrs. Winfred Jenkins applies to the "Athens of the North;" although you never turn down a cross-street by day without having your stomach issue a protest against such an outrage upon the senses, (followed, in default of a retreat, by a direct *ejectment*,) or by night, without grasping more firmly your stout oaken stick; although the small, flinty pavements are destruction to your boots, and a walk on them a double toil,

yet every traveller finds to his delight that in no quarter of the Imperial City can he penetrate, but on every hand will so rise up new and striking objects, with such perpetual claims on his admiration, that, forgetting both pope and police, he rejoices in his visit to the Great Mistress of Arts and Arms. There can be no exception to this unanimity of sentiment.

Dr. Johnson declared, "it should be the great business of every man's life to see Rome." Addison expends his learning in discoursing of her works of ancient art and magnificence, and Shelley pours forth his child-like admiration with a child's artlessness but a poet's power. De Stäel and Mitford have thrown over her the drapery of an exalted fancy; Rogers has descanted elegant mediocrity, and Byron hymned his sublimest strains in the contemplation of her magnificence and decay. Painters and sculptors, who have been lured to her atmosphere, immediately become fast prisoners in the toils of the fascinating syren. Thorwaldsen, Gibson, Overbeck and Angelica Kaufman, foreigners though they were, could not and cannot forego a total expatriation, to be under a sky which the latter declared indispensable to the existence of her genius.

Yet, to convey to the unassisted imagination a picture of what so completely captivates the senses, would be not only hopeless but tedious. To tell you that, from the window at which I take my morning cup of coffee, I look out on a square whose southern boundary is the spacious College of the Propaganda, in which those bands are drilled who are to diffuse their faith through distant countries,—that in the centre a Roman fountain gushes forth into an enormous fantastic basin, the work of Bernini,—that opposite me is one of the most magnificent stairways in existence, leading up to the conventual church of Saint Trinita Di Monti, and to the gardens of the Pincian Hill, on which Nero was entombed and his ashes again strewed to the winds, but in whose walks now glitter every evening the beauty and fashion of Rome, would doubtless recall to the mind of a previous traveller a picture which once seen is never forgotton, but which is barren mention,—*vox et preterea nihil*, to others.

After finishing my cup of coffee I shall stroll again toward the Coliseum. Here, just below the College of the Propaganda, a vast and gloomy pile, is a splendid and useful fancy of Pope Clement XII.,—the Fountain di Trevi, one of the characteristic embellishments of Rome. From what appears, viewed from the southward, the decorated front of a stately edifice, springs a cascade which tumbles with a singular imitation of nature over a good sized chaos of rough rocks. Neptune appears just emerged from *somewhere*, for it is a defect in the design that there is no *deep* where the amphibious god could retire in any emergency. However, he is a majestic figure, and a pair of river-horses, which spring up below, exhibit superior mettle. It is a classic design, and, what is an especial virtue in a fountain, liberally carried out.

Switzerland is the *country* and Rome the *city* for fountains which richly deserve the name. A Roman fountain never *dribbles*,—never charily doles the element, but *pours* it as freely as it came from the clouds. A Roman fountain never ceases its crystal dispensation. It is independent of the "City Fathers," and has no set days on which alone it will spout for your gratification. It is not a fountain, but a pent-up river, which, liberated ages since, gushes forth with perpetual license from a thousand ornamental channels. Call at Fontana di Trevi at midnight, and you will find it playing to the stars; and if you are romantic, you may, like Madame De Stäel's Corinne, behold the face of your Oswald in the sparkling waters, which gleam by moonlight in the vast basin which receives them. We are now at the base of one of the seven hills of Rome. Ascending the still perfectly defined slope, we are upon Monte Cavallo, or the Hill of the Horses,—the ancient Quirinal. The square is faced upon its sides by the Pontifical Palace, the Palazzo Rospigliosi, and other public or remarkable buildings. In the centre is an enormous granite basin, once dug from the Forum, into which plays a graceful fountain. Two colossal horses rear their forms from a corresponding pedestal, curbed by two human figures. The

whole group is exceedingly spirited. In Hyde Park, London, Mr. Westmacott has placed a bronze cast of one of these fine statues, and christened it Achilles. Here, one of them is named Castor and his comrade Pollux. Phidias and Praxitiles, their alleged sculptors, may have designed them as grooms, and their elevation to the rank of heroes may be the work of a sager posterity. In the Papal Palace, on our right, the election of the new Pope takes place in the event of the decease of his predecessor; that is, the Cardinals ascertain *by ballot* who is God's predestined vicegerent on earth; an odd way, you will say, but it awkwardly happens there is no other. If we may believe reports, there is no little squabbling among the holy fathers upon whom the lot shall fall. At the close of each day's balloting, in the event of failure of an election, the ballots are burned at a certain hour, and the anxiously expectant multitude retire from the square, when from the well known chimney the ill-omened smoke is seen ascending. When the clock on St. Peter's tolls the eventful hour, and the chimney yields no sign, the crowd stand in breathless anxiety, till, from the balcony over the door, one of the Conclave appears and announces in a loud voice the name of the future head of the Church.*

* "Nine days are allowed for the obsequies of the deceased Pope and the arrival of the absent cardinals; on the tenth day they are imprisoned, each with one domestic, in a common apartment, or *conclave*, without a separation of walls or curtains. A small window is reserved for the introduction of necessaries; but the door is locked on both sides, and guarded by the magistrates of the city, to seclude them from all correspondence with the world. If the election be not consummated in three days, the luxury of their table is contracted to a single dish at dinner and supper; and after the eighth day, they are reduced to a scanty allowance of bread, water and wine. During the vacancy of the Holy See, the cardinals are prohibited from touching the revenues, or assuming, unless in some rare emergency, the government of the church; all agreements and promises among the electors are formally annulled, and their integrity is fortified by their solemn oath and the prayers of the Catholics.

"Some articles of inconvenient and superfluous rigor have been gradually relaxed, but the principle of confinement is vigorous and entire; they are still urged by the personal motives of health and freedom to accelerate

What rejoicings went up to heaven upon the acclamations of thousands, when, from yonder balcony, on the 6th of June, 1846, it was proclaimed that the lot had fallen upon the popular Cardinal Ferretti! Ferretti, the liberal, the just,—whose name had ever been associated with that of liberty! How rapidly have the scenes changed since that day, so auspiciously closed! What is now the popular Ferretti? Alas! a mere Pope, whose latest declaration has been that he shall no more infringe the usages of the Church, and that his only ambition shall be to transmit a succession inviolate in every prerogative.

Descending the hill again, towards the south, we are among the monuments of the Emperors. Where these two dirty streets converge, the one passing out towards the Forum through a half-buried arch, was the Temple of Minerva. Two Corinthian columns, the remains of the portico, and a portion of a wall merged into other buildings, are all now remaining to attest its ancient magnificence. Although the remaining wall is but a fragment, it is between five and six hundred feet in length. On our left is the Forum of Trajan, which you must look for several feet below the modern level of Rome. You look over a railing, and find that what in sound is so magnificent, is in substance but a pit several rods in length and width, in which are standing upright a score or two of shattered columns, while on the circumjacent ground are some fragments whose dimensions produce astonishment. From one extremity of this excavation rises, in most impressive stateliness, the COLUMN OF TRAJAN, whose perfection, beauty and taste, deepen your impressions of

the moment of their deliverance; and the improvement of ballot, or secret votes, has wrapped the struggles of the Conclave in the silken veil of charity and politeness."—*Gibbon.*

How much of this ceremonial strictness still remains in the modern papal election, I have no means of ascertaining, but suspect that the importance of the issue permits little relaxation. The historian of the "Decline and Fall," has described the usage, as it was established by a bull of Pope Gregory X., prior to whose election a vacancy of three years existed in the Pontificate, arising from the struggles of opposing candidates.

the might of the fallen Empire. Old Rome is before you, and this is an imperishable record of one of her great achievements in arms. Doubts hang about every temple whose remains are preserved to us, yet about this column antiquaries never cavil. Its spiral bas-reliefs record the histories of Trajan's conquests. The column of Antonius, in a square bordering upon the Corso, is an imitation of the earlier monument of Trajan. The French Directory, during the time of Napoleon, conceived the project of taking Trajan's column in pieces and transporting it to Paris. Happily, such Vandalism was frustrated by the tumbling to pieces of the Directory itself.

Again, following the drift of a capricious inclination, we ascend the Esquiline Hill; a name so old that its utterance almost makes us forget the lapse of twenty centuries, and go searching these streets for the abode of Marcus Tullius Cicero. Before us, occupying the centre of a spacious square, stands, unique in style and truly imperial in splendor, the Basilica, or Archiepiscopal Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. Ascend the steps which lead to this august sanctuary, whose origin dates to the times of the Christian emperors;—enter, and regale the admiring sense upon its beautiful stateliness, its wondrous panelled ceiling, inlaid with a golden covering,—the benefaction of "Isabella the Catholic," as the first fruits of American conquest;—disparage, if you have the heart therefor, its long and goodly phalanx of Ionic columns, which once sustained the portico of the Temple of Juno. How beautifully proportioned their shafts; how delicately wrought their volutes! What opportunity, in such a dwelling-place of majesty, to enter into details where the unbroken whole absorbs the imagination! One of the side chapels is said to be the richest in Rome,—that of the Borghese family. It is a coruscation of gems and precious marbles. Here would have reposed the dust of the most distinguished beauty of her time, Pauline Bonaparte, Princess Borghese, had not an unlooked-for reconciliation with her equally dissolute husband, recalled her to Florence before her death. But what

have we here, instead of the dust of the witty beauty? By all that's venerable!—an original portrait of the mother of Christ, by St. Luke! Don't laugh,—it must be so, for the Pope has declared it, by an especial bull, and is not the Pope infallible? Saint Luke has thus been decreed an artist, and the Academy of Painters has gravely put itself under his patronage, as the Academy of St. Luke. As there is no evidence that the Evangelist was *not* an artist, the tradition rests secure from contradiction.

In leaving this edifice,—a structure such as cannot be seen away from Rome,—omit not to notice the lofty Corinthian column, borne from its ancient site, and placed in this square in isolated grandeur. It is a perfect gem,—fifty feet in height, spotlessly white, delicately fluted and unbroken. How magnificent must have been the temple sustained by such pillars! It now bears an ugly-looking statue of the Virgin, and, doffing all pagan name and use, is christened the "Collonna Della Virgine."

The church of Saint Peter, Saint John Lateran, and the one of which I have just made mention, are an ecclesiastical triad which in age, sanctity, and in some respects in splendor, have been rivals. They were close rivals till the rebuilding of St. Peter's, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, enabled the latter to eclipse them. The church of St. John Lateran still enjoys many episcopal privileges, which are a tribute to its ancient supremacy; for it enjoyed the especial favor of Constantine, who it is declared was its founder. The Pope is inducted into his sacerdotal office in this church with great splendor. There is an air of ponderous massiveness, distinct from the elegant grace of her proud sister of the Esquiline. The Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, was an especial patroness of this church, and enriched it with relics of peculiar sanctity, which she gathered during her holy pilgrimages in the East. Among the treasures of this kind is the *Scala Sancta*, or Holy Stair-Way, composed of twenty-four marble steps from the palace of Pilate at Jerusalem. Presented to the august gatherer of relics, they

were brought in much state to Rome. It is declared that the Saviour of the world once traversed these marbles, and from thence all passing over them is interdicted save on bended knees. To those who think of the process of ascending a stair-way in so painful a manner, no description of the sight always presented at Scala Sancta is necessary. Such has been the throng always pressing forward in the performance of this act of humility, that the steps had nearly been worn away, till a lucky thought suggested their being covered with substantial planking, which requires occasional renewal.

An elderly gentleman, whom I met at Florence, with his family chaplain and his two sons, were performing this stair-way pilgrimage as I stood in the opposite porch. Side by side went up the burly nobleman and his confessor, and behind followed the two boys, devoutly kissing each step as they advanced. Behind the group followed two ladies, closely veiled, whose upward progress was painfully slow. At the top of the stairs is a painting of the Saviour, said also to have been commenced by St. Luke, and finished by a miracle! Of the other relics in the possession of this church, the most remarkable are,—part of the cradle in which the Saviour was rocked, a portion of the vest drawn by the soldiers by lot, some of the barley loaves and fishes, the table on which the Last Supper was eaten, part of the purple robe, and the reed with which Christ was smitten. It is totally unworthy the subject to treat with ridicule any usage or any objects of veneration, which have become interwoven with a great religious belief.

That many millions of the human race, and those, too, not the least intelligent, receive these traditions and relics without question, should shut the mouth of railing, and check the tongue of ridicule. It is still strange that in this nineteenth century such fardels of faith should occupy the serious attention of men, and that the word of God should literally be made of none effect by such childish traditions.

It is said that the Koran has lost much of its wonted regard

among Musselmen by its direct opposition to the astronomical doctrines of Copernicus,—that the earth is *proved* to revolve around the sun instead of the reverse, as averred by Mohammed. The strange adherence of the Catholic Church to frivolities worthy of the darkest days of ignorance, which the better sense of this age regard as impositions, will not fail likewise to leave a faith which tolerates them, a stranded wreck on the deserted shoals left in the changing current of public sentiment. Part of the great festival ceremonies of the year are performed here, the Pope officiating himself in great splendor. In the Baptistry, in obedience to custom most ancient, the baptism of converted Jews and infidels occurs in great state the Saturday before Easter. Candidates for the ordinance are said by the knowing ones to be usually *hired* for the occasion.

But I have already said enough for one day upon the subject of Roman churches. I must not close without allusion to the beautiful and classic church of Santa Maria Della Angeli, remodelled from the Pinacothea, or Great Hall of the Baths of Diocletian. It was a fine morning, and passing from the Esquiline Hill through the "Way of the Four Fountains," so named from a fountain which ornaments each of the corners where two avenues cross, I reached a deserted square, upon one side of which rose the immense ruins of the Baths. These cover many acres, and are composed of enormous arches and massive walls. Some of the wondrous halls are used as places of storage for hay, and a regiment of French cavalry have bivouaced in the central area. While this remnant of the luxury of the Emperors was crumbling in decay, and its splendid marbles were being the spoil of barbarous conquerors, or a still more barbarous nobility were reducing them to lime by calcination, a lucky whim of Pope Pius IV. led him to employ Michael Angelo to restore the chief apartment, and fit it to the purposes of the church. Here the genius of this great architect had full scope, being untrammelled by meddlesome advisers.

The Pinacothea, or Library and Picture Gallery of Diocle-

tian, more than three hundred feet in length and of other proportionate dimensions, formed the basis of his projected edifice. The addition of a wing completed the design as conceived by Michael Angelo, and he thus, happily for his fame, has exhibited to posterity what St. Peter's had been, if carried out in conformity to the promptings of his own genius. He has thus given us the Greek cross as applied to church architecture, in contrast with the less beautiful Latin. Eight columns of oriental granite were still remaining, sixteen feet in circumference and nearly fifty feet high. Eight more were composed of brick, stuccoed, which are imitations of the first named, so accurate as to deceive the eye. Next to the Pantheon, this is the best model in Rome for a public edifice. In the vestibule is a fine statue of St. Bruno, by Houdon, a French sculptor,—the same who produced the bust of Washington, in possession of the State of Virginia.

A second visit to this Church affords increased satisfaction in its study, so different is its severe majesty from the more gorgeous displays of edifices of later date. Salvator Rosa wisely chose this as the place of deposite for his dust. Thrice happy men, Salvator and Raphæl. The companions of kings and popes during their life, and in their death with the Pantheon and this imperial hall as the receptacles of their ashes!

* * * * * * * * * *

Very truly yours, &c.

NOTE.

The multitude of relics exhibited in Catholic countries, and especially at Rome, is so proverbial that the traveller at length ceases to wonder. Among the many which either now or till very recently could be seen for the asking or for money, (which, if rightly applied, will open almost any reliquary,) may be mentioned the following:

In *St. Peter's Church, Rome.* The sudarium, or handkerchief applied to the Saviour's countenance while on the cross, which received a miraculous impression of his face; a portion of the true cross; the head of St. Andrew; the lance of the soldier who pierced the Sa-

viour's side; (the soldier was converted by the miracle which ensued, and suffered martyrdom and was canonized as St. Longinus;) part of the cradle; the hay and manger of the nativity; part of the veil of the Virgin Mary; some of her hair; part of Joseph's cloak and girdle; some ashes of John the Baptist; St. Luke's head; one finger and one shoulder of St. Stephen; the pillar against which Christ leaned when before Pilate. There is also over the tribune in St. Peter's the original chair of the apostle himself, encased in a later one of bronze.

In the *Church of Santa Croce, Rome.* Some of the thorns of the holy crown; one of the thirty pieces of silver; the superscription over the cross; part of the cross of the redeemed thief; the finger which Thomas put into the Saviour's side; part of the sponge which was wet with vinegar; some earth from Mount Calvary, stained with the Saviour's blood; part of the stone on which the angel stood when he announced to Mary her pregnancy of the Saviour; some of the manna; part of Aaron's rod which budded; a tooth of St. Peter.

The inscription over the cross was not discovered, although known to have been brought from the Holy Land by the empress, till 1492, when it was found in a small chest concealed in one of the walls. The letters are red, and in Latin; (Pilate was a Roman.) They read—HIESVS NAZARENVS REX IVDAEOR.

Church of St. Lorenzo, Rome. Part of the Saviour's tomb; more of the clothes, and the tomb of the Virgin; one of the stones with which St. Stephen was stoned; St. Stephen's body.

Church of St. Cecelia, Rome. Part of Christ's vest; more of the thorns; some milk of the Virgin Mary! more of her veil, and a portion of her *chemise;* part of the vest and the staff of Joseph; two teeth of St. Peter and one of Paul! part of St. James's chin; part of the head and two more of the fingers of St. Thomas, and Mary Magdalen's great toe!

In the *Church of the Servi, Bologna,* is the marble pitcher used at the marriage in Cana. At *Perugia* they show the Virgin's wedding ring.

The gift of miraculous increase has been bestowed upon some of the most sacred relics. There are no less than seven rival *sudaria,* or holy handkerchiefs. Milan and Turin each have one, and there are others in various parts of Europe.

Their multiplicity had nearly overset the sanctity and genuineness of the whole, till, by a happy thought, it was discovered and declared

that the cloth was applied to the divine countenance in several folds, and that each fold received the impression of the features.

With regard to the recovery of the true cross by the Empress Helena, it is traditionally stated that in its search she visited Jerusalem, where it was said to have remained buried since the crucifixion. Having there convened a great multitude of Jews, and asked of them the secret of its deposit, they refused to impart it, upon which she threatened to put them to death, when the confession was made that Judas, one of their number, could disclose it. He, however, was obstinate until he had passed several days in a dry cistern without food, where the Empress placed him to break his silence. Hunger at length prevailed, and he led the Empress to the spot. On search being made, three crosses were dug up, and a dilemma arose as to which had borne the Saviour; for although the superscription was found at the same time, it was attached to neither. The faith and fertility of resources possessed by the Empress soon devised an expedient. A woman who labored under some apparently fatal illness, was made to touch each successively; two of them produced no effect, but the third cured her. This was of course the true cross. Part of it was put in a silver chest, and again deposited where it was found; the rest, with the nails and the superscription, were brought to Rome, and laid at the feet of the Emperor Constantine. He placed one of the nails in the helmet which he wore in battle, and the other in the frontlet of his horse.

The discovery of the cross was made on the third of May, A. D. 326, and the event is still commemorated by the Romish church. This relic is said to possess a power of increase equal to the loaves and fishes which fed the four thousand.

That the belief of the Romish church in relics, and its attachment to them in later times is in no way diminished, is proved by an event which has just occurred in Rome.

The head of St. Andrew was sent from Greece to Rome during the pontificate of Pius II., and deposited in the old Basilica of St. Peter's. When the present church of St. Peter was built, this precious relic was laid with great ceremony in a casket, above the statue of that saint, which all will remember who have visited the interior of St. Peter's. "In March, 1848, it was stolen from its place of deposit by some one who was evidently familiar with the internal arrangement of St. Peter's. The popular belief was that the Emperor of Austria or the Emperor of Russia had, by corruption, something to do with the

affair. The Pope was deeply affected by the sacrilege; religious services were ordered, and a reward of 500 scudi offered to any one, not even excepting the culprit, for its recovery. Independent of its sanctity, it had value of another kind, for it was enclosed in a silver bust, set with jewels, the value of which has been estimated at 18000 scudi. [The scudo is equal to the American dollar.] It was at last found, with the jewels detached but deposited near it, the whole having been buried in the earth beyond the Porta St. Pancrazio. As the secret was revealed through the confessional, no judicial proceedings followed. Pius IX. wept for joy when it was brought and laid in his own hands. The event was announced to the citizens by the Cardinal Vicar; all the bells in Rome rang a joyous peal for half an hour after the *Ave Maria;* the cupola of St. Peter's was illuminated, and so was, by a spontaneous act of the citizens, the whole city. After its discovery, it was temporarily laid in the church of St. Andrea Delle Valle, of which St. Andrew was patron. The final removal of the recovered prize to its original situation was attended with all the splendor and ceremony of the holiest rites of the church. All the ecclesiastical colleges, religious orders, canons of basilicas, parochial clergy, &c. preceded the gorgeous shrine, borne by the canons of the Vatican. The relic was placed in a glass coffer, on a kind of car, and a wide silk canopy supported over it, after which walked His Holiness the Pope, followed by the college of Cardinals, the Senate, the Roman Princes, the members of all the Casini, and (what is unusual in such solemnities,) a procession of noble ladies, all in black, with lace veils over their faces, and carrying tapers, as did all the rest. The noble guard, the municipality, and all the military of Rome, brought up the rear. In St. Peter's, His Holiness again gave the benediction with the relic, and at night another illumination, both of the city and St. Peter's occurred, more brilliant than the first."

This, it will be observed, has occurred within three years.

[Just as this sheet is going to press, intelligence is received from a reliable source, that Cardinal Wiseman has declared, in a convocation holden in Spanish Place, Manchester Square, London, that the nails, crown of thorns, and other relics of the Passion, now possessed by the church, are the undoubted originals, and fully worthy the veneration of the faithful,—applying the term "brutality" to an incredulity of their genuineness.]

LETTER No. 29.

ROME, DECEMBER 1, 1850.

TO MRS. C. D. N———.

I can fancy you this evening heaping your blazing fire anew with crackling billets of hickory and maple, and listening defiantly to winter's snowy heralds, who are proclaiming his advent upon your window-panes. This I conceive in fancy only, and not in feeling. I, too, boast a fire, yet, mark the difference; your's is to give you forth a good quantum of toe-warming and cheek-reddening caloric;—mine is to dispel the noxious vapors which creep at night-fall through every nook of this malaria-doomed city. Your's is of solid logs, unsparingly heaped;—mine is of the universal Roman fuel, reeds and rushes of a season's growth! Under such different circumstances I commence this late fulfilment of a duty to you. I have some shadowy idea of the *beginning* of a letter, yet of what its substance will consist, its close only will demonstrate.

"I will see the 'Descent from the Cross,'" was my resolution this morning while sipping my coffee at the Cafè Nazari, "and from thence I will drift with the tide of circumstances." So, crossing the Piazza D'Spagna, I ascend the stair-case,—by the way, here's a character upon the third landing worth stopping to notice. Whoever has ascended the steps in front of the conventual church of St. Trinita D'Monti, "any time this two-and-twenty-year," has seen and been accosted by "Uncle Beppo," who has more completely reduced begging to a system than any man in all Italy. Uncle Beppo arrives at his "beat," which is a single landing upon this stair-way, one of the chief avenues to the Pincian Hill, and dismounts from his ass, every pleasant morning. He sees you, and has formed his theory of your temperament (for he is a consummate physiognomist,) before you have achieved the second step of the ascent. Does a cloud rest on your brow, indicative of a perturbed breast or a ruffled tem-

per? Uncle Beppo accosts you as softly and deferentially as a court minister, and worms half a paul from your pocket, fanning the rising of your bile by blandishments of manner, as the vampyre soothes his victim into oblivion of the depletion he is suffering. Do you feel cheered by the witching softness of an autumnal morning in Rome? Uncle Beppo is in ecstacies, and shakes his withered legs, which are drawn up, tailor fashion, beneath his burly figure, in ludicrous raptures. Do you declare to Uncle Beppo that you have no coin? He will accept your promise for a paul tomorrow, or next week, and his debtors are marked with more certainty than if formally recorded in an address-book. Do you attempt to nonsuit him the next time you ascend the Pincian, by the solemn asseveration that you have nothing less than a scudo? There he is again armed for you; for, drawing his well-filled purse from his pocket, he counts into your hand nine pauls, and drops your scudo into the chinking hoard with the methodical manner of a broker! So much for a shrewd Roman beggar.

I find the entrance-door of the Church of St. Trinita D'Monti closed, with every appearance of not having been opened for a twelve-month. This appearance is not uncommon with conventual churches, but a small side door shows a bell-handle, a touch of which brings one of the sisters, who, with a smile as coldly sweet as an iced cream, bids me enter. Beyond a screen I hear the low voices of the recluses at their morning orisons, and am ushered into the body of the church, which contains the object of my search. Volterra's "Descent from the Cross" is a picture of world-wide fame. He was a pupil of Michael Angelo, and this work is believed to have been executed under the eye of the great Buonarotti. Poussin declared this the third best picture in the world,—the "Transfiguration" and the "Communion of St. Jerome" being the two first. A lady sat before it at my visit, abstractedly copying one figure in the group,—the Virgin fainting. At dinner, an English gentleman, long a resident in Rome, informed me that the convent attached to the

church which I had visited in the morning was the place where fashionable lady-sinners are despatched by their confessors to do gentle penance. Unkind rumor says that the penal seclusion has some amelioration in the capital cheer which the well-filled cellar affords, and we may suspect that the absolved exile may be

"E'en in penance planning sins anew."

The Pincian Hill is the morning resort of elderly priests and valetudinarians, and in the evening is thronged by the *elite* of Rome. The view of the city from its "sunny crest" is not, however, equal to the softened loveliness of the same prospect from the Janiculum, in the opposite quarter. There is a curious feature in the concourse of frequenters of the Pincian, which other travellers have remarked—the melancholy files of school boys, walking two and two behind their teachers, who are universally priests. The boys dress in black hats and black dress-suits, looking most laughably *mannish*. They are pleasing themselves with the delusion that they are taking exercise.

From the picturesque heights of the Pincian, the descent is direct to the Piazza Del Populo,—a noble square, with its usual attendant obelisk and fountain,—one of the few Roman fountains not in good taste. Water, gushing from the rocks at the feet of a Neptune, or spirted from the conch of a Triton, will harmonize with taste, but the element equally divided into four streams, pouring from the mouths of four lions, and each lion at one of the four corners of a huge, hewn stone platform, is an outrage upon taste not often here witnessed. It reminds me of neighbor Flamborough's seven daughters, who were painted holding seven oranges, so happily described by Goldsmith. From this square, the walk is naturally continued to the Ponte Molle, the scene of Constantine's vision, and also of the deadly conflict with his rival Maxentius, so forcibly described by Gibbon, and made the subjects of some of Raphæl's finest frescos in the Vatican. If we may believe tradition, the seven-branched golden candlestick, from the temple of Jerusalem, reposes in the bed of the Tiber near this bridge. During the siege of Rome, May, 1849,

by General Oudinot, a body of French horse attempted to carry the bridge by assault. The Republicans exploded a mine, prepared long in anticipation, which repulsed the assailants at the loss of half the structure. This has just been rebuilt. Walks out of the city walls all conduct to the same scenery. A few villas and houses of the better class, with churches of great interior splendor, but totally deserted save by a few monks, cling to the suburbs, from which the transition is direct to

> "Where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
> A weary waste, expanding to the skies."

In the inhabited suburbs, high walls shut the pedestrian into a lane, and rob him of whatever prospect desolate villas and deserted gardens could otherwise afford. Wo, then, to the luckless man who meets, when hemmed into such a trap, a herd of the ferocious cattle of the Campagna, whose horns are as sharp as stilettos; or, still more, the buffaloes, whose hideous looks are enough to suggest to you the kind of valor which lies in a discreet escape. The armor which decorates the head of the Roman ox is the most formidable of all the bovine kind. I had the curiosity to measure the horn of one of these animals, and found it three feet and about four inches in height. Their outward curve at the point would make them still more dangerous, so that, whenever in the city, the outward horn of each ox is lashed to the tongue of the vehicle so strongly as almost to throw this dangerous point vertically upwards. The buffalo is a sinister looking brute, but becomes when broken a good beast of draft,—walking, however, with a shambling gait, and with nose projecting directly forwards. The driver of such a team wears a slouched hat, short jacket, breeches of coarse velveteen decorated with a profusion of buttons, and with sandals of coarse untanned leather, bound to his feet with thongs. When driving the cattle in herds, he is mounted on one of the sinewy black horses peculiar to the country, and either wears or has bound to the saddle, a heavy cloak, which he wisely wraps about himself at the approach of even a warm evening.

Words lose their force in describing the desolation which broods over the expanse of the Campagna. A rich, loamy soil, thrown into such undulations as to invite the vivification of a genial sun, which here seems singularly prodigal of its smiles, abandoned to a solitude, which, unlike all other solitudes, has no amelioration, is the most singular phenomenon in nature. The only forms which give any life to the scene, like spectres in the darkness, serve but to add to the melancholy prospect. No mower whets his scythe to the music of his careless roundelay; no reaper's song goes up in the fullness of his heart; no merry plough-boy "jocund drives his team afield;" no sickles gleam in the sun-light, and no harvest-home makes glad the husbandman's heart. A solitary artist sketching some ruined tower; a vetturino whipping towards the gate, or a shepherd lazily sleeping amid his browsing charge, only break the void. Whence is it a land over which busy industry would seem to gloat, is thus abandoned? Two reasons present themselves in explanation. Malaria is generated with fearful rapidity, whenever cultivation lags. For three months in the year, (July, August and September,) to sleep on these plains without brisk fires to break up the stagnant deposites of noxious gases, would be fatal to health and ultimately to life. Herdmen and shepherds tenant the plains during the remaining months, inhabiting conical huts, differing little from the wigwam of the American savage. During the months alluded to as unhealthy, a swarm of mountaineers from the hilly districts hastily gather the harvests which have been sown; and such of them as do not fill the Roman hospitals, again find their way to their homes. This cannot many times be repeated. Sallow visages and skeleton frames, which meet the eye on all hands, show how certainly the cruel laws which nature sometimes enacts, are enforced. But would not energetic cultivation,—a thorough change in the physical character of the earth's surface, evolve new gaseous agents? Could not the miasmatic poison, which must have carbonic acid gas as its base, become the *pabulum* of vegetation, instead of bearing with it the

elements of disease and death? Doubtless; but another reason presents itself, more formidable, if possible, than the other. The baleful wing of geological disease broods less noxiously over this soil, than the nature of its ownership. The laws of property have favored its aggregation into few hands, and the slow and certain influences of time and religious zeal have thrown it into those great vortices of individual charity,—the Church, and the eleemosynary institutions, which, from their priestly control, are hardly less than branches of the Church. The great hospital of San Spirito owns most of the land between Rome and Civita Vecchia, and immense tracts towards Albano and Frascati pour their revenues into the treasury of St. Peter's.

The return from the Ponte Molle brings me, when near the proud Porto Del Populo, in front of the entrance to the English church. The vexatious restrictions to which this body of worshippers is subjected, reflects the highest disgrace on the Papal government. Not permitted to own a place of worship, or assemble within the city, their only resort is a hall, fitted up over a mean apartment used as a granary; the entrance to which is with difficulty distinguished from the entrance of an adjoining stable. Nothing must at any time be seen indicating the stir of a respectable religious assembly. A few coaches in waiting at the door is pretty sure to bring an admonition from the police.

American residents in Rome are indulged, by greater favor with the Pontiff, with an accessible and convenient place of worship within the city walls,—with the especial injunction, however, that all the outward show of a gathering shall be avoided.

Part of to-day I have spent in visiting some of the palaces, without having seen which, one has lost one of the best features of modern Roman magnificence. They are, like those in Florence, immense square edifices, partaking much of the appearance of fortresses and prisons. From the court-yard in the centre, a wide stair-case ascends, and from the landing the interminable

suites of rooms commence. The Borghese Palace is one of the largest and richest. Its picture gallery contains seven hundred paintings, many of them of world-wide celebrity. Raphæl, Correggio, Guilo Romano, and the Carracci, here present some of their most undoubted works. The Borghese family are among the most liberal and spirited of the old Roman nobility, and ever delighted to have their immense possessions afford the highest amount of enjoyment to the public. The villa just without the walls, long the resort of the pleasure-seekers in Rome, is now a melancholy sight, having been dismantled, its parks levelled, and its grounds devastated by order of the committee of defence, during the late siege by the French, under the plea that it would afford a covert of approach for the besiegers. The true reason more probably was, that the Roman populace had not forgotten the ancient predilection of the family for the French,—Prince Borghese having borne a commission in the Imperial Guard under Napoleon, and married the celebrated Pauline.

The Spada Palace, less in size than the other, contains the statue known as the Spada Pompey; being none other, according to the antiquaries, than that at the base of which Cæsar fell when stabbed in the senate-house. This statue, colossal in size, severe and majestic in manner, was found, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, deep beneath the partition-wall separating two houses. Both owners claimed it, and, to end the matter, Solomon's method of settling a similar dispute was about being adopted, when Cardinal de Spada, hearing of the barbarous intention, prevented it by a timely purchase.

As the place of its discovery was near the theatre of Pompey, to the entrance of which the statue is traceable by classic authority, we may indulge in the belief, without severely drawing upon fancy, that great Cæsar fell at the feet of this, the image of his great rival. When the French occupied Rome in 1798, Pompey's statue was taken from its pedestal to assist in reäcting the tragedy of Cæsar's death. The "Brutus" of Voltaire was

played in a temporary theatre fitted up in the Coliseum, and the stern Roman saw the mimic Cæsar again at his feet.

The Doria Palace, fronting the Corso, contains the finest collection of landscapes by Claude and the Poussins, with scripture pieces by Guercino. When the Pope is not in the Quirinal, or summer palace, you may be admitted by means of orders obtained through a foreign minister. Vases of porcelain, of incomparable richness; Gobelin tapestries, and paintings, such as would wean an anchorite from his austerities, meet the eye on every hand in its vast saloons. The palace, at the time of my visit, was being wholly renovated within, as if to clear it from the pollution of the mob, who, on the 16th of Nov. 1848, beating down with much slaughter the faithful Swiss guard at the gate, compelled Pope Pius to appoint, at their dictation, a Republican ministry. Here we see the magnificent saloon, with the papal throne, where His Holiness receives the homage of foreign ambassadors. The private chapel of the Pope is worthy its high purpose, in the taste and richness of its altar and its decorations. The altar-piece is an Annunciation, by Guido, of most exquisite beauty. If any unfortunate pontiff should tenant the Quirinal, who had not fully crucified the world and its weaknesses, I fear a virgin so superlatively lovely would bear his thoughts rather to the heaven of the Houris, than the heaven of the Saints. If ideal, unsubstantial beauty can satisfy a Pope, as of course it does, Pius IX. enjoys a richer daily feast than any man in Christendom. The Quirinal Palace is the most melancholy of all the instances which we behold, where some wicked spirit has dropped into the brimming cup of splendor and magnificence, a poisonous drug, which turns its sweets into bitterness. Here are lofty and gorgeous apartments, filled with all the contributions of art and all the products of wealth;—beautiful gardens, where the feet may wander into shady and rose-embowered alcoves, the eye rest upon objects of consummate natural and artificial beauty, and the ear be soothed by the music of numberless fountains; here are obsequious magnates who

bend, and attentive minions who wait; yet he for whom these means of gratification were gathered, would rather risk his choice of happiness upon the cup and crust of the peasant, than in the midst of them all. He enters upon the enjoyment of his situation an old man, who has long since buried the tastes which such objects are intended to gratify, and must find the richness of his habitation but "vanity and vexation of spirit!"

The palaces of Rome cover, it is said, with their gardens, more ground than the whole city besides. They are numbered by scores, and he must be strong in the legs and in resolution who sees them all; yet there are many which contain within their accumulations some one thing which is well worth seeing.

The Barbarini Palace contains an original portrait of Beatrice Cenci, which, from the thrilling interest of the tragedy with which her name and fate are connected, deserves more mention than perhaps I should give it. I have spent an evening in reading a translation of the story of Beatrice Cenci, which, being a tale of heart-rending domestic crime, the remembrance of which still dwells forcibly upon the Italian population, has been always denied publication until the late revolution liberated the press. Shelley, when in Rome in 1819, was so attracted by its recital, that he made it the theme for a tragedy; and although he appears not to have been in possession of the whole story, he yet added much to his fame by its production.

Beatrice Cenci was the daughter of a dissolute Roman nobleman, who lived during the latter part of the 16th century. Her father possessed immense wealth, and was able to purchase absolution for crimes the most heinous, and bribe into silence the officers of justice. He had bands of robbers in his pay, and in the midst of the Sabine hills had a strong fortress, called the Castle of Petrella. Hither the victims of his passions or his vengeance were decoyed, and of many a one thus inveigled none returned to tell the tale of horror and of blood. He conceived a passion for a beautiful lady of rank, named Lucretia Petroni, who refused to listen to his advances during the life of his wife.

This obstacle was soon removed, as he despatched her by poison administered in a glass of wine. Lucretia Petroni, afterwards destined for a more dreadful death, then became his wife. The details of crime which blacken the memory of Count Cenci, and which followed rapidly upon the death of his wife, would lead to the conviction that a diabolic form of madness took full possession of him, for on no other supposition can so terrible a catalogue of crimes be accounted for. His eldest daughter, entertaining no doubt of the nature of her mother's death, attempted to escape from the dwelling of so iniquitous a father. To effect this, she contrived to despatch a message to Pope Clement VIII., containing a representation of her condition. The pontiff, by virtue of power reposed in him, gave her in marriage to a young nobleman, thus rescuing her from the hands of so brutal a father. Count Cenci, enraged at being thus checked in his career, determined to wreak his hate upon the surviving members of his family. Beatrice, chief actor in the tragedy which was to follow, was then fourteen years of age. "In person she was lovely; her finely chiselled features, soft, expressive eyes, and exquisitely formed mouth, bore the impress of a character of no ordinary stamp. Nature, lavish of her gifts, had also endowed her mind with an intelligence, penetration and depth of thought which far surpassed her years. She had a surprising firmness of character, and the scenes of bloodshed and crime to which her unhappy destiny made her familiar, produced no other effect than to imbue it with a courage and decision superior to her years, whilst they colored her mind with a slight tinge of superstition. Sometimes the natural tendencies of her heart shed over her countenance a serenity which was almost angelic; but when those fearful images with which her mind was filled, reäppeared, her animated features assumed a threatening aspect, and her dark eyes flashed with an almost supernatural lustre."

The appearance of the portrait of Beatrice, as it is now seen, after the lapse of almost three hundred years, justifies the above

description of the narrator. This beauty, and these traits of the heroic Beatrice, instead of calling into exercise the pride of a father's heart, gave rise to feelings most inhuman and unnatural. He endeavored, by slow approaches, to weaken the virtuous principles of his daughter, that his satanic purpose might be the better accomplished. Beatrice, frantic at the new proof of her father's villainy, found a friend and adviser in her step-mother, to whom she made known her father's base overtures. Lucretia (the step mother,) immediately set in operation influences which resulted in the offer of the hand of a young Roman of good family to Beatrice; and a petition to the Pope was drawn up and signed by the three, that his decision might put the fate of the gentle Beatrice beyond the reach of her remorseless parent. This petition, through the treachery of a servant, found its way into Count Cenci's hands. Infuriated at the attempt to rescue his daughter from his foul influences, he immediately announced his intention of going into the country, and summoned his wife and daughter to bear him company without delay. He immediately directed the carriage and outriders to drive towards the castle of Petrella, upon reaching which the Count set in operation a species of tyranny well calculated to drive his wretched family to despair. Upon Beatrice's remonstrating against such cruelty, she was removed to one of the subterranean apartments of the castle, the key of which was committed to a servant. In this abode of darkness and terror she endured anguish almost beyond human ability. Here Count Cenci renewed his attempts to overcome the purity of his daughter, by means most revolting. The servant who had the key of her apartment was named Marzio. The diabolical cruelty to which he was a witness roused within him some generous impulses, which led him to attempt by some means the liberation of his unfortunate young mistress. Marzio had other and deeper reasons for hatred of the monster Cenci, and it was in furtherance of a scheme of vengeance that he had ingratiated himself into the Count's service. Many

years previously a young maiden, who was betrothed to him, had attracted the libertine glances of Count Cenci, was seized by the Count's emissaries and borne away to Castle Petrella. She resisted his desires, and implored the protection of the Holy Virgin in accents so piercing that the merciless monster plunged a dagger into her bosom, and then caused her to be carried and deposited beneath a tree to which when alive she was in the habit of resorting. Here she was found by her frantic lover, who, crossing himself with her blood, swore vengeance on her assassin. How fearfully the oath was kept we shall see.

Beatrice, in the depths of her dungeon, became frantic, and the hallucinations of insanity were added to the terror inspired by her fearful situation. Her misery was augmented during the night, when a thousand dim fancies peopled her thoughts. Phantoms the most horrid seemed to be the companions of her dreadful solitude. Skulls and bones seemed about her; ghastly shapes hovered over her, and funereal spectres flitted before her imagination. Dead bodies were passing before her, and the stern voice of her father seemed to rise from the depths below, filling her with new terror. When she believed her mind to be wandering, she would kneel by her couch, and invoke the Eternal Justice in her behalf. Thus passed the nights of the forlorn girl. The days which succeeded brought no alleviation from such supernatural terrors. They only brought into her presence a parent whose very aspect became horrible. Appalled by the apparitions which peopled her frenzied brain, she one night screamed in a paroxysm of fear, so loudly as to bring Marzio in alarm to her apartment. Terrified and trembling at his approach, she threw herself into an attitude of defence, but Marzio reässured her, and then for the first time divulged his own purpose in having entered her father's service. He related to her the sad story of Annetta, his own betrothed, who had perhaps been murdered in this same dungeon, adding that the spirit of his murdered mistress had just appeared to

him in a dream, upbraiding him for his cruel indifference to his master's child; that whether a dream or a reality, he knew not, but that he had been shaken by the hand, and awoke at the moment in which she uttered her cries; and thinking she required his aid, he had hastened to grant it. Beatrice, believing in his harmless device, deemed him a messenger sent from heaven for her deliverance, and in the fulness of this impression gave an ear to the suggestions of Marzio, to which she would under other circumstances have revolted at once. The next day, Count Cenci descended as usual to the apartment of his daughter, imagining, as well he might, that her protracted sufferings must have exhausted her power of resistance to his incestuous purposes. Marzio stood concealed, dagger in hand, near the door of the apartment. He stopped—listened—heard a collision—a threat—a prayer—a groan, that lashed him into fury. Bursting open the door he rushed upon his master, and dealing a terrible thrust with the dagger in his neck, exclaimed, "I murder thee, base assassin of thy own blood!"

Beatrice uttered a scream and fainted. Marzio had fled, confident in the accuracy of his aim and the strength of his arm, and fully believing that he had appeased the shade of his murdered Annetta, and delivered Beatrice from a fate worse than death. In this he was mistaken. Count Cenci wore beneath his vest a shirt of mail, which turned the dagger's point. He recovered from the stroke, as Beatrice began to show signs of returning consciousness, and was making preparation to leave her dread prison-house. In his fury he cursed her, calling her an accomplice of Marzio, and a parricide, and forthwith treated her with even greater cruelty than before.

In the mean time Marzio, who had escaped to Rome, became informed of Cenci's recovery from the blow of his dagger. He forthwith communicated Beatrice's situation and peril to the young nobleman to whom she had been betrothed, and a plot was immediately framed to liberate the unfortunate girl from her perilous position, at the sacrifice, if need be, of the father's

life. Accordingly Guerra, the betrothed of Beatrice, with Marzio and a hired accomplice, retraced their steps toward Castle Petrella, the scene of the imprisonment of Beatrice and her hardly less cruelly treated step-mother, Lucretia. The latter, indulged with a little more freedom of movement, was walking at evening upon the terrace of the old tower, meditating upon some project of revenging herself upon the man who had treated her so basely, when she saw waving among the trees a white handkerchief, and near it three men, two of whom she recognized as Guerra and Marzio. Lucretia crept to the verge of the terrace, and heard from Guerra's lips the plan which they had devised for the liberation of Cenci's family from his inhuman custody. Lucretia, well knowing that her own life and that of Beatrice was the forfeit if no rescue came, at once gave her assent. It was at first planned that Lucretia should administer an opiate to the Count in his wine, and that when under the full influence of it, Olimpio, the accomplice, should finish the deed with the stiletto. Upon divulging the design to Beatrice, she was found to have become, by the cruel treatment she had undergone, almost entirely bereft of reason.

The story from which Shelley drew for his tragedy, is distinctly different from the facts of Beatrice's conduct, which more authentic testimony now presents. Shelley makes Beatrice the chief instigator of her father's death, while the facts elicited in the examination would make it appear that she was too far sunk in despair to be even conscious of any thing.

When, according to the tragic poet, the murderers return to Beatrice's apartment with the deed still undone, she thus upbraids them for their cowardice.

"BEATRICE.

I ask if all is over?

OLIMPIO.

We dare not kill an old and sleeping man:
His thin gray hair, his stern and reverend brow,
His veined hands, crossed on his heaving breast,

And the calm, innocent sleep in which he lay,
Quelled me. Indeed, indeed, I cannot do it.

MARZIO.

But I was bolder, for I chid Olimpio,
And bade him bear his wrongs to his own grave,
And leave me the reward. And now my knife
Touched the loose wrinkled throat, when the old man
Stirred in his sleep, and said, 'God! hear, O hear,
A father's curse! What, art thou not our father?'
And then he laughed. I knew it was the ghost
Of *my* dead father, speaking through his lips,
And could not kill him.

BEATRICE.

Miserable slaves!
Whence, if ye dare not kill a sleeping man,
Found ye the boldness to return to me
With such a deed undone? Base palterers!
Cowards and traitors! Why, the very conscience
Which ye would sell for gold and for revenge,
Is an equivocation; it sleeps over
A thousand daily acts disgracing men,
And when a deed where mercy insults Heaven——
Why do I talk?
(Snatching a dagger from one of them, and raising it,)
Hadst thou a tongue to say
She murdered her own father, I must do it!
But never dream ye shall outlive him long!

OLIMPIO.

Stop, for God's sake!

MARZIO.

I will go back and kill him.

BEATRICE.

Take this weapon, then.—Return! How pale thou art!
We do but that which 't were a deadly crime
To leave undone. *(Exeunt* OLIMPIO *and* MARZIO.)

LUCRETIA.

Would it were done?

BEATRICE.

Even whilst
That doubt is passing through your mind, the world
Is conscious of a change. Darkness and hell
Have swallowed up the vapor they sent forth
To blacken the sweet light of life. My breath
Comes, methinks, lighter, and the jellied blood
Runs freely through my veins. Hark!

(Enter OLIMPIO *and* MARZIO.)

He is——

OLIMPIO.

Dead!

MARZIO.

We strangled him, that there might be no blood;
And then we threw his heavy corpse i'the garden,
Under the balcony. 'Twill seem it fell."

Shelley.

The report of the Count's death was not spread through the castle till the next morning, when Lucretia, with dishevelled hair and well counterfeited grief, rushed through the apartments, wringing her hands and lamenting his untimely end. In a day or two the funeral took place, and the family returned to Rome and took possession of the palace of the Cenci. Marzio had received a garment of Count Cenci's, richly embroidered, the possession of which attached suspicion to him. The Neapolitan government, within whose territory lies the Castle of Petrella, informed of the suspicious circumstances attending Cenci's death, despatched a commission of examiners to the castle, the result of whose inquiries led to an order for the arrest of all in any way concerned. Guerra early received intimation of the examination in progress, and only anticipated danger from the perfidy of Olimpio, whom he always distrusted. He hired an assassin, who despatched Olimpio at Terni. Mar-

zio was a few days afterwards arrested by the sbirri, or officers of justice, and immediately, on a threat of the rack, made a full confession. Beatrice and her step-mother were confined to the Cenci Palace. By the Roman law of that age, however, confession of crime never implicated others, unless adhered to in the presence of the person so implicated.

On Marzio's arrival in Rome accordingly, he was brought into the presence of Lucretia and Beatrice, and when he saw the firmness with which all, but especially Beatrice, denied any knowledge of or participation in the murder, he was so much astonished by her courage and affected by the eloquence of her denial, that he retracted all that he had before confessed, and, acting under a generous impulse, declared Beatrice wholly incapable of crime.

The judge, finding that the evidence of crime was incomplete, applied the torture to Marzio, who died on the rack without confessing; whereupon the prisoners were all remanded to the Castle of St. Angelo, where they were imprisoned in separate apartments. Meanwhile, the assassin whom Guerra hired to despatch Olimpio, was arrested for another crime, and when brought to the rack, confessed, among other crimes, the murder of Olimpio at Guerra's instigation. As Guerra saw that trial and the torture were awaiting him, if arrested, he determined to escape from Rome. His unparalleled personal beauty, his stature, and his flowing hair, made his person familiar to all Rome, and the vigilance of the police made escape peculiarly difficult. By large bribes he induced a seller of charcoal to give him his dress and his mules, and, having put on the disguise, shaved his beard and blackened his face, he traversed the streets of Rome, affecting lameness, and crying his wares with his mouth, after the manner of the most uncouth peasants, stuffed with bread and onions. Having disposed of his charcoal, he passed through the city gate, driving his mules before him; and though he met the police who were in search of him, yet they never penetrated his disguise.

There is little doubt that in fact Beatrice was guiltless of any participation in the murder of her father. The extract from the tragedy of "The Cenci," as quoted above, is to be received only as the warped version of the poet. The vengeance of Marzio, the rage of Guerra at the abuses which Beatrice suffered, and the jealousy of Lucretia, were probably the motives which led to his death; and at the consummation and execution of the deed, she was doubtless in a state of such entire mental prostration as to have little knowledge of what was being done. She remained in prison, calm in the consciousness of entire innocence. The bitterest trials of human life had nerved her to suffering. She looked back upon all the transactions of Castle Petrella as upon the dreamy vagaries of a disturbed slumber. Guerra's flight, and the confession of Olimpio's murderer, strengthened the suspicions of the ministers of justice to such an extent that they resolved to apply the torture to the unhappy females who languished in the castle of St. Angelo. This barbarity, which is now happily banished from every civilized nation, was then a common method of eliciting truth in criminal trials. Their judge was Moscati, famous through Italy as a most learned lawyer and upright man. He was sternly rigid in the infliction of merited punishment, but fully accessible to sympathy, kindness, and humanity. Full of spirit and courage, the sagacity of Moscati could not discover any evidence of guilt; and the heroism of her conduct under trials which would have crushed an ordinary spirit, won his admiration. She endured the punishment of the cord with a most unflinching firmness, and, even in the height of her agony, when death would have been a welcome deliverer, she renewed her protestations of innocence.

Moscati was convinced. He reported to Pope Clement his full belief in the innocence of Beatrice, and recommended her to his protection. But Pope Clement, as all cotemporary authority declares, was mercenary and unfeeling, and mistook his own indifference and apathy toward the sufferings and perils of

accused persons, for an unflinching love of justice. He took into his possession the papers relating to the accusation, and though he found in them no evidences of Beatrice's guilt, yet professed to believe that Moscati's mercy might have resulted from the faultless beauty of Beatrice, operating upon a weak susceptibility. Her case was removed from his jurisdiction to that of Luciani, a man whose heart knew not the throb of humanity. Here she was led, trembling from a justly grounded apprehension, into a room made especially horrible from the machinery of human torture, so displayed as to unnerve the stoutest heart. The judges were veiled, after the manner of the horrible Inquisition, and a crucifix was held to her lips, upon which she was charged to conceal nothing, under all the penalties of sacrilege and perjury. When the details of the crime, as confessed by Marzio, were recapitulated to her, a solemn voice addressed her in measured accents:—"Are you or are you not determined to confess the crime of which you are convicted by the attestation of your accomplice?" Kissing the crucifix, she exclaimed, with a pathos and earnestness which would have moved any heart of ordinary sensibility—"I swear, by the shade of my murdered mother, and by the Immaculate Virgin, that I know not the crime of which I am accused! *I am innocent!*" But the implacable fury of the judge was not to be thus appeased. He had conceived that the failure of Moscati to obtain a conviction, arose from the sin of keeping open ear to the dictates of mercy, and he resolved to push torture to the farthest verge of existence, to wring confession from the lips of the girl whose firmness astonished him.

A recital of the various forms of torture which succeeded, would only show the barbarity of the age and the severity of Roman tribunals. It is better to cover the scene of darkness which the ordeal of the torture presents, by the brighter aspect of enlightened jurisprudence which is now enjoyed by most of the nations of Christendom.

Beatrice was suspended from the ceiling by her long and

beautiful hair; then suffered to fall suddenly, and the fall instantly arrested, to produce the most intense agony;—her joints were almost torn asunder by small cords; her feet deeply burned by heated irons; and such tortures were only suspended when life was waning. It should be remarked here, that, by the Roman law of that age, no capital punishment could be inflicted till the accused had made a confession of guilt. The unhappy girl, perceiving that her condition admitted only a choice of deaths, and perhaps overcome even to loss of reason by the cruelties to which she was subjected, at last exclaimed, in the intensity of her agony, "Oh! cease this martyrdom, and I will confess any thing." The tortures were then suspended, and the poor victim, almost totally exhausted, was seated and her relatives admitted, who threw themselves at her feet, assuring her of their affection and sympathy; at the same time declaring that the known cruelties practised on her by her inhuman father, would be, in the estimation of the pontiff, sufficient to pardon almost any amount of guilt. Restoratives were administered, and the crafty judge, cruelly conceiving the confession as won by his sagacity, which was wrung forth only with the ebbing life of his victim, adroitly commenced his inquisition in such a manner as to elicit at first only the slightest shades of guilt. To each of these interrogations she gave the answer, "*Vero*," (*True*,) until asked, "Did she not urge the assassins to murder her father, and upon their refusal did she not propose to commit the crime herself?" when she instantly cried out with the deepest emotion, "Impossible, impossible!—a tiger would not have done it, how much less a daughter!" Threatened anew with the torture, if she denied even this extreme of guilt, she made no answer to her inquisitors, but turning her eyes to heaven, exclaimed in ejaculation, "O, my God! thou knowest if this be true!" The judge, hearing these words, instantly declared her confession complete, and immediately despatched a message to Pope Clement, informing him that the confession of Beatrice Cenci to all the charges of parricide, was

full and most explicit. At this juncture an occurrence took place peculiarly unfortunate for the accused. Tidings had that moment reached Pope Clement that the Marchessa Castanza Santa Croce, a lady sixty years of age, and closely related to the Cenci family, had been stabbed to death by her own son, because she refused to name him in her will as the heir to her estates. Enraged at this new act of parricide, which he weakly deemed would not have occurred but for the popular feeling of mercy for the wretched Beatrice and Lucretia, the Pope, in the first burst of his rage, summoned into his presence the Monsignor Taverna, Governor of Rome, and committing to his hands a warrant, ordered the immediate death of Beatrice and her mother, by the method prescribed by the Roman law for the most degraded criminals, viz., *that they be tied to the tails of wild horses, and thus dragged through the streets of the city till life was extinct.* A burst of indignation immediately was heard throughout the city. The gate of the Quirinal Palace was thronged by the infuriated multitudes, who would have even doomed the Pope to destruction if he were not protected by the inviolable sacredness of his office. The castle of Saint Angelo was doubly garrisoned and Rome resembled a besieged city. Alarmed lest the feeling among the populace should amount to a revolt, the prelates and cardinals implored His Holiness at least to mitigate the horrors of the sentence, that the wretched women might not die by a death so outrageous to the delicacy of their sex, and the remembrance of which would ever disgrace the family of Cenci.

Amongst the foremost of those who pleaded in her behalf was Signore Farinacci, an experienced lawyer, who gathered such testimony of her father's previous ill treatment, that, before any other tribunal, he would have even proved that the death of Count Cenci was actually a deed of self-defence. The efforts of Farinacci did serve to substitute another form of death, and the sentence was changed into that of the axe. Stung into rage at the loss of the revenues which formerly flowed into the

lap of the Church as a tribute from Cenci's vices, the Pope was determined that at his death his whole estate should be confiscated to the Church, as would happen in the failure of his heirs. Hence, of the decree of death there was to be no mitigation.

Farinacci hastened to the dungeon of Beatrice, to convey the intelligence that the horrors of her death were to be softened by a punishment less dreadful. It was at an early morning hour that he entered her sad abode. With him appeared a young man, about twenty-five years of age, dressed in the fashion of a writer in the courts of justice. Unheeded by Beatrice, he regarded her from a little distance with fixed attention. She had risen from her miserable pallet, but, unlike the wretched inmate of a dungeon, she resembled rather a being from a brighter sphere. Her eyes were of liquid softness, her forehead large and clear, her countenance of angelic purity, and her face mysteriously beautiful. Around her head a fold of white muslin had been carelessly wrapped, from whence, in rich luxuriance, fell her fair and waving hair. Profound sorrow imparted an air of touching sensibility to her lovely features. With undisguised eagerness she thanked her friend for the zeal which he had manifested in her cause, little dreaming that the glow of gratitude which was at that moment lighting up her features was to be gazed upon in sympathy and admiration through ages of the future. Turning for a moment, she discovered with surprise that the companion of Farinacci was busily employed in sketching her countenance. She immediately began to reprove him for the act, when Farinacci interposed, with the information that the seeming writer was none other than the painter Guido, whose rising merits claimed the admiration of Rome. At first unwilling that he should proceed, she afterwards consented, saying, "Signore Guido, your renown and ability might make me desirous of knowing you, but how will you undervalue me in my present condition. From the fatality which surrounds me, you will think me guilty. Perhaps my face will tell you I am not wicked; it will show you,

too, that I am tranquil in this prison, which I shall only leave for the place of execution. My defender will have revealed to you the secret of my apparent transgression. Your great name and my sad story may make my portrait interesting; and, she added, with touching simplicity, "the picture will awaken compassion, if you write on one of its angles the word '*innocente.*'" This interview was broken by the announcement from the Governor of Rome that her execution must take place the next day, September 11, 1599. Farinacci, resolving to make one more effort for the reprieve of his hapless client, entered the palace on Monte Cavallo early on the morning of the day upon which the dread sentence was to be executed. He threw himself at the feet of the pontiff, and used every argument to move his heart.

"I urged him still,
Pleading, as I could guess, the devilish wrong
Which prompted your unnatural father's death.
And he replied, 'Paolo Santa Croce
Murdered his mother yester evening,
And he is fled. Parricide grows so rife
That soon, for some just cause no doubt, the young
Will strangle us all, dozing in our chairs.
Authority, and power, and hoary hair,
Are grown crimes capital. You are my nephew,
You come to ask their pardon; stay a moment;
Here is their sentence; never see me more,
Till, to the letter, it be all fulfilled.'" *Shelley.*

Meanwhile the *Confortitori* were sent to the prison to inform the victims of the approach of death. On entering the cell of Beatrice, they found her calmly sleeping upon her miserable bed. Desiring her to dress, they conducted her to the cell of Lucretia Petroni. Here, with tears intermingled, they embraced each other, and remained together some time, absorbed in prayer. At eight in the morning, they made their last confession to the priest, heard mass, and received the sacrament. Beatrice and Lucretia emerged from the prison together. Lucretia, in the dress of a widow, wore a robe of black, and a long

black veil covered her head and shoulders. Beatrice also was covered with a veil; a handkerchief, of cloth of silver, adorned her neck, and on her feet were slippers of satin.

In passing one of the churches, upon the balcony of which several youth were standing, a flower-pot fell, by des gn as it appeared, which killed one of the officers in the procession. In the confusion which followed, eight young men, armed with swords, rushed toward Beatrice, and, rescuing her from the guard, were bearing her to a place of safety, when their humane attempt was frustrated. The plot was anticipated, and, at the moment of the attempt, fifty armed men appeared from the court yard of the prison of the Savella, who quelled the tumult and tore Beatrice from their grasp. At length, the doleful procession, having passed through many streets of the city, returned to the square in front of the castle of St. Angelo. Here the sight of the dreadful machinery of death for a moment struck dread through the frame of Beatrice. She almost fainted, when one of the Confortitori whispered into her ear some words of pious consolation. The noble girl shed not a tear, but her countenance lighted up as she entered the chapel where the condemned were assembled to receive the benediction of the sacrament previous to their execution.

Lucretia ascended the scaffold first. From confusion and terror, she ascended with some difficulty. Some violence was used by the executioner in arranging her person for the dreadful stroke, when, with one blow, he severed her head from her body. Catching it by the hair, he held it up, with the countenance still distorted by such a death, to the gaze of a horrified populace. Then wrapping the head in the veil, the body was allowed to fall into the coffin placed underneath. But the violence used toward the sufferer had been so well noticed, and had so roused the indignation of the multitudes who blackened the square, that a dreadful tumult ensued.

The screams and uproar were fearful. Tables and benches

were overturned; numbers were maimed and killed; and in the midst of the confusion a band of forty young men, at a given signal, rushed forward to rescue Beatrice. They were again defeated, and, after a short struggle, in which some were killed, the fruitless attempt was abandoned. Scarcely had the unhappy victim approached the foot of the scaffold, when a deathlike silence reigned over the whole multitude. The square of St. Angelo became as still as the abode of death. A thousand faces were uplifted in intense anxiety; every eye was riveted upon her, and it seemed as if the lives of the spectators hung suspended upon the words she might utter. She ascended the stair with a slow but firm step, and, herself removing her veil, repelling with her hand the officious interference of the executioner, she laid her apparel upon the table. Invoking the aid of the Saviour and the Virgin, she composedly laid her neck upon the block. The loud wail of agony from the crowd in the square was absolutely terrific, and the axe of the executioner was seen to descend upon the slender neck of his victim amid the curses and execrations of the whole Roman populace. The head of Beatrice, enveloped in a veil, was laid beside that of Lucretia. The crowd began slowly to disperse, yet on the countenances of the departing multitudes were depicted the wildest passions; the people gazed into each other's countenances with affright, and a contagious madness seemed to have seized the whole city.

The number of lives sacrificed on that dreadful day was incalculable. Many fainted from the burning heat of the sun; many were found dead in the streets, having been suffocated or trodden to death beneath the feet of horses; many, driven to actual madness from the overpowering impressions of the scene, in the recklessness of insanity threw themselves into the Tiber.

Beneath the statue of St. Paul, which then, as now, crowned the parapet of the bridge of St. Angelo, the bodies of the victims were laid upon biers surrounded by lighted torches. A

crown of flowers had been placed about the head of Beatrice, who seemed as though in sleep, so calm, so peaceful was that placid face, while a smile such as she wore in life still hovered about her lips. Many a tear was shed upon that bier by those who crowded around to gaze upon its lovely occupant, and many a flower was scattered around her whose fate all mourned,—whose innocence none questioned. That same night the bodies were interred; that of Lucretia in the Church of San Gregario, upon the Celian, and that of Beatrice in the Church of San Pietro in Montorio; and the exact place of their interment is known only to the monks of those respective churches. Thus the grave covered the beautiful, the noble-minded, the ill-fated Beatrice Cenci.

I have condensed the lengthened recital as much as its interest would admit, and perhaps may still have related it at too great length. This story will perhaps give you an idea of the state of society, and the progress of justice in Rome, during one of its most interesting ages, more clearly than it could be obtained in almost any other way. The tragedy took deep hold of the public mind at the time it was acted, and so strongly has it always moved the indignation of the people, and deepened their aversion to the priestly control of the tribunals of justice, that no copy of it has ever been permitted to be sold publicly in Rome till the recent liberation of the press from priestly censorship. The portrait by Guido now adorns the Barbarini Palace. The mysterious hold which this wonderful painting takes upon the memory is strange and almost supernatural. Having once seen it,—its pensive melancholy, its unsurpassed loveliness, its pathos, its deeply graven lines of stern trial, and almost deathlike agony, so seal the impression on the heart as to be utterly ineffaceable. I always conceived the tragedy of Shelley hardly surpassed even by the Macbeth of Shakspeare, which it in some respects resembles; but how much more thrilling will be its interest from having wandered through the Cenci Palace, the Church of St.

Pietro in Montorio, and San Gregario; from having seen the incomparable original from the deathless pencil of Guido.

Most affectionately yours, &c.

LETTER No. 30.

ROME, DECEMBER, 1850.

TO MR. T. B. R———.

There is no duty required at the hands of the traveller while in Rome more pleasing than obedience to the call which feeling makes upon us to drop a tear upon the tombs of those who have here laid precious dust among the monuments of departed power, and to observe, from the graves where their footprints have ceased, how much more lasting are the traces of shining thoughts upon the pages of history, than the monuments raised by the sword of the conqueror. It is melancholy, yet satisfactory, to turn from the theatres where Sylla triumphed and where Cæsar fell, and seek out the humbler spot where Tasso, and Shelley, and Keats, pausing amid life's fitful fever, gathered about them the mantle of genius, and quietly laid their dust beneath the turf whose verdure will survive the wreck of the monuments of Rome, as their memory will live until—

> "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which we inherit, shall dissolve,
> And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a wreck behind."

Conspicuous from all parts of Rome,—elevated as high as St. Peter's, and nearly in the same direction,—is the Church and monastery of St. Onofrio. Its extremely unpretending appearance would, in ordinary circumstances, leave it out from the more showy attractions of the city; but hither, nearly three hundred

years ago, came Tasso, heart-sick at long years of suffering, whether consequent upon a mysterious stroke of heaven, or causelessly inflicted by his fellow-man, it now matters not; and, just as the merited laurel was ready to fall upon his brow, gave back his spotless spirit to its Origin.*

The mysterious life and tranquil end of Tasso is one of the most touching episodes in the whole course of biography. I need not apologize to you, whose familiarity with the Italian poets will pardon an apparent digression; for towards Tasso we look with a different feeling than to all others whose productions are clothed in that language. Whoever would fully understand Petrarch must be himself Italian,—whoever would feel the force of Dante, must not only be Italian in birth but a Catholic in faith, while Tasso claims the ear of men of all climes and all Christian creeds.

The monks take evident pleasure in showing the tomb of the poet, the room he occupied, and the chair and table upon which he sat and wrote. His resting place is beneath a plain marble slab, laid in the church floor, inscribed,—"TORQUATI TASSI, OSSA." This inscription, which is worth volumes of fulsome eulogy, is, I regret to say, about to be supplanted by a costly statue and monument. I wished the trifle subscribed at the Hospital of St. Anne's, in Ferrara, back in my pocket, rather

* Tasso came to Rome at the invitation of Pope Clement VIII., to receive from his hands the laureate crown, which his fame had long merited, but which his misfortunes prevented him from receiving. He was met at the gate of the city by Cardinal Cinthio Aldobrandini, a nephew of the Pope, and, like him, a patron of letters, with a concourse of chief nobles of the city. He was lodged in state, till it was found that declining health demanded the benefits of retirement and seclusion. With a judicious taste, he selected the monastery of St. Onofrio. He says, in a letter from this place to his friend Constantini, "I have caused myself to be conducted into this monastery of St. Onofrio, not only because the air of it is praised by the physicians as being the best in Rome, but also that I may begin, in this exalted place, and with the intercourse of these devout fathers, my conversation in Heaven." Tasso did not live to receive the crown designed for him, but died April 25th, 1595.

than that such beautiful simplicity be thus impaired. The views of Rome commanded by this church and the neighboring one of St. Pietro in Montorio, are the most beautiful of all, and from the garden of the monastery, beneath the shade of a venerable oak, the poet loved to contemplate the vast panorama of the old and the new which lay spread at his feet. A late storm shattered this tree, leaving but a stump and a single branch; but enough still remains to mark for a quarter of a century longer the site of "Tasso's Oak."

Near the tomb of Tasso is that of the hardly less note-worthy Cardinal Mezzofanti; distinguished no less by the native excellence of his character than his vast acquirements as a linguist, having been at the time of his death the master of forty-two languages. The wags of Rome facetiously proposed his nomination as interpreter to the Tower of Babel.

The forcible brevity of the funereal inscription of Tasso's tomb reminds me of one or two others equally sententious that I have picked up in various Roman churches. The grave of a Cardinal of the Barbarini family bears this final summing up of man's estate:—"*Hic jacet, pulvis, cinis,—nihil!*" Another, very exquisite, from the tomb of a German lady in the church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva: "*Orate pro me, Alexandrina Dietrichstein!*"

The Protestant cemetery is a place of melancholy interest. Here are the hopes of many who from a far northern clime sent the loved and the living to where a smiling sun wooed the goer-forth to a stranger's grave. Pushed, by a most unreasonable and invidious restriction, to the extreme verge of the city limits, it is sought after by the traveller as among the objects most worthy his attention. It is a relief to find here, what is sought for in vain among the myriad epitaphs of Rome, the record of that affectionate outstretching which follows the dead to that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." How many eyes watered when those who sleep so tranquilly beneath these sods bade adieu to the household tree, and how

many hearts bled when the returning breeze changed the soft murmur of hope to the loud wail of agony. From the late hour at which my visit was made, I saw but a limited portion of the ground, and noted only the graves of English with a few Germans. I am not aware whether any Americans are there buried, but presume there must be. I have remarked that the warmth of recollection which the tomb-stones of the Protestant burial ground manifest, is different from the universal apathy which those of the Catholic faith exhibit. I am of the opinion that the regard for the dead in Italy is far less than in any country in which I have made the thought matter of observation. A funeral is a transaction of the merest "hire and salary." If the deceased is able to pay the cost, a few unshaven monks, with prodigious candles, assemble round the bier, and a priest, with a sprinkler in his hand, reads from a book as fast as if his articulation was a race against time, occasionally stopping an instant to give the bier a shower of holy-water. In no instance did I ever see any one in the circle who looked like a mourner, and never a female. If the deceased be of humble estate, a single priest, to repeat a prayer in a language which no one understands, a single candle of smutty tallow, and a coffin not fit to contain the body of a dog, is the extent of the outfit. The first funeral I saw in the Papal dominions was at Civita Vecchia. A priest, veiled in black, with apertures in front of his eyes and mouth, walked at quick time in advance of four ragged looking reprobates, who bore a box made of unpainted boards, and behind followed, at a run, a boy with a bundle! The crowd that filled the streets showed their recognition of the act by turning for an instant toward the dead, making the sign of the cross upon their breasts, and instantly resuming their avocations. The second was in Rome. Walking the Corso at broad noon, a long file of cowled, unshaven and sandaled friars, were emerging from a respectable looking house, each with a lighted candle. At the rear followed the coffin. The dirty-looking ecclesiastics took snuff, (a practice carried among them to a disgusting ex-

tent,) and led the way to the church with the utmost *sang froid*, while some females looked down from the windows as indifferently as a shop-keeper's clerks would survey the departure of a package of sold merchandize.

Upon inspecting the tablets in the Protestant cemetery the traveller would be inclined to think that the friends of the dead had put off much of the respect due the departed; for the same tone of coldness prevails even there. There is no earnest of the christian's hope,—no allusion to an immortality,—no aspiration for a future union of the mourner and the mourned. Why is it that these bodies, which bore when living from their distant homes the hopes and affections of so many, lie under stones which are inscribed only with barren dates, or a cold quotation from Shakspeare? The answer is one which makes the blood of every Protestant lover of his kind boil within him. A tombstone is decreed to be a *publication*, and its inscription must be submitted to literary censorship! The language of the system is,—"Your place of burial is unconsecrated by the Church, and only tolerated by the State as a physical necessity; for the dead, even of the brutes, must be buried; but we will not admit that those accursed by the tenets of our Church shall be even presumed to have entered upon that immortality of which the keys were entrusted only to the blessed St. Peter and his successors!" Can a political or religious illiberality be more extreme than this, which follows the dead beyond the tomb,—which wounds the living, and all for no purpose?

Shelley's tomb, beside that of one of his children, is well situated beneath a ruined wall. The inscription is as follows:

"Percey Bysshe Shelley.

Cor Cordium.

Natus iv. Aug. mdccxcii.
Ob'it viii. Jul. mdcccxxii.

'Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something new and strange.'"

The quotation from " The Tempest" is in allusion to the manner of his death; he having, you will recollect, been drowned in the Gulf of Spezia. His body, much decomposed, was subsequently found, burned, and the ashes deposited beneath his monument.

Not far distant is the grave of Keats. A friend of Shelley, they were constant in life, and in their death not divided. The body of Shelley was found with the last volume of Keats' poems in his pocket. Keats' monument is too well known to require mention; it is a transcript of the musings of a broken heart.

" *This grave contains all that was mortal of a young English poet, who, on his death-bed, in the bitterness of his heart at the malicious power of his enemies, desired these words to be engraven on his tomb-stone:*—'HERE LIES ONE WHOSE NAME WAS WRIT IN WATER.' Feb'y 24th, 1821."

Strange men—Shelley, Byron and Keats; philosophers and infidels in their teens,—framing startling thoughts in boyhood, as other boys would have given air-blown bubbles to the wind, but which, nevertheless, in maturer minds, have become the basis of great principles;—poets while still in youth, whose utterances will vibrate as long as there is language for its expression;—exiles, in the first blush of manhood, from a country which now enrols them among her ennobled but still unhonored; and though *dead* before the age when life's first fruits in other men are harvested, yet each leaving productions, which, in volume, gray hairs in other men are only able to achieve!

There is another monument in the Protestant cemetery of one whose professional works have made him known to both hemispheres;—John Bell, the Anatomist. His large additions to our knowledge on that subject would seem to have conferred fame enough, but at Rome, quietly laying aside the professional pen as too laborious for a valetudinarian, he gained new renown as a terse and vigorous descriptive writer, and the most masterly and unerringly just critic, save Forsyth, who has written upon Italian Art.

I have just alluded to the censorship of the press, the rigidity of which few have ideas who have known only the unguarded license of our's. Wishing the other day to refer to Gibbon's "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," I called at the English and Foreign Circulating Library, not doubting in the least that a book which must be in the mind of every intelligent traveller among the ruins of Rome, would be found there in duplicates. Signore Phiale, the master of the shop, started back in an attitude of surprise; it could have been hardly greater if I had called for a sucking baby's head, nicely cooked with brain sauce. "Prohibited, Sir,"—exclaimed he, as soon as he recovered from his horror at the inquiry,—for Sig. Phiale is a good Catholic. Wicked Gibbon!—why did you make a mock of those bare-footed friars in the Church of Ara Celi? In speaking at dinner of my rebuff, a gentleman sitting by me, long a resident of the city, kindly offered me the loan of his, *such as it was.* It was in sheets, having never been bound, and shockingly wrinkled. It was smuggled into Rome; the sheets having been made wrappers to the bottles, and packing for the boxes of an English apothecary! I have a subscription ticket of admission to the English Reading Room. It is a matter of quite frequent occurrence that "The Times" (London newspaper,) "comes up missing,"—the more especially since the English at home have been galled by Mr. Wiseman having been made a Cardinal. There are vague rumors that in London, on the 5th of November, an anniversary on which roguish boys parade Guy Fawkes in effigy, the display was uncommonly rich; that some boys of a larger growth were participants, and that Pius IX. was paraded cheek by jowl with the knight of the lantern and match-box. This is but rumor, for no English paper of that or several subsequent dates has yet found its way into Rome. They have been, doubtless, used as kindling-stuff in the Dogana at Civita Vecchia. Naughty "Punch," too, has presumed to level his wit at His Holiness, and has been ordered never again to set his foot into Rome

under penalty of the flames. The railleries of Punch are more dreadful than the ratiocination of the Times; Punch being a perpetual exile, but the Times is merely put upon its good behavior. This, you will say, is one of the desperate defences of a government which is based upon the ignorance rather than the intelligence of its subjects. Yet, "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." To see the universal good humor of the population, you would immediately declare that the government which should teach them to think would destroy their undisturbed happiness. Pius may use the same language in curbing the rising spirit of his Roman subjects that Julius Cæsar did in declaring his policy toward their ancestors:

"I would have men about me that are fat: sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o'nights. Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look; he thinks too much; such men are dangerous."

It is only when the Italian sets up an operation of thinking for himself, that he perceives the strong iron band which limits him, and which, in his ignorance, was before invisible. Almost every day in Rome thus discovers to a traveller new sources of astonishment in the faith with which a mind thus darkened will receive inculcations the most absurd. Ascending, in company with some English gentlemen, the steps leading to the modern capitol, an old coach was observed standing at the neighboring steps of the Church of Ara Celi. "Now," said one who was familiar with the peculiarities of Rome, "we shall see the *Bambino*." After waiting a few moments, a line of monks issued from the Church, one of them holding in his arms what appeared at a little distance like a big wax doll, with another following him, throwing perfumed water upon the crowd standing about, who devoutly crossed themselves at the sight of the mysterious figure. This image, of which I subsequently saw and heard much more, was the *Bambino*, and its errand was a visit to the bed of some sick believer, that he might touch it and die with the blessing of the image upon him. I give the history and office of the Bambino in the language of another, as the tradition is received by the Church.

"Many centuries ago a Franciscan pilgrim came to the convent attached to this Church, and asked for shelter. This was afforded, and on the departure of the pilgrim he left behind him a small box, which lay for a year unnoticed. At the expiration of that time a monk, in passing by the untenanted chamber where the box lay, beheld a great and unusual light. He alarmed the other brethren, by the intelligence that the convent was on fire. They rushed into the apartment, and found no fire, but a marvellous lustre shining round the long forgotten box. It was opened, and there was discovered a bambino, being none other than a figure of the infant Saviour, which had been carved by the Franciscan from the wood of a peculiar kind of tree, which grows on the Mount of Olives, near Jerusalem, and painted by St. Luke! It had at first no particular sanctity, till a lady, being in that condition in which ladies deem it proper to contemplate only pleasing images, borrowed it, and, being pleased with it, determined to detain it by fraud. Accordingly she procured another image to be made, and dressed it with so close an imitation as wholly to deceive the simple monks, who doubted not that they had their bambino again in their possession. They laid it away carefully, and thought no more of the matter, till one day, when they were all at mass, they heard the big bell of the convent ringing violently. This surprised them, for all the brethren were present, and no others could gain entrance. Hastening up to the belfry they found the veritable bambino lying directly under the tongue of the bell! Amazed, they brought away the precious relic, and immediately inquired of the princess who had borrowed it, what it meant. With the utmost terror she made a full confession of the fraud which she practiced, and, selling all her jewels, made rich presents for the decoration of the image."

"From that time the bambino has been the consolation of Rome. When good Christians find themselves dying, they send for it. A party of the monks attends it to the sick man's house, and touch his forehead with the heaven-sent image. This was done

(says the lady-narrator of this tradition,) to my dear father, and he departed this life satisfied and in peace."

You are ready to ask,—"Does the Pope know and encourage such a childish imposition?" Without doubt, for he sometimes attends the annual *festa* of "The Benediction of the Bambino," when crowds of the peasantry of the neighboring districts assemble in the Church and purchase a wholesale health-insurance. This tax, of annual occurrence, with the contributions harvested by the bambino in its visits to the sick, quietly maintains a full treasury in the conventual Church of Ara Celi.

Yours very truly, &c.

FRAGMENTS AND NOTES.

Roman Villas and the Studio of Mosaics.—The Roman villas are a too peculiar and pleasing feature not to receive some notice, even if one has but a short time in which to take a survey of the city. These abodes of elegance, lying just without the walls, although shorn of the splendor which they possessed when their tasteful owners ministered to their decoration, still present beautiful gardens,—stiff, indeed, in style, and not always well kept, yet still lavishly supplied with fountains, grottos, temples and statuary. Mr. Cass placed in my hands, with other favors, a billet of introduction to the Villa Albani, which is perhaps a sample of the rest. The usual inexhaustible succession of magnificent saloons, frescoed ceilings, and specimens of rare sculpture, meet the eye. The pride of this place is a fresco of great size, the Parnassus, by Raphael Mengs, which struck me as very beautiful. The gods and goddesses are drawn to the life. It is said that the female figures

are portraits of the reigning beauties of the time; if so, Roman comeliness has undergone little or no change, being still

> "Somewhat large, and languishing, and lazy,
> But of a beauty that would drive you crazy."

The Villa Albani has, also, among its innumerable treasures, a bas-relief of "Antinous crowned with the Lotus," hardly second in beauty to the Apollo of the Vatican.

From the Villa Albani we went to the rooms in the Vatican where the mosaics for the great churches are prepared. Of this department of the arts I wrote some account while at Florence, in speaking of the Florentine mosaics in the galleries of that city. The Florentine mosaics are composed of varying colored marble and other material, mother-of-pearl, crystals, and precious stones. Roman mosaic, on the contrary, is made of a single material, colored into different shades. This composition, called *smalto* I think, being prepared in plates of exactly equal thickness, is cut into small pieces, and each so accurately fitted into the contemplated picture as to form a beautiful, and of course absolutely imperishable work. A mosaic picture will be as perfect thousands of years hence as at present. Many of the mosaics taken from Hadrian's villa at Tivoli are as perfect as when originally prepared.

The studio of mosaics which I visited in the Vatican has *eleven thousand* shades of material, each separately stored, and accessible at any moment to the artists. The medallions for St. Paul's church are now being prepared in a style of perfection inconceivable to those who have never seen a process demanding such pains-taking and skill.*

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Some of the churches of Rome which possess especial sanctity, are worth a visit, for the purpose of seeing the object on which their sanctity is based. Upon a most beautiful eminence on the Janiculum is the Church of St. Pietro in Montorio.

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* See, for an account of St. Paul's Church, page 234.

This was built, as tradition declares and good Catholics believe, on the place on which St. Peter was crucified, with his head downwards. After his crucifixion his body was removed to the Vatican hill, and buried upon a spot over which the proud dome of St. Peter's church now lifts itself. In the centre of the cloisters stands a small temple, the design, as alleged, of Michael Angelo, which stands where the apostle's crucifix was planted. During the recent political disturbances, this church was most severely injured, being exactly in range of the French guns. A strong body of the Republican cavalry made it for a time a barracks. The frightful effect of the shot upon the interior is most painful to look upon. Tombs were riddled, their rich carvings demolished, statues were shivered to fragments, and fresco paintings, the admiration of centuries, irrecoverably spoiled. This church was once in possession of the "Transfiguration" of Raphael, now in the Vatican, and receives from the Pope's exchequer an annual tribute in lieu of it. Rome is seen from no point to such advantage as from a terrace near this church.

A monastery just below, upon the banks of the Tiber, now the barracks for a body of French cavalry, has an unenviable notoriety as being an important post during the brief existence of the Republic, and, as late discoveries indicate, the scene of some dark doings, which have a parallel only in the Reign of Terror in France.

In an opposite quarter of Rome, St. Peter has another church, called, from its having as a relic the chain with which the apostle was bound when brought to Rome, *St. Peter in vincolo.* A long walk to this church was useless labor—a body of French infantry were quartered within it, and a sentinel was pacing before the principal entrance. This church is well worth seeing, not for St. Peter's chain, which is rarely exhibited, and never but to the believing, but for a striking statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo, which was intended as one figure in a group for a magnificent tomb to be built by Pope Julius II.

Everything in architecture which boasts its origin from the hand of M. Angelo, from the breeches of the Pope's Swiss guard, up to St. Peter's church, is endowed with a patent of immortal fame. A well-curb in the court-yard of the monastery attached to St. Pietro in Vincolo, claims origin from the hand of the same master. A solitary, shabby French soldier was cleaning his musket by the side of it. This church is very old, having been founded by Eudoxia, wife of the Emperor Valentinian.

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Rode out on horseback to visit again the church of St. Sebastian, and saw a relic which was not seen at a previous visit. It is a stone in which, with the help of some imagination, and after being correctly informed, you may see something very like the impressions of a couple of human feet. Tradition declares that they were brought from the little church of *Domine quo vadis?* which lies nearer the city walls. It is declared that when St. Peter was imprisoned at Rome, he took advantage of an opportunity of escape which presented itself, and while making good his fortune suddenly met the Saviour in the road. St. Peter in astonishment exclaimed—"Domine, quo vadis?" (Lord, whither goest thou?) The Saviour remonstrated with him for an attempt to make a cowardly escape from threatened martyrdom, and St. Peter immediately returned to Rome, and heroically met his fate. The miracle was thus confirmed, and its remembrance perpetuated by the stone on which Christ stood when he rebuked Peter having retained the impression of his feet!

Pasquin and Marforio.—All travellers have remarked how frequently some object or some national custom suddenly explains the latent meaning of terms which are upon the lips as common as household words. Thousands use the term *pasquinade*, as applied to a humorous sarcasm;—a cut upon the sly at some absurd or censurable transaction; yet its full meaning must be sought and found only in Rome. Sometime about

three hundred years ago a tailor, named Pasquin, lived near the Piazza Novona; a queer fellow, who was the Peter Pindar of his day. A merciless satirist, his tongue spared no one, and if the sufferer by his wit made any response, a more terrible lingual castigation was pretty sure to follow, so that priest as well as beggar was glad to purchase a truce with him, and avoid impalement upon the keen lance of his wit. Pasquin at length paid the debt of nature, and church and state dignitaries breathed altogether freer. After his death it was resolved to raze his very house to its foundations, in order that even the memory of the cross-legged punster should be obliterated. But lo! on digging a little below its foundation stones, the *torso*, or limbless trunk of a statue, was found, supposed, from the attitude given it by the sculptor, to have been the statue of a gladiator. This fragment, which has in fact no small excellence as a work of art, was immediately nicknamed Pasquin, and the wits who had, in the life-time of the merry tailor, retailed their quips and jokes in his shop, now gathered round this, his silent executor and representative, and, instead of uttering their raillery, it was pinned to the statue by night, and read, to become part of the small-talk and cajolery of the shops and lounging places of the city. But the new Pasquin at length met with an opponent who fought with the same weapons. Among the ruins of a temple at the entrance of the Forum, supposed to have been dedicated to Mars, a statue of some recumbent divinity was found, which, from the place of its discovery, was hastily pronounced a statue of the God of War, and was named accordingly Marforio, or Mars of the Forum. As no better use could be found for it at that age of indifference to antique remains, it was resolved to make it a vehicle of rejoinder to the causticities of Pasquin. For many years, therefore, Pasquin and Marforio kept up a gladiatorial interchange of shots; but at last public game for the exercise of their gifts became so abundant that, while they still maintained the attitude of mutual hostility, it was discovered that they were merely hunting in

couples. Did Pasquin level a lampoon at His Holiness, Marforio, in the defence, would only irritate the wound and drive the shaft still deeper. Marforio was at last, for his scandalous witticisms, locked up in the court-yard of the museum of the Capitol, where he now sits like Othello—his occupation gone. His being called a Mars was evidently a misnomer, for his battles have all been since his christening. The statue was obviously a water-divinity, or a deification of some river. Pasquin was sentenced to a worse fate, having been doomed to be thrown into the Tiber; but a witty counsellor of the offended Pope suggested that, if the threat was executed, every frog of the river would become another Pasquin, and the croaking would become infinitely increased. So Pasquin remains, his owner being mulcted in a fine if he is guilty of libellous malfeasance. Punch and Pasquin are the Pope's most dreaded assailants. Luther and D'Aubigne made their assaults with solid argument,—a weapon which only few feel, and those few comparatively seldom found amongst Italians. But when any part of the world laughs, Italy is sure to laugh in conjunction. The more despotic a government, the more potent are the shafts of ridicule; for while it is a keen weapon, it is not tangible by the police. Pasquin is an appendage to the Braschia Palace. He stands with his back against the wall. I should have mentioned, as a proof of Pasquin's importance, that as long since as 1544 the witticisms of his, then preserved, were collected into two volumes and published at Bäsle, in Switzerland. So terrible a book was of course forbidden to be issued, sold, or read in Rome. The Braschia Palace is now the property of the Duke of Leuchtenburg, son-in-law to the Emperor of Russia. Pasquin has always had high sponsors, which has perhaps made him still more contumacious.

The Coliseum.—From Pasquin's mutilated statue to the Coliseum is a step from the ridiculous to the sublime; but in travellers' descriptions extremes most emphatically meet. Ar-

tists have painted, writers have described, poets have sung the immensity of this mighty edifice. Moralists, antiquaries, architects, have all profited by it as a theme for musing, conjecture, and study. It is easily described,—its history is as well known almost as that of St. Peter's,—its height, length, breadth, material,—all have been detailed to public satiety; yet no one when in passing from the Forum into the region in which it stands, beholds it for the first time without wonder—admiration—awe—*silence!* Its vastness, its enduring massiveness and solidity, its fine proportions, its wonderful adaptedness to its horrid purpose, its antiquity, its scenes of bloodshed;—who directed its construction, who performed the slavish task which free Roman hands disdained, what victories it commemorated, and what lands furnished victims for its arena, are all suggestions involved in no obscurity.

> "While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
> When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
> And when Rome falls, the world,"

was the exclamation of the Saxon pilgrims who saw it ten centuries ago. To reduce this building to the briefest description: it is an ellipse, or oval in figure, six hundred and twenty feet in its longest diameter, and its outer wall about one hundred and sixty feet high. A Christian is said to have been its architect, and captive Jews, brought from Jerusalem by Titus, its builders. When it was completed, Titus gave a grand entertainment, lasting one hundred days, during which time five thousand wild beasts were slaughtered to make sport for the multitude. Eighty-seven thousand people could sit comfortably and behold its spectacles, and so well adapted were its *vomitoria*, or doors of exit, that the whole multitude could pass out in five minutes. For the immensity of the Coliseum I was prepared, but not for its architectural beauty and its unexpectedly fine proportions.

From the northern side, where it is yet entire, the excellent proportion of its successive storeys is peculiarly manifest, and

above all, the graceful swell of its sides, the flying and receding lines of which the eye follows in the perspective with never ceasing delight. It is the fashion to speak of the Coliseum as the production of an age when the Arts of Design were at a low ebb; but for the purpose to which it was dedicated nothing appears to me wanting to ensure its perfection. Its size was obviously matter of the nicest calculation. Upon ascending to the place of the highest seats, and looking downwards, you are satisfied that if the centre of the arena were any farther removed, it would be beyond the focus of easy vision. This must have been ascertained before the first stone was laid.* This structure was completed in eight years; a short time in which to quarry and lay up such a mountain of fashioned stones.

Two-thirds of the Coliseum is gone, and yet but little is wanting to make its impressive majesty as apparent as when it stood entire. It was shaken by earthquakes, and has formed the quarry from which some of the huge palaces of the more modern city were built. In turbulent times, when Rome has been rent by factions, it has formed a fortress. Even the connecting bolts of iron and brass with which its blocks were held together, have been pillaged. The progress of destruction has been since arrested, and the Coliseum, without losing any of its majesty as a ruin, is dedicated as a church. It is now one of the holiest places in Rome, having been consecrated to the service of religion; "purified from pagan superstition," as an inscription informs us, "by the blood of the martyrs who suffered there." Certainly if the shedding of blood is a purification, the Coliseum has had a horrid baptism. A priest who preaches every Friday a discourse in a pulpit erected in the centre, was just closing as I entered it the first time, and his audience, with countenances of sincere faith, were just dispersing, each im-

* If Rome contained 1,200,000 inhabitants at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, as Gibbon declares, the Coliseum was obviously too small to answer the comprehensive purpose which the later Emperors aimed at in its construction, yet, for reasons stated above, it could have been no larger.

printing a kiss upon the tall wooden cross which stands in the centre, promising, for all who thus salute it, two hundred days' indulgence, "pro vivis et defunctis."

It would be a narrow view which would look on the arena of the Coliseum as having merely passed from the possession of benighted Paganism to bigoted Superstition. It is common ground, and the common possession of all who appreciate the good which flows from the principles of Christianity; for here the faith which, if rightly directed, gives liberty to the world, was tried in the furnace of bloody persecution. Christianity, if it did not, like the infant Hercules, strangle the serpents sent for its destruction, here achieved a conquest by presenting victims until its adversaries were besotted with blood, and then laying the pillars of its faith upon the hulk of its oppressor. Forsyth, the most infallible critic who ever set foot in Italy, although his growlings are perpetually throwing cold water upon objects truly, though perhaps not critically beautiful, has given us some good thoughts on the Coliseum. "Every nation," says he, "has undergone its revolution of vices, and as cruelty is not the present vice of ours, we can all humanely execrate the purpose of amphitheatres, now that they lie in ruins. Moralists may tell us that the truly brave are never cruel, but this monument says, No: Here sat the conquerors of the world, coolly to enjoy the tortures and death of men who had never offended them. Two aqueducts were hardly sufficient to wash off the human blood which in a few hours was shed in these imperial shambles. Twice in one day came the senators and matrons of Rome to the butchery; a maiden always gave the signal for slaughter, and when glutted with bloodshed these ladies sat down in the wet and streaming arena to a luxurious supper.

"Such reflections check our regret for its ruin. As it now stands, the Coliseum is a striking image of Rome itself, decayed—vacant—serious, yet grand;—half gray and half green—erect on the one side and fallen on the other, with consecrated

ground in its bosom—inhabited by a beadsman; visited by every caste; for moralists, antiquaries, painters, architects, devotees, all meet here to meditate, to examine, to measure, to draw, and to pray. 'In contemplating antiquities,' says Livy, 'the mind itself becomes antique.' It contracts from such objects a venerable rust, which I prefer to the polish and point of those wits who have lately profaned this august ruin with ridicule."

The Coliseum must be seen by moonlight. Then it grows upon the sight—dark shadows rest on the broken arches, and fill the void of centuries. When the moon, rising over the eastern wall, leaves half the arena in the shade, revealing the other half by a light more pleasing from contrast, a picture is produced which for gloomy grandeur cannot be equalled on earth. It is worth a thousand miles' pilgrimage, as a place for meditation. Human heart cannot conceive, or human lip utter a sermon which so lays prostrate the upbuildings of pride and ambition.

An Acquaintance.—The *Hotel D'Angleterre* is the head quarters of the French commandant, and a detachment of the military patrol are keeping guard at the doors and stairway landings. At the dining-table a display of epaulettes, sabres, and jingling spurs, with a band at the window, give us among the edibles a taste of "grim visaged war."

A person whom I was confident I had seen, one evening entered the saloon, leaning upon the arm of His Excellency the Commander-in-chief. Judge of my surprise to find it to be my travelling companion across the Simplon. He had the same charm of manner, the same pleasing voice, the same mingled artlessness and self-possession, which so much pleased me two months before. He had, however, changed the plain travelling suit he then wore for a much richer dress, and the decoration of the Legion of Honor was hanging from his button. There was a general rising from the table at the announcement

of his name, which I did not hear. The next morning I met him on the stairway landing. Instantly recognizing me, he exclaimed—"*O, mon ami du Sempeione! Vous êtres plus bonhomme!*" (alluding to my improved appearance in health.) I had not the fortune to hear his name or title, but was conscious that I had again met one of nature's noblemen.*

GENOA AND A FEMALE CELEBRITY.—"*Genoa from the Sea*" is reckoned among the three finest marine prospects of the world. It forms an amphitheatre of great beauty, its white villas and palaces covering an abrupt descent to the water. The harbor is strongly fortified, and only entered by a narrow passage, completely commanded by a few cannon. The marks of recent revolutionary disturbances were still visible in the ruins of some isolated castles within the walls, which the people had very wisely demolished as dangerous to their future liberties. I found my name (after sending the passports on shore,) among the number forbidden to disembark. The French passengers all landed without question. The influence of the French, with all their boasted republicanism, is less feared by the despotic governments of Europe than monarchical England, for the English passengers, although aided by the influence of their port consul, were among those sentenced to pass a fine day in the harbor on shipboard.

Towards noon a large travelling carriage was hoisted on board, followed by a lady and gentleman, the former closely veiled. At evening, while the steam was being got up, I was lying upon a cabin sofa, in the half awake and half asleep influence of a drowsy book. A lady entered, with a quick step and an inquiring glance, evidently looking for some one. It was the lady who had embarked with the travelling carriage. She evidently suffered some from sea-sickness, as I did not see her at dinner, tea, or at breakfast the next day. In the morn-

* We parted with this gentleman at page 114.

ing we were coasting the beautiful scenery of southern France, looking in admiration at the covering of olive trees which clothes the otherwise barren and naked rocks. The lady and gentleman were both on deck, the latter talking in French with extraordinary volubility with "Monsieur lè Capitaine." He was a small sized, spider-legged little fellow, to appearance about fifty, with a sort of nut-cracker physiognomy, admirably fitted for fast talking.

The lady looked, in her fairness at forty-five, but might have been fifty-five. She was below the middling stature, with the *embonpoint* common to the Italian female figure at that age. Her hair was concealed beneath her bonnet and veil, her face was oval, eyes dark blue and active, teeth very regular and white, (perhaps artificial,) her hands were plump, white, and glittering with jewelry. Her voice was soft and musical, and her manner a little restless, especially if she was much observed. To cut description short, the lady and gentleman were the Marquis and Marchioness DeBoissy, the former once a leading member of the French Chamber of Deputies, and the latter better known to fame as the Countess Guiccioli, the most celebrated of all the *inamoratas* of Lord Byron. There could be no mistake in the matter, as an English gentleman who had travelled with me from Rome, had known the Marquis, and immediately renewed the acquaintance.

The lady has hardly changed from the description given of her by Galt and Capt. Medwin, thirty years since. This lady, according to the Parisian wits, is the heroine of two achievements, having caused Lord Byron to break off the further writing of Don Juan, and having broken the Marquis DeBoissy of making long speeches in the French Chambers.